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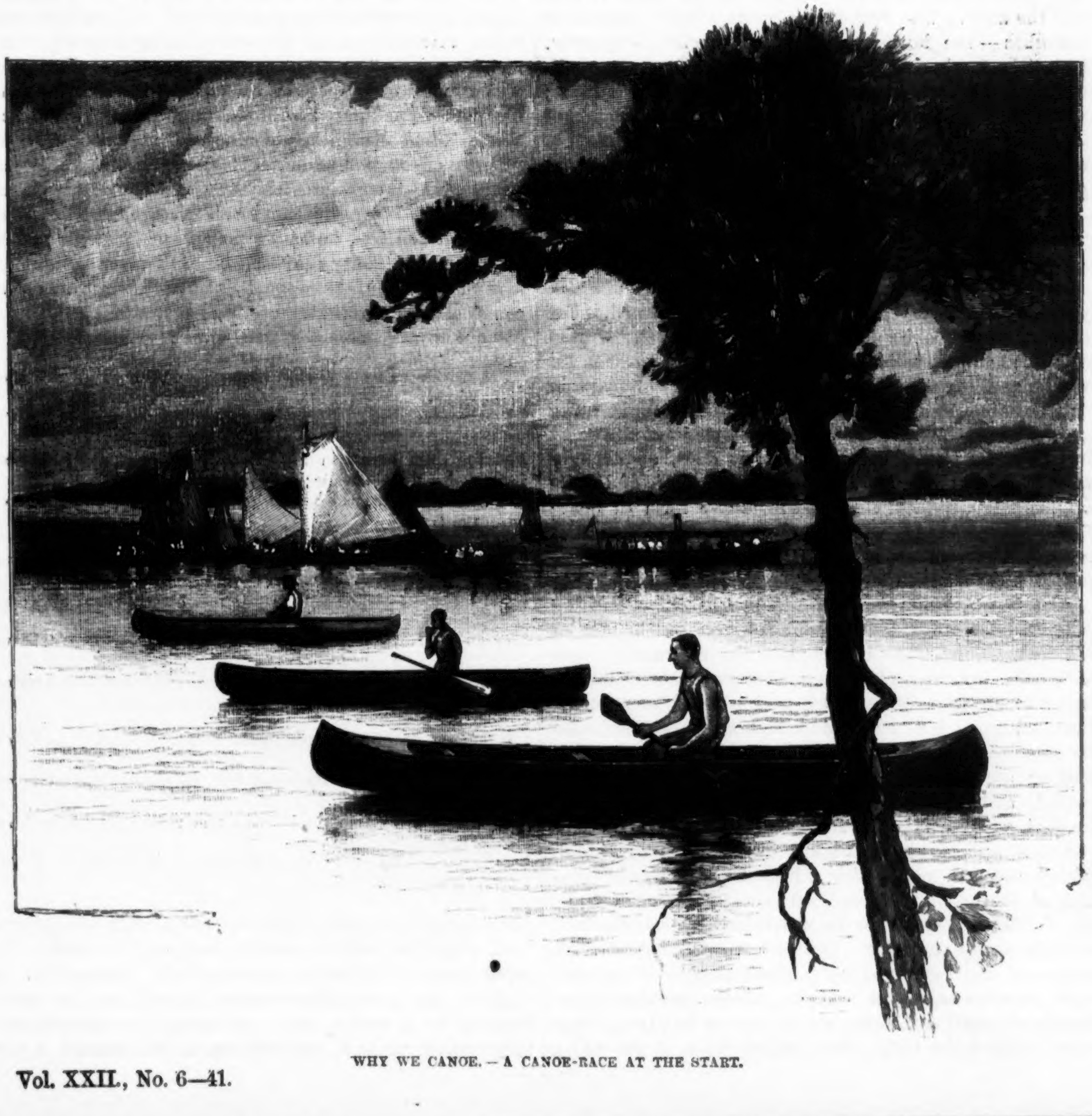
WHY WE CANOE.

By W. P. STEPHENS.

ON each of those occasions which occur at greater or less intervals, when a threatened war-cloud for a time calls attention to the question of national defense, a great deal is said on all sides concerning the small size of our standing army and the weakness of our navy. Both of these may well cause apprehension to thoughtful men; but, on the other hand, there is a contrary influence at work quietly, and little noticed, but increasing each year, which gives promise of a great addition to our national strength in the near future. Prior to and during the great war Americans were a busy people. Their business was their pleasure, and while yachting, baseball, and some other sports, were to a certain extent popular, there was no such general interest in outdoor



WHY WE CANOE. — A CANOE-RACE AT THE START.

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life and outdoor sports as exists in older countries. Gradually, however, this has changed. The prejudice which once widely prevailed against sports and recreations, a relic of old Puritan times, has been driven out by the prevalence of more rational ideas on the subjects of health, recreation, outdoor life and exercise. The teachings of Herbert Spencer, Dr. Dio Lewis, William Blakie and others have opened a new and wider life to many an overworked clerk and dyspeptic student, and under the guidance of these pioneers there has grown up, from a mere corporal's guard twenty years ago, the great army of outers whose presence to-day gives the strongest guarantee of the strength and vitality of our nation. Recruited from all ranks, scattered over all parts of the country, following each his own special tastes, they are all animated by common principles. Relaxation from business and private cares, healthful and suitable exercise of body with its accompanying rest of mind, and a life spent as far as possible in the fresh air and sunshine, are the main instruments in building up this great army of vigorous men, healthy women, and children that shall some day surpass their parents in physical and mental development, for the two are firmly connected.

Like all armies, this one is composed of two great divisions, the land and water forces, the army proper and the navy. The first comprises an infinite number of branches — the horsemen, hunters, tourists, explorers, pedestrians, wheelmen, archers, anglers, cricketers, ball-players, marksmen, campers, and numerous others; while the latter numbers, on board of the thousands of large and small craft that compose its fleet, yachtsmen, oarsmen, hunters and fishers, solitary cruisers and explorers, and, by no means least of all, canoeists.

Though canoeing was introduced here over fifteen years since, and earnestly fostered by a few enthusiastic promoters, its great growth and development has been comparatively recent, dating really to 1880, in which year the American Canoe Association was formed. For the ten years of its previous existence in the United States it had met with little general favor, one reason for which, as follows, will at the same time serve to explain to the uninitiated what a modern canoe really is. The greatest hinderance to the general extension of the sport has been its name, conveying, as it does, an entirely false idea of the boat. The canoe properly is of savage origin, being, indeed, the most primitive form of boat; following, probably, very closely after the savage first crossed a stream on a single log, or on two or three lashed together with vines, while the paddle, held only in the hands, is the next step to the primitive pushing pole, and far antedates the oar supported on the side of the boat. The earlier canoes, like those of some savage nations to-day, were made in several ways, the usual one being to shape a huge trunk of a tree to the required form—sharp at both ends—and to hollow out the inside by means of fire or stone implements. Canoes of this pattern are sometimes over eighty feet long, and are carved and ornamented with great skill. Another method, employed only for small boats, was to construct a framework of wicker or osiers similar to a basket, and to cover it with skins. Such were the coracles of the ancient Britons, and similar boats, such as the Esquimau kayak, are in use to-day, while canoes of modern shape are often built of wood, covered with canvas in the same manner. These savage canoes had their representatives in America, a very peculiar type. Mostly of small size, from ten to twenty feet long, they were built of the tough and flexible bark of the white birch, sewn with strips of bark or thin filaments of wood, or the sinews of animals, over a light framework of cedar. Strong, light, buoyant, it was these boats which, so far as known, were the sole means of water transport for hundreds of years. In them the Indians made their excursions for war, hunting or pleasure when the *Half Moon* ascended the Hudson; in them the famous *voyageurs* traversed the lakes, the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, gleaning the first facts of American geography; and in them the priests and Jesuits carried their missionary work among the savage tribes of Canada and the West.

These boats have come to be widely known in America; they are in use in many places to-day, and the name canoe, applied in a general sense to all such savage craft, has with us been specially used in connection with them.

In all savage canoes, of many sizes, shapes and material, some common characteristics are found which are inseparably connected with the term canoe. In the first place, they are, with few exceptions, of great length compared with their breadth, the proportion being about six to one, and often greater, while the depth is small. Both ends are invariably sharp and very similar in outline, without the square stern which distinguishes the ordinary boat. The most striking feature, however, is the means of propulsion, a paddle, held only in the hand, being invariably used, the crew facing forward, either standing, kneeling or sitting. The oar, a fixed lever with a point of support on the edge of the boat, is a mechanical expedient for increasing power, which the savage mind has never compassed, and while its propulsive effect is undoubtedly greater, the constrained position, the awkward backward motion, savored too strongly of labor for the noble savage, and he wisely preferred the free and unimpeded swing of the paddle. To whom the modern canoeist owes this companion of so many happy hours, history does not tell us; the best account of its origin, a tribute from a grateful canoeist to his unknown benefactor, runs thus:

"I've traveled all the world around, from China Seas to Puget's Sound,
In every sort of craft that floats, from schooners down to jolly-boats;
And for calm or storm my choice is made, of a stanch canoe and a double blade;
So I toast the man, whoe'er he be, who first shaped paddle from the tree.

"For he knew that danger lurked ahead, from jagged rocks or arrow sped
From ambush; so the paddle planned, and watched his course on either hand.
Though he fear no foe as this brave of yore, there's beauty lurks by wooded shore;
And cooler zephyrs fan the brow as we see the ripples kiss our prow.

"Then we'll drain a bumper to the dregs, all hands stand by to man the kegs;
We'll toast him till the strongest fall, and stands the table over all;
For, though his name no legends tell, united we his children dwell,
One tribe, one totem, brothers true, so we'll pledge his health, and his paddle, too."

To Americans, then, the canoe was a long and narrow boat, propelled with a paddle, and, unfortunately, the reputation of the birch was very bad. Perfect for its work in the hands of an expert, it could not be safely handled by a novice, as it was cranky or unstable and treacherous, while it had nothing to recommend it as a

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pleasure-boat. In Canada, where hunting, fishing and camping have always been more generally popular than south of the St. Lawrence, the primitive birch had been used as a basis for an improved canoe; stiffer, more able and better adapted to civilized wants, but still without a deck, and used but little for sailing; and even these canoes were little known in the United States.

With their inborn love of water sports, the English have always been far in advance in facilities for enjoying them, and their fleet of pleasure-craft, though inferior in some classes to ours, has always been much larger and has comprised a greater variety of styles. To the already long list, from the gunning-punt to the cutter-yacht, a new boat was added over thirty years ago, making its first appearance on the Thames, near London. This boat, essentially a canoe, was long, narrow and propelled by a double-bladed paddle, but was of light build, being used only for speed, either for racing or practice. It was soon found that, while less speedy than the racing-shell propelled by oars, it had some great advantages: the man faced forward, so as to see his course; he sat upright against a comfortable back, and the entire position was far more comfortable and unrestrained than in the shell or wherry of the day. These points commended it to many, especially those who went afloat for a pleasant hour of exercise, or an evening's enjoyment of the quiet Thames side. Gradually changes were made without attracting much notice, until, in 1865, an adventurous Englishman, who traces his ancestry across the border to the famous Rob Roy, and who had traveled the world around in various craft and vehicles, was seized with a desire to cruise on some of the picturesque rivers of France and Germany. A review of the available craft showed some serious defects in each, and none would meet the requirements of the voyage: a strong, light boat, easily propelled, capable of a little sailing, small enough to go into a European railway-van, large enough to carry a man and his luggage, and to sleep in, if necessary, and not too heavy or cumbrous to be carried by him at times. After much study the first *Rob Roy* was launched, tried and found successful; a long cruise was made in her, and the very interesting story of "A Thousand Miles in the *Rob Roy* Canoe" spread the fame of the boat, gave to the world what may really be considered a new type of craft, and established canoeing as a sport. The Royal Canoe Club was soon formed, other canoes were built, cruises were made, rivers were sailed, and the new arrival attracted general notice in the aquatic world. These early boats were from 14 to 15 feet long, with both ends pointed; 26 to 28 inches beam; 9 inches deep at the gunwale amidships, and very little higher at the ends, having little sheer or upward curvature of the gunwale. They were entirely decked, leaving only an oval opening about three feet long, covered at will with a cloth apron, in which the canoeist sat, with his face to the bow. In his hands he held a paddle about seven feet long, each end shaped much like a spoon, while in front, in the deck, was a brass tube, in which a mast, carrying a very small sail, could be set. The steering was done with the paddle, and, as the keel was very small, sailing was only possible with the wind nearly astern. Below-deck was carried a change of clothing, blankets, food of various kinds, an alcohol-stove and some compact cooking-utensils; the leading idea being that the boat was self-contained, and that, if necessary, her solitary crew could depend on her for transport, sleeping quarters and meals as long as his provisions lasted; something that, prior to this, was seldom attempted except in yachts of some size.

Such was the *Rob Roy* canoe, perfect in its way for shallow and rocky rivers, mountain lakes and secluded waters, but not intended for sailing or for more exposed localities. The possibilities of the type, however, attracted the attention of a yachtsman and sailor, Mr. Warrington Baden Powell, and in his hands a modified form, intended for sailing as well as paddling, was soon afloat. The *Nautilus*, as the new canoe was most appropriately named, was 14 feet long and 28 inches wide, but with an extreme sheer or rounding, her bow and stern being ten inches higher than the *Rob Roy*, thus fitting her for rough water. A rudder and deeper keel were added, and a rig, consisting of three sails, a jib, mainsail and mizzen, carried her rapidly to windward. Like her namesake, in calm weather nothing was seen above deck, but when once the wind began to blow she spread her tiny wings, and the paddle was sent to keep watch below. Delicately built of thin planking, decked with finest woods, fitted with carefully wrought brasswork, and sails of fine texture, the new "canoes" had little in common with any of their savage ancestors, and should never have borne their name, a title at once indefinite and confusing. Canoes they were, however, and canoes they will always be, and as canoes they made their first visit to our shores about 1868.

As mentioned, the word canoe had a certain significance here, and a reputation which the new craft by no means deserved, but which was at once credited to it. Bearing in mind the failings of the birch bark, the new "canoe" was at once condemned, and a strong prejudice arose against it before it was tried. Boating-men, yachtsmen and the Press ridiculed and derided it, and few were found brave enough to try the new-fangled English idea. Beside this, it was injured by the ill-judged and indiscriminate praise of a few devoted followers, who claimed a superiority for one boat such as no previous craft had possessed, and whose extravagant promises the boats did not fulfill. All boats, as we know, are but compromises between many conflicting requirements and none will do all things in the best possible way This truth, now generally admitted, it has taken many years to prove, and it is only with its recognition, and a clearer understanding of the use and purpose of the canoe, that the latter has obtained its present wide popularity.

Two features besides its low cost combine to make the canoe so well suited to the wants of persons of limited means and leisure—its portability and its adaptability to a number of uses, perhaps more than any other boat. Owing to its size, weight and compact shape, it may be carried by one or two persons; it may be easily stowed on a steamer or in a baggage-car, or taken across country on a light wagon. By its means the most delightful cruising-grounds may be reached; lovely lakes never before explored; the birthplaces of the great rivers in spots only known to the birds and fishes, and solitudes where nature has known no intrusion since the Indian was driven away for ever. Again, the canoe is capable of a great variety of uses. One day, with sails set, the canoeist is master of his own yacht, with all the excitement of a rattling breeze; the next, with an hour to spare before meal-time, his craft is soon afloat, owner aboard with stanch spruce paddle in hand, to land again after a pull of four or five miles, with nerves calmed and blood tingling with the healthful exercise. Perhaps a holiday offers. Blankets, stores and luggage are quickly bundled aboard, the boat is sent fifty or a hundred miles by rail in a night, launched early next day at the head of some stream, and a day or two is

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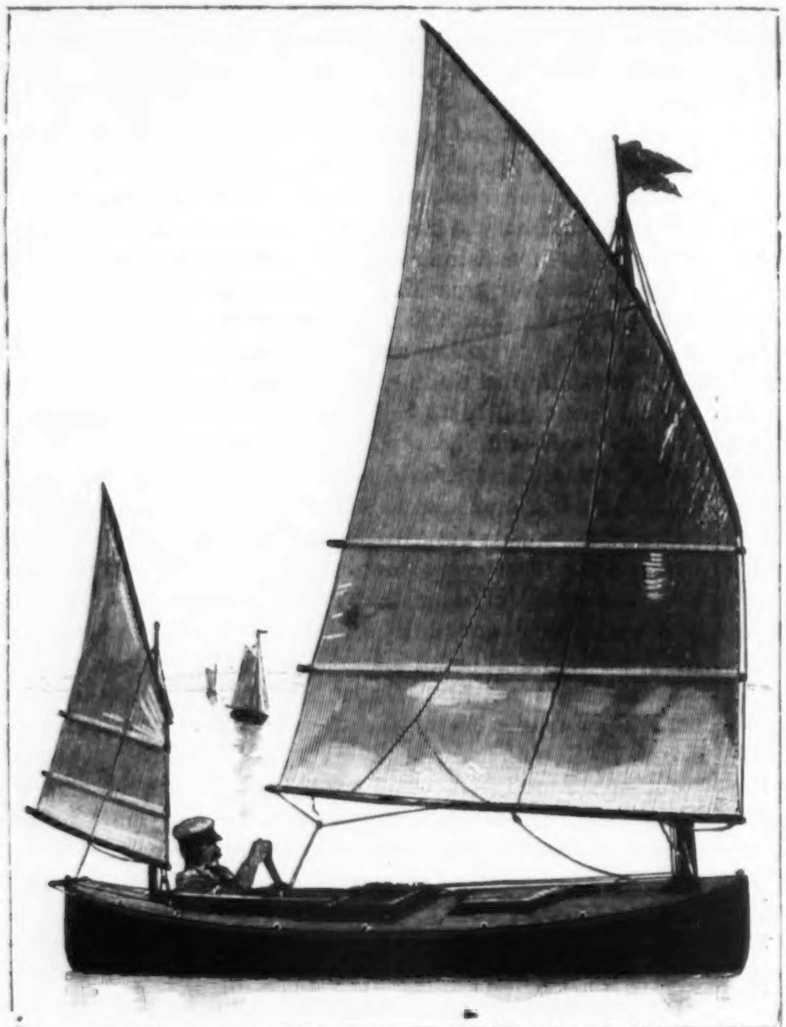
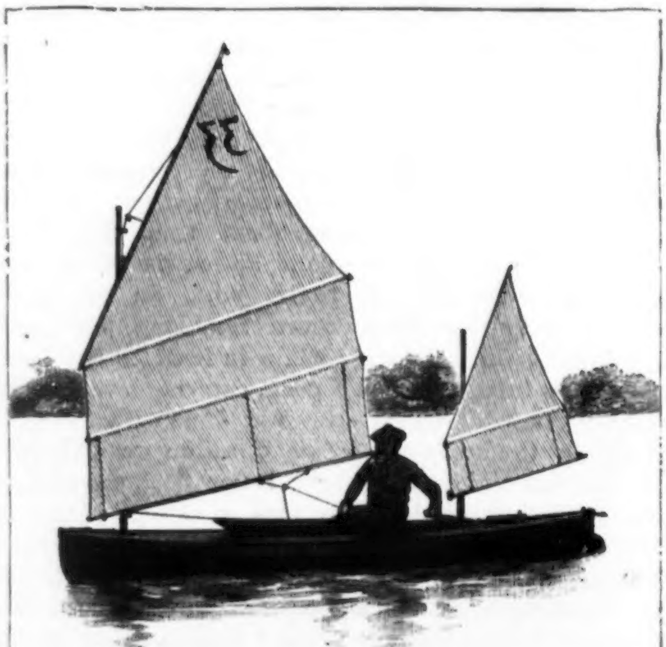


ENGLISH METHOD OF CANOEING.

spent in its descent. Saturday night comes round, the end of a week of toil and worry. The canoe is set afloat, half an hour over the paddle and the city and its noise are far astern, and life seems a little more worth living. An hour, and business has been forgotten entirely. Supper-time comes, and over the crackling fire a meal is cooked such as no city life can give. Then a quiet evening, a sound sleep beneath the heavens, a day of free oxygen and radiant sunlight—of dancing waves and pleasant breezes—now idly drifting, now paddling with a will to beat a hard stretch of tide, now with decks awash against a glorious breeze, to finish with a quiet sail as the day declines, and the charm of a Summer twilight settles over all. Once at least in a year comes a longer holiday, dreamed of for the past half-year, to be remembered for the next. With canoe and tent the canoeists hasten to one of the garden spots of America—Lake George or the Thousand Islands. Tents are pitched on pleasant hillsides and in shady groves, camp-fires are lit, old friends meet for once only each year, new friendships are formed. The time passes quickly with racing, visiting, fishing, and the many duties of this busy idleness, and when the pleasant two weeks are over the great assemblage separates in small groups, some returning by rail, while the more favored ones launch their boats for cruises of 500 to 1,000 miles down the St. Lawrence and Hudson, through the Great Lakes, down the Ohio and Mississippi.

These are the uses of the canoe; now let us see how it is fitted for them. American canoes, of which there are now hundreds of varieties, may be traced directly to the two typical ones described, the *Rob Roy* and the *Nautilus*. At first these were copied exactly, but soon many improvements were made and many new models brought out, the *Shadow*, *Jersey Blue*, *Princess*, *Mohican*, etc., and in course of time each has undergone changes until there are now eight Pearl models, ten Nautilus, four Mohican, three Jersey Blue, and an unknown number of Shadows, and so with the others, until these names have lost entirely their distinctive meaning. All of these various models, however, belong to a few well-marked varieties, and for a description of a canoe we will take the largest and most popular class. This is the boat for general cruising, camping and racing, or, as it is best called, the sailing and paddling canoe. An average boat of this class, such as the *Sea Bee*, *Marion*, *Venture*, *Sofronia*, *Princess* and many famous craft, would now be 15 feet long, 30 inches beam, 10 to 11 inches deep at the lowest point of the gunwale, from which the bow rises about 7 inches and the stern about 5 inches. The hull is decked over with thin mahogany, leaving a well or cockpit from 5 to 7 feet long and 18 to 20 inches wide, which, however, can be covered partly by wooden hatches in cruising, or entirely when shipping the boat. Beneath the deck the extreme ends are devoted to water-tight compartments or to tanks of thin brass, which will float the boat if filled. Besides these, is a large space forward and another abaft the well, reached from the latter or from deck, through tight-fitting hatches, in which a great variety of articles are stowed. First is the canoe-tent, of gay striped stuff, slung between the masts at night and fastened along the gunwale, making a dry shelter in which a man may sit erect and read by the light of his little lantern, which also shows green and red for sailing at night. A rubber bag contains a jersey, a change of flannel clothing and a few similar articles. Stowed with it in a dry place is the sleeping-bag, long enough for a man to get completely into in cold weather, made double like a quilt, and stuffed with eider down or feathers, warm, light and soft. With this is sometimes an oiled muslin sheet to keep it dry when sleeping away from the canoe. The bed, a seat by day, is a long bag of loosely woven canvas, partly filled with cork shavings.



AMERICAN STYLE OF CANOEING.

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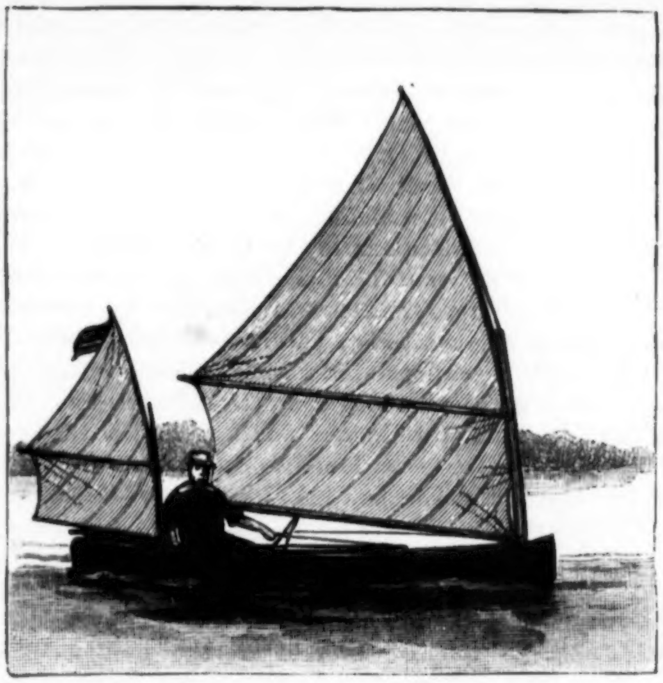


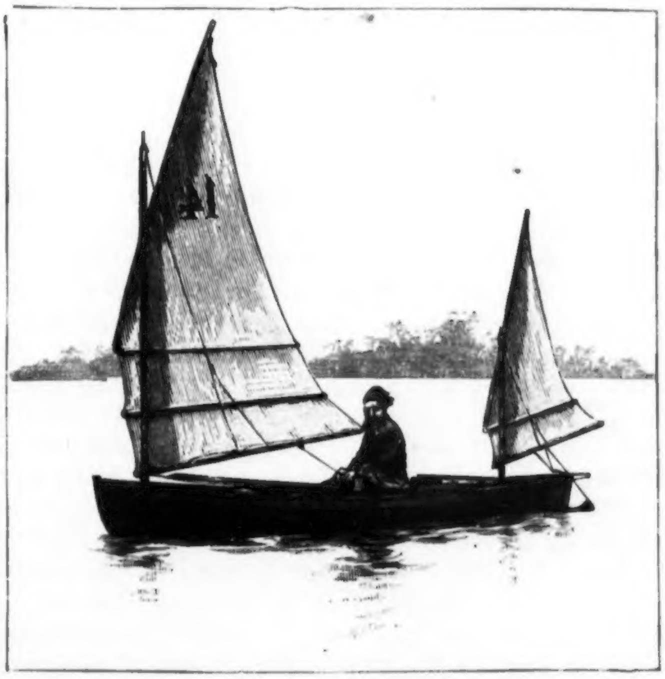
THE CANOE "ATLANTIS."

These may be spread out, making a bed 4 feet long, as wide as the canoe, and 3 or 4 inches thick, or for a seat they may be shaken into one end of the bag, making a cushion 18 inches square and 7 or 8 inches thick, or less, at will. A most important point is the *cuisine.* For cooking afloat an alcohol-stove, called a "flamme force," is used, but much of the cooking is done on shore over a wood fire, for which a frying-pan, a few small kettles and a coffee-pot are carried. A camp-ax serves many a useful purpose besides supplying fire wood. Plates and cups of clean granite-ware, silver fork and spoon and one or two knives complete the essentials. Economy of room is the great point in a canoe, and many are the ingenious devices in use. One of these is the mess-chest, a box 18 inches by 12 inches and 6 inches deep, in which, besides the knives, forks, etc., are neatly stowed little tins, with screw covers, containing coffee, sugar, tea, flour, rice, corn-meal and similar articles. Bread is carried in a compartment of its own, butter, if the heat permits, a little pork or bacon, and from these the canoeist—generally a fair cook—will soon produce a good meal, aided by canned goods from the hold. Log-book, sketch-book and camera, the latter an indispensable item now, furnish, with paper, ink, postal cards and a book or two, another department. Besides these are numerous other traps; fishing-rods and lines, gun and cartridges, fog-horn, water-jar, oilskin clothing, charts, compass, folding anchor and cable, and various odds and ends. If several canoes are in company, one will carry an oil-stove, one a large tent and one the heavy provisions.

In order to sail well, a keel or centreboard is necessary, the latter being most common now, as a keel increases the draught, and the boat, when ashore, must lie on its side. There are several patterns of centreboards designed for canoes, which fold like a fan in very little space, so that the centre of the boat is unobstructed. If a single centreboard, such as is used in sailboats, was placed in a canoe, it would require, to balance the boat properly, to be just about amidships, or where the man must sit. This is obviously impracticable, but the fan boards, such as the Radix and Atwood, only rise a very little above the floor, so that one may sit on them. Another plan, lately introduced here, is to use two centreboards of plate brass; one about ⅜ inch thick, 30 inches to 3 feet long, and weighing from 15 to 50 pounds, placed in an ordinary case, as far forward as possible; the other, ⅛ inch thick, 14 inches long and 6 pounds weight, placed in the extreme after end. These two preserve the balance, and act as one board amidships, while they are entirely out of the way. A very important part of a canoe is the steering-gear, including the rudder. This latter is usually of wood, similar in form to the ordinary boat-rudder; but of late a new style, termed the drop-rudder, has been introduced. It consists of a brass plate like a centreboard, so hung as to drop readily or to be raised by a line from the deck. The advantage is a deeper and better hold on the water when running before the wind, or when in very rough water. The rudder-yoke is connected, by small chains or wires, with a second yoke, pivoted on the deck aft of the well, to which a tiller is fitted, within easy reach of the hand. Other chains or wires lead from the rudder yoke below deck to a foot-gear, by which the feet can be used for steering when seated below or when paddling.

The canoe may be built in many ways, of wood, canvas or metal, but the usual method is that called lapstreak, with five or six narrow planks on each side, the edge of one overlapping its neighbor and being riveted to it. The Canadian canoes are built in a different manner, without laps, but the latter is the most common. All canoes of this class are fitted with sails, usually two, a mainsail and a mizzen. The masts are stepped in tubes of copper, so as to keep all the water out of the holds; the forward one being 15 to 30 inches from the bow, and the after one 3 feet to 3½ feet from the stern. Of sails there are almost as many varieties as of models, but canoeists have settled on two or three as the best.

First among these is the lug-sail, the favorite form being known as the balance-lug, introduced into England from China, and adopted by canoeists there and here. This sail is so hung that a portion of it is always forward of the mast, thus helping to balance the after portion. The sail is laced to a yard and boom, while across it at intervals battens of light wood are run in pockets sewed to the sail, thus holding it perfectly flat. This sail is very effective for racing, but is not as simple as some others for a cruising sail. A canoe such as described would carry for racing a mainsail of seventy square feet, a mizzen of thirty-five feet, and a storm mizzen of triangular or leg-of-mutton shape, using the thirty-five



THE CANOE "AURORA."

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feet sail set forward, with the storm mizzen aft for heavy weather, racing or cruising. A sail that has met with much favor within the past three years is the Mohican, devised by members of the club of that name at Albany. The sail has but one batten, and very little sail is shown forward of the mast, while a simple arrangement of lines allows the canoeist to reef his sail when seated in the canoe. A sail very similar to this, and antedating it a little, is that of the famous canoe *Atlantis*, in which Mr. S. R. Stoddard has made his long cruises. Another simple sail is the lateen, a plain triangle with yard and boom, a very effective sail to windward, and free from complicated lines or gear; but nevertheless dangerous, as it cannot be reefed, and is liable to upset the canoe in setting and furling it. The simplest and safest of all is the common leg-of-mutton sail, which will be described later. Even to mention in detail the many little fittings which go to make up a complete canoe would require the space of a builder's catalogue; but the above description will give a good idea of the craft in its most common form.

Such a canoe is suited for cruising on the Sound, the Hudson, the lower Delaware, the Florida coast, on lakes, bays and inlets, and on any waters of moderate extent, and with a similar boat of twenty-eight inches beam, used by lighter men generally, is found in the greatest numbers at the yearly meets. There are, however, many places for which it is not suitable, and for which special boats may be had. Are you an expert in want of a boat for the shallow streams and long carries and portages of the Adirondacks? For you there is the little canoe of ten or twelve pounds, large enough for the average man and a little baggage, and from which he can cast a fly in safety. Do you wish to spend weeks on some narrow mountain stream, or to explore some unknown region? The *Rob Roy* or a similar boat 14 feet by 26 or 28 inches, will carry you better and give more room for stores on a long trip than the little one. Do you wish to sail rather than paddle on waters where storms and tide demand a powerful boat? Then the longer canoes of the *Pearl* type or the later *Nautilus*, with a beam of 32 or 33 inches, a depth of 12 inches, with heavy centreboards and shot for ballast, will take you in safety, while even they may be hauled up and housed when not in use, not requiring the attention and expense demanded by a boat kept afloat at an anchor. Thus the canoe, ranging in cost from fifteen dollars for a serviceable canvas boat, to two hundred dollars for a complete racing crack, is suited to all tastes and purses.

For the first decade of its existence in the United States canoeing was carried on in a very desultory manner. One club only, the New York, was organized and successfully carried on, holding races at times and keeping alive a certain interest in the sport in spite of the ridicule everywhere showered on it. The number of canoeists gradually increased, and many cruises, some of great length, were made; but there was a total lack of unity and organization which greatly hindered the extension of the sport. Canoes were not then recognized by the railways and steamers, and it cost as much to send one by rail as a large carriage or a steam-launch. Foremost among the cruisers was one man, widely noted for his energy and perseverance in carrying through everything he undertook, as well as for his fondness for all kinds of outdoor life afloat or ashore. The restless activity and love of discovery which some centuries before would have put him with Columbus, Ponce de Leon or Cortez, had already found a partial vent in some solitary trips, the stories of which have been well told by his own pen. The first of these, when but seventeen, was a pedestrian tour of over 1,000 miles across South America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, only a plucky Yankee boy, without money, and with no language but his own. In later years came a canoe cruise down the entire Atlantic coast by Hudson and inland waters from Quebec to New York, and thence along the coast to Florida, followed by a similar trip in a twelve feet gunning boat from Pittsburg to the Gulf of Mexico.

Resting at his beautiful home, high up on the hillside above Lake George, the idea of uniting all the canoeists and cruisers of America in a national association first occurred to this gentleman, Mr. N. H. Bishop. Taking it up at once, he began a long and extended correspondence with the canoeists of America and England, lasting over a year of hard and continued work on his part, at the end of which time he had the pleasure of welcoming as his guests at Lake George a small band of canoeists from the East and West. Numbers who had promised to attend were not present, and the organization of the American Canoe Association was effected by thirteen members, the number present at the first meet, in August, 1880. Thirteen colonies formed our Union a century ago; the thirteen members of the A. C. A. have, in six years, been joined by nearly a thousand more, and yet the number is considered an unlucky one. The place of meeting that year was at Crosbyside, a beautiful spot near the south end of the Lake. Tents were pitched by the water, races were held, camp-fires made the evening pass pleasantly, and the two weeks were soon over. Within the next year the Association grew rapidly, many Canadians joining its ranks, and by August, 1881, there was a long meeting-house erected on Lorna Island, one of a group of three owned by several members, including Mr. Bishop. The groves were cleared of underbrush, a mess-shed was built for those who had not time for cooking, and soon all was alive as men came in from all points. Since then meets have been held each year in August; at Stony Lake, in 1883, and at Grindstone Islands, in 1884, 1885 and 1886. The Association has members in all parts of the United States and Canada, and all localities are represented at the meets, but naturally it is strongest where first established and, owing to the distance, but few from the West can attend a meet near New York, New England and Canada. To meet this difficulty, the parent organization last year modified its constitution so as to provide for divisions embracing different sections of the country, all under a general government and laws, but each with its local commander and annual encampment.

Already a Western association has been formed, and two meets have been held on Lake Erie. The aims of the A. C. A., as set forth in its brief and simple constitution, are "to unite all *amateur* canoeists for purposes of pleasure, health or exploration, by meetings for business, camping, paddling, sailing and racing; and by keeping logs of voyages, records of waterways and routes, details, drawings and dimensions of boats, and collections of maps, charts and books. Each year a commodore, vice and rear commodores, a secretary and treasurer, with an executive committee, are elected, being chosen from different localities, so as to represent all interests fairly. The business is transacted at the August meet and at a meeting of the executive committee in November. Except, perhaps, the wheelmen, no other body have organized so thoroughly and efficiently as the canoeists, evidence of which is given in the growth of the Association. Within six years it has enlisted a thousand members; it has aided in the formation of clubs in all parts; it has disseminated widely all the facts concerning canoeing, and has organized a plan for obtaining and imparting cruising information. First in following up the work begun by Mr. Bishop, is Dr. Charles A. Neidé, himself a famous cruiser and camper, and the best of jolly companions in camp, afloat, wherever he may be met in his many wanderings. The Hudson, the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, the Gulf, have all been traversed by his canoe, and the *Aurora* is as well known to American canoeists as her genial skipper is. A special feature of the A. C. A. is the aid it extends to cruisers. Last year a list of cruisers was printed and distributed, giving the addresses of members in all places, all of whom were prepared to give local information to fellow-members from a distance. Thus, if a man in Boston is preparing for a trip down the Delaware or Susquehanna, he can be put in communication with canoeists at various places on those streams who will instruct him in advance, and will aid him in person when he reaches their locality, while the houses of the various clubs are always open to the red and white burgee. Each year the Association publishes its "book," containing a list of members and much other information.*

An encampment of the Association possesses features of its own, which distinguish it from any similar gathering. Perhaps the most noticeable one of these is the character and standing of the men who attend. Of course a number are college men and young boys, whose presence one might expect, but a much larger number are of a very different class. From the first the Association, and the leading clubs, while promoting racing, have strictly prohibited any contests for money or prizes of intrinsic value which might open the door to the evils which have so injured rowing and other sports. Thanks to this, canoeing is thoroughly a gentleman's sport, unmolested by the gambler or the professional amateur. This, coupled with the rare pleasures of cruising, has brought in many men of sedentary pursuits; doctors, lawyers, judges, even ministers are known and rated in this community, not by their years or attainments in their avocations, but by the cruises they have made, the rapids they have run and their skill with tiller or paddle. The stranger who visits camp for the first time, and meets a lot of pleasant fellows in old flannels and odd samples of ancient headgear, who sits with them by the camp-fire or chats sociably on very short acquaintance about boats and cruises, knowing each, perhaps, only by the name of his boat—a favorite fashion among canoemen—may find, when camp breaks up, that his pleasant friends have donned the clerical black or the sombre vestments of a staid and respectable business men, and are on their way back to the pulpit, the bar, or an editorial desk.

Another peculiarity of the canoeist is the variety of costume which prevails. Many of the clubs boast neat uniforms, but most canoeists revel at times in a gorgeous undress uniform of their own choosing. Knickerbockers, stockings of any striking color, a jersey or a tennis jacket of rainbow hues, surmounted by a fez, a straw helmet, or a huge peaked straw hat, decorated with flags and ribbons, with a bright sash about the waist, make a costume that would rival an opera chorus. Apart from a few needed rules for cleanliness and order, the men are free from any restrictions except those imposed by the knowledge that they are gentlemen. The ceremonials and social observances of society are openly set at naught, and a pleasing familiarity and good-will take their places. One reason for this is, that even in a camp of several hundred a great many are well acquainted, and a great many more are known by reputation throughout the fraternity, and few attend who are not vouched for, to a certain extent, by this general acquaintanceship—in fact, throughout the entire Association there is an undercurrent that is apt to detect and expose any improper person, as has several times been proved. The pleasures of the camp are many: the meeting with pleasant friends this time each year; the life under canvas and apart from business; the interchange of experience and ideas connected with one's pet boat; the quiet excursions and fishing trips about the islands; and, finally, the excitement of the races.

While cruising is the chief pleasure of canoeing, it takes time which cannot always be had, and there are many occasions when a cruise would be impracticable, but a few hours may be passed pleasantly in a race. Recognizing this, as well as the important part that racing has played in stimulating improvements in canoes, many clubs set apart an afternoon in each week, or alternate week, for races, while, with the A. C. A., they also encourage the holding of regattas each year. The rules have been very carefully formed, so as to prevent, as far as possible, the construction of racing canoes, but to encourage the development of the racing qualities of such a cruising boat as before described, and with good success, as the winners in the races are mainly men and boats renowned as cruisers. The programme each season includes about twenty races for all classes of canoes, covering three days. Sailing, paddling and mixed races of various kinds, excite a strong but friendly rivalry among men from different sections, and afford a beautiful spectacle to the many visitors who are attracted by race-week to the hillside at Grindstone. Small as the craft are, they lose nothing in beauty, and a fleet of sixty canoes under sail, with as many more under paddle, as in the grand review, is a sight unexcelled even by a race of the largest yachts. The beauty of the scene, howeven, is greatly increased when night falls, and under the starlight a long train of canoes in single file, each decorated with half-a-dozen bright-colored Chinese lanterns, wind, like a fiery snake, around the point and over the clear St. Lawrence waters. For these races the prizes are almost exclusively silk flags, the only point being to secure the greatest number. This season, for the first time, a new element is introduced into racing, by the visit of some English canoeists to the camp, giving the racing an international character. In honor of their visit a special prize has been offered by the Association, a handsome silver trophy, to be preserved as a challenge cup, and raced for at the annual meet each year unless held by foreign canoeists at the time. The visit of the English canoeists, however, is mainly due to another race for a handsome international cup presented by the New York Canoe Club, and raced for this year for the first time. The donors, in defense of the cup, will select champions from among the best sailors of America to meet an equal number of canoeists from the Royal Canoe Club of England, and with picked men and boats on both sides the contest promises to be a most important one.

In view of the many accessions to the ranks of canoeists some plain instructions may be of use to the novice who is unfamiliar with the sport. First as to a boat. One of the sizes described, 14 feet by 26 inches, 15 feet by 28 inches, or 15 feet by 30 inches, will be found most suitable, according to the size and strength of the canoeist and the water he will use it on. It should be fitted with a good wooden rudder, a strong and simple foot gear, a tiller on deck, a backboard to lean against in paddling,

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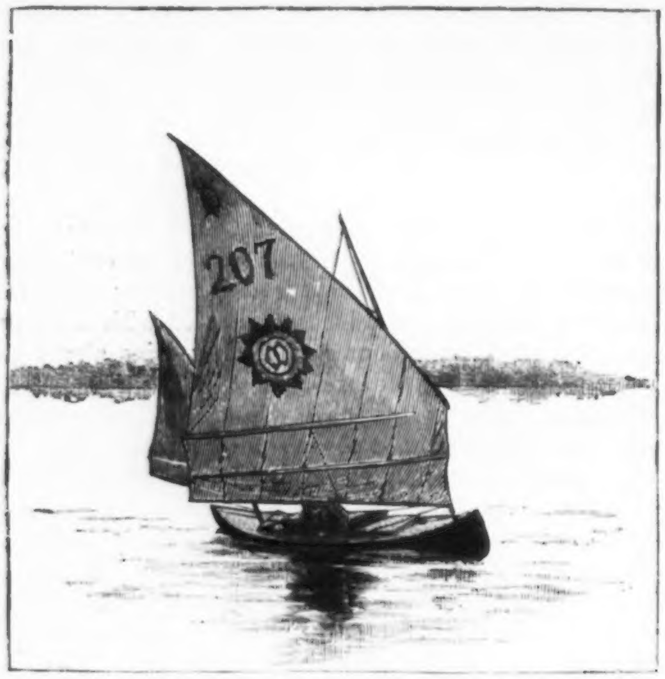
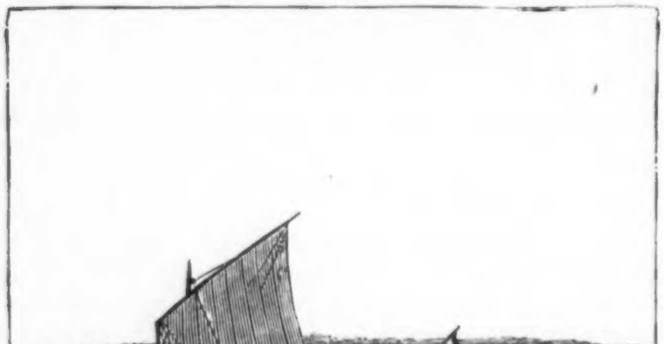
* The dues of the A. C. A. are $2 per annum, with $1 initiation fee. The Secretary is C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y.

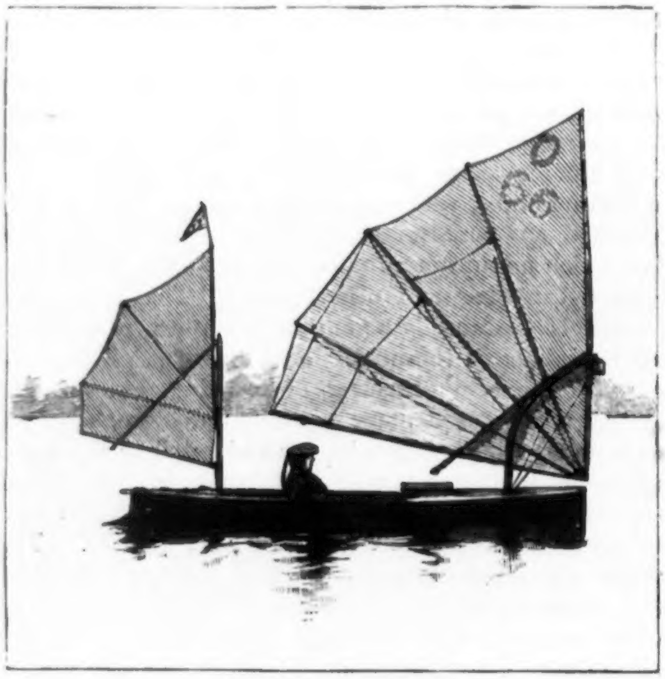


"MARION B," MOHICAN CANOE.

two mast tubes, and a double paddle 8 to 9 feet long, with a joint in the middle. If the novice has sailed a boat, and is fairly expert, he may carry two balance-lug or Mohican sails, say 50 and 15 feet on a 30 inch canoe. If he is not familiar with boat-sailing the safest and best rig is the leg-of-mutton, a triangular sail with a long mast and a boom on the foot. The sizes may be 43 and 12 feet. Every canoeist, as indeed every boatman and yacht sailor, should be able to swim fairly, and to support himself if thrown into the water fully dressed. Supposing the novice to be able to do this, his first lesson should be to take the canoe into water four or five feet deep and to practice with it—falling out, crawling about the deck, entering it from the water, by the side and over the stern, upsetting and righting it—until he is perfectly at home with the boat in any position. After this the rudder should be shipped, the seat and back-board adjusted, and the canoeist takes his place with the paddle grasped in both hands, the latter separated a little more than the breadth of his body. Now, with a firm, steady stroke on alternate sides, the boat is driven ahead, avoiding all swaying of the body and unnecessary motion. The rudder is used to steer a straight or curved course, or to turn, until the motion of the boat is controlled at will. After a little practice with the paddle the sails may be set, and, if possible, a lesson taken under an experienced hand. If this is not possible, the best plan is to go out prepared for a swim, and with a light breeze, and, if possible, in water two or three feet deep, to try what the canoe will do. A capsize or two will be of no consequence, and will give most useful experience. After some practice under such conditions, and the consequent knowledge acquired, longer trips and deeper waters may be safely braved; but it is a great mistake to start out from the first to sail a canoe without knowing how, and even if not attended with serious results it will prove very unpleasant if the first upset is made with clothes, provisions and luggage for a cruise on board. Like all sports, canoeing has its dangers, but with reasonable care and prudence they are comparatively slight. While some fatal mishaps are recorded, they are in nearly all cases due to carelessness or to ignorance.



"SIREN," AMERICAN NAUTILUS CANOE.



THE CANOE "ISABEL."

Canoeing has found favor not only among men, but there are many ladies who wield the single and double blade effectively, and who are enrolled on the A. C. A. list, while some of them have made long cruises with their husbands. Canoeing as yet is only in its infancy. Large as the fleet now is, there are still many localities where canoes are scarcely known. Year by year, however, the number increases, and each new recruit brings in others. As a pastime there is much in its favor. It is healthy, vigorous, and followed in the open air; it makes a man independent, self-reliant and ready to meet any emergency; while it also teaches him to make the best of everything, taking rain and discomfort, when unavoidable, as a matter of course. Best of all, it is clean in its accompaniments and elevating in its tendencies, and free from all taint of gambling and money-making, and as long as it is kept so it must grow and prosper, and retain a foremost place among American outdoor sports.

The best of men have doubted their powers of judgment between right and wrong.

THE MELODY OF PROSE.

To a carefully trained or to a naturally sensitive ear, there is often a beauty of rhythm in prose as powerful as the most exquisite in verse. Indeed, on some natures the perfect harmony of the prose period produces an effect such as no measured cadence can ever achieve. Not that prose, however melodious, can affect the emotions or stimulate the imagination as poetry can. Only when the mere beauty of concordant or contrasted sounds is considered in isolation and apart from the higher emotional forces, is it true that prose is capable of higher harmonies than verse. Only for the direct effect upon those senses that respond to the enchantment of well-matched cadence can it be maintained. But if the supreme rhythm of prose is higher than the supreme rhythms of verse, so is it far less common. The inner mystery has been divulged to few, and those few, save on rare occasions of inspiration, have been unable to cast the spell. Like the crowning accomplishment in all other arts, it can be better illustrated than defined. That there is something divergent, almost antagonistic, to measure in its formation, is shown in the fact that the poets, however skillful in prose, have never quite reached it. Milton's poetry is, beyond that of all others, filled with the magnificent concord of sweet sounds; but in his prose, splendid and sonorous as it is, we never find the true gem. The matrix is there, but the crevice that should hold the ruby is empty. There are phrases of great beauty, but the notes struck are too few. Exquisite if only sustained, might have been such a period as that which describes how the soldier-saints of the Puritan ideal compose their spirits "with the solemn and divine harmonies of music, while the skillful organist plies his grave and fancied descants in lofty fugues," or that which tells how "every free and gentle spirit" is "born a knight." Landor is, again, an instance of the poet whose prose has every other quality of greatness, but who does not reach the perfection of melody; and for the same reason, that his ear was a poet's ear. To show how near he came, and yet how certain it is that he did not attain to the last secret, one has only to quote the phrases that conclude his eloquent dedication of the "Hellenics" to Pope Pius IX.:

> "Cunning is not wisdom; prevarication is not policy; and (novel as the notion is, it is equally true) armies are not strength: Acre and Waterloo show it, and the flames of the Kremlin and the solitudes of Fontainebleau. One honest man, one wise man, one peaceful man, commands a hundred millions without a baton and without a charger. He wants no fortress to protect him; he stands higher than any citadel can raise him, brightly conspicuous to the most distant nations, God's servant by election, God's image by beneficence."

THE VISIT TO THE STUDIO.

This is beautifully written. There is much to excite the imagination and raise the sympathies of association, but of word-melody, dissociated from the thought, there is little to charm. Place beside it the famous passage from De Quincey from "The Dream-Vision of the Infinite" that ends the essay on "Lord Rosse's Telescopes":

> "'Angel, I will go no further. For the spirit of man aches under this infinity. Insufferable is the glory of God's house. Let me lie down in the grave, that I may find rest from the persecutions of the Infinite; for end, I see, there is none.' And from all the listening stars that shone around issued one choral chant—'Even so it is: angel, thou knowest that it is: end there is none, that ever yet we heard of.' 'End is there none?' the angel solemnly demanded; 'and is this the sorrow that kills you?' But no voice answered, that he might answer himself. Then the angel threw up his glorious hands to the heaven of heavens, saying, 'End is there none to the universe of God? Lo! also, there is no beginning.'"

Here is the true melody of prose, though a melody rarely obtained in such perfection even by De Quincey. De Quincey has it when he sees how "a vault seemed to open in the zenith of the far blue sky, a shaft which ran up for ever"; when he is buried "in narrow chambers at the heart of the eternal Pyramids," or "flies from the wrath of Bramah through all the forests of Asia"; when on Easter morning "the hedges were rich with white roses"; or when "the heart-quaking sound of *Consul Romanus*" dissolves the pageant of his dreams. These symphonies of sound we must pass by, to examine more in detail the melody of prose in other writers. But let the passage quoted above stand as the touchstone of successful harmony.

The history of all literature shows how far more rapidly the style of poetry develops than does that of prose. In English literature this is particularly marked. Doubtless the Romances have a certain rhythmical swing, and in the "Morte d'Arthur" there are a considerable number of passages of pleasant sound—but taken as a whole, the higher harmony is entirely absent. Maundeville's writings, too, have often a certain quaint melodiousness. His descriptions of the abbey of monks near the City of Camsay, where is the fair garden full of divers beasts, and where "every day, when the monks have eaten, the almoner carries what remains to the garden, and strikes on the garden-gate with a silver clicket that he holds in his hand, and anon all the beasts of the hill and of divers places of the garden come out to the number of three or four thousand"—is not without suggestions of great beauty. The earlier writers are, to a great extent, debarred from the happiest effects by the use of an unvaried rhythm, which produces the same effect on the ear as measure, and so robs them of those changes which are essential to the best prose. In the Romances, in Lily the Euphuist, this is easily seen, and though less marked, it is present in Latimer and Sidney, in Bacon and Izaak Walton. Hooker, indeed, conquered the monotony; but he is content with clearing the stream of thought from affectations and obscurities, and with developing a style of eloquence and imagination. With Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne there is, again, a monotony of cadence, though a beautiful monotony. In the great writers of the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century, the melody we seek for is not to be found. Dryden and Swift, Pope and Addison, had enough to do to make their style completely flexible and perspicuous. They did all that was needed to render the instrument complete, but left it for others to draw from it its most perfect tones. Though Bolingbroke woke here and there a faint prelude, it was reserved for the nameless and mysterious writer of the greatest political satires that the world has ever seen first to achieve success. If Chatham could tell William Pitt to study "Junius" as his model, and Coleridge gives such great, if not unqualified, praise, there is no need for an apology for such a contention. When "Junius" banters the Duke of Grafton on his connection with the University of Cambridge, and tells him that its admiration will cease with office, it is impossible not to recognize a new element present in English prose style:

> "Whenever the spirit of distributing prebends and bishoprics shall have departed from you, you will find that learned seminary perfectly recovered from the delirium of an Installation, and, what in truth it ought to be, once more a peaceful scene of slumber and thoughtless meditation. The venerable tutors of the University will no longer distress your modesty by proposing you for a pattern to their pupils. The learned dullness of declamation will be silent; and even the venal Muse, though happiest in fiction, will forget your virtues."

The fall of the last sentence, indeed, is, for sound, inimitable. Contemporary with, or somewhat earlier than "Junius," there are, however, writers whose work is capable of rhythms almost as melodious. There is Sterne, with the reflection on Uncle Toby's oath:

> "The accusing spirit which flew up to Heaven's Chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out for ever."

And, far deeper in sentiment, there is Johnson's lament in the preface to the dictionary, where he tells the story of his book, written "not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconveniences and distractions, in sickness in sorrow":

> "If the embodied critics of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy, and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which, if I could obtain in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise."

Of course, Johnson did not always write like this. Too often the exquisite melody of such a phrase as "this gloom of solitude" is exchanged for the mechanical, organ-grinding tones of the *Rambler*. Personal feelings always inspired him. He gets the same ring in the letter to Lord Chesterfield and in the passage on "Paradise Lost," where he is, in truth, comparing Milton's life with his own.

When Burke's hand touches the instrument, whatever of rigidity belongs to Johnson vanishes. The passages in which the finer melody is found delight the ear as does De Quincey. For instance:

> "Their prey is lodged in England; and the cries of India are given to the seas and winds, to be blown about, at every breaking up of the monsoon, over a remote and unhearing ocean."

Or:

> "Here the manufacturer and the husbandman will bless the just and punctual hand that in India has torn the cloth from the loom or wrested the scanty portion of rice and salt from the peasant of Bengal, or wrung from him the very opium in which he forgot his oppressions and his oppressor."

With the orators who were Burke's contemporaries, it is not our purpose to deal, since the imperfect manner in which their speeches were reported makes it impossible to do them justice. Gibbon, then, next claims consideration. It is too much the fashion in these days to sneer at Gibbon's prose as monotonous and stilted. Yet, in truth, it was capable of great beauty of development. What could be more harmonious than the reflection on Julian at Paris?

> "If Julian could now revisit the capital of France, he might converse with men of science and genius, capable of understanding and of instructing a disciple of the Greeks; he might excuse the lively and graceful follies of a nation whose martial spirit has never been enervated by the indulgence of luxury; and he must applaud the perfection of that inestimable art which softens and refines and embellishes the intercourse of social life."

This has a serenity of cadence almost equal to the account, in the "Autobiography," of the writing of the last page of the last chapter of the "Decline and Fall." Yet neither can compare for beauty of sound with the last sentence of the well-known criticism of the consequences of the Reformation:

> "The predictions of the Catholics are accomplished: the web of mystery is unraveled by the Arminians, Arians and Socinians; and the pillars of Revelation are shaken by those men who preserve the name without the substance of religion, who indulge the license without the temper of philosophy."

With the great prose writers of the beginning of the present century, it is impossible to deal in detail. In many of them the true melody of prose, as we have attempted to show it by illustration, is present. In one of the greatest, if not the best known, it is easily discovered. Sir William Napier, in the "History of the War in the Peninsula," shows that he was a man blessed with an ear for prose style unusually fine. His description of the advance of the English infantry at the close of the battle of Albuera is unrivaled:

> "Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valor, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order, their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front, their measured tread shook the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as slowly, and with a horrid carnage, it was pushed by the incessant vigor of the

> attack to the furthest edge of the height. There the French Reserve mixed with the struggling multitude, and endeavored to sustain the fight; but the effort only increased the irremediable confusion; the mighty mass gave way, and, like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the steep. The rain flowed after in streams discolored with blood, and eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill!"

If for no other purpose than that of contrast, we might put side by side with this a passage from another military historian, whose work is among the best of histories in the English language, and is only not a classic because it is overwhelmed by the public ignorance of all things Indian. Captain Grant Duff's "History of the Mahrattas" contains a description of the advance of the Peshwa's army on the morning of the battle of Kirkee, which, for charm of literary skill, it is difficult to match, but which is just too elaborate for quotation. Instead, we will quote his friend's account of a Mahratta charge. The magnificence of the Mahratta onset Mountstuart Elphinstone had himself admired, had witnessed "the thunder of the ground, the flashing of their arms, the brandishing of their spears, the agitation of their banners rushing through the wind."

In our own generation, Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Symonds are among the most melodious of prose writers. Each in his way is excellent. One of Mr. Ruskin's happiest efforts, a description of Southern Italy, may be quoted:

> "Silent villages, earthquake-shaken, without commerce, without industry, without knowledge, without hope, gleam in white ruin from hillside to hillside; far-winding wrecks of immemorial walls surround the dust of cities long forsaken: the mountain streams moan through the cold arches of their foundations, green with weed, and rage over the heaps of their fallen towers. Far above in thunder-blue serration stand the eternal edges of the angry Apennine, dark with rolling impendence of volcanic cloud."

A man who has written a passage such as this may claim to be forgiven any number of weaknesses and follies. Mr. Symonds has struck the public fancy most in his descriptive writings, and is best known by them. In his historical books, however, his work is just as worthy of recognition, not for learning only, but for beauty of style. In "The Predecessors of Shakespeare," he has written a passage, personifying the Muse of the Elizabethan comedy, of wonderful sweetness of tone:

> "Hers were Greene's meadows, watered by an English stream. Hers, Heywood's moss-grown manor-houses. Peele's goddess-haunted lawns were hers; and hers, the palace-bordered paved ways of Verona. Hers was the darkness of the grave, the charnel-house of Webster. She walked the air-built loggie of Lyly's dreams, and paced the clouds of Jonson's masques. She donned that ponderous sock and trod the measures of Volpone. She mouthed the mighty line of Marlowe. Chapman's massy periods and Marston's pointed sentences were hers by heart. She went abroad through primrose paths with Fletcher, and learned Shirley's lambent wit. She wandered amid dark dry places of the outcast soul with Ford. "Hamlet" was hers; "Anthony and Cleopatra" was hers; and hers, too, was "The Tempest." Then, many after years, her children mated with famed poets in far distant lands. "Faust" and "Wallenstein," "Lucrezia Borgia" and "Marion Delorme," are hers."

Here, again, is the true melody.

To write of melodious prose and not to quote from Newman or Carlyle seems an anomaly. The clear and liquid cadences of the one, and the picturesque magnificence of the other, has on some ears an effect scarcely to be obtained from any other writing. To illustrate these qualities, one has only to recall the passage on music from the "University Sermons," or the close of the "Life of Sterling." Space, however, will not allow us more than a reference to the enchantments of the style of either passage.

Among the orators of our time, Mr. Bright alone can claim to have produced melodious prose. The perorations of his speeches are, indeed, distinguished by a remarkable sweetness of cadence.

So inadequate and so hasty an attempt to exhibit by quotation the resources of English prose literature as the present, seems to need some apology. Let us hope that those who know and love that literature will not be displeased to see the favorites of their reading quoted as they have been here; and that they will pardon the omissions and the rejections. In one respect, at least, our inquiry cannot be distasteful, for it serves to remind one how splendid, how wide and how various is the field of English prose.

NAPOLEON II., DUKE OF REICHSTADT.

[SONNET.]

BY F. S. SALTEES.

DOVE that found birth within an eagle's nest;
Bauble of circumstance and changing fate:
Thou wert too young to know thy lofty state,
Before thy marvelous father, foe-oppressed,
Fell like a hero! and then hadst not guessed
In thy sweet, guileless play, that thou wert great,
And that his name, with its gigantic weight,
Upon thy weakness was ordained to rest!

When thou in after years, with tears and pain,
The dazzling record of his deeds supreme,
With all their pomp and splendor, didst peruse,
There must have passed in thy bewildered brain
Fantastic visions, fugitive as a dream,
Of glorious Jenas and grim Waterloos!

PERSIAN AND TURKISH TOBACCO.

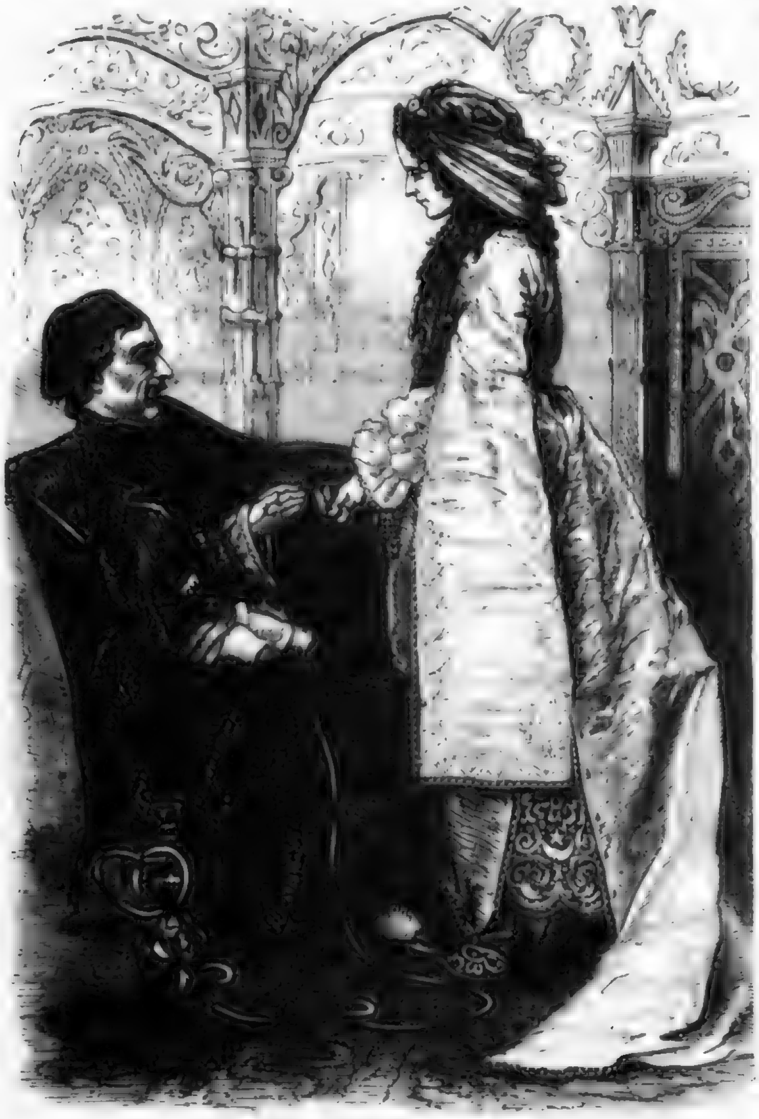
BY OSCANYAN.

WE have desires to which we are impelled by nature, and their attainment is indispensable to the continuation of life; but we have desires, also, which are the results of acquired tastes, and which habit also makes as imperative as our natural wants. Thus are created the luxuries of life, and, to increase the delight which we derive from such sources of enjoyment, we endeavor to refine, to etherealize their forms, and divest them of all sensual and grosser accompaniments. Among such luxuries, tobacco is pre-eminent, especially in the East, where it is made the basis of hospitality and the bond of social intercourse even at the West.

"Will you have a cigar, sir?"

Tobacco, ever since its first introduction to the civilized world, has become so indispensable an item of consumption that it has long been ranked among the staple commodities of life, and seems to claim the double title of a natural and artificial taste. Yet, no form of pleasure and exhilaration has ever been the subject of so much study as the ways and means of enjoying this fragrant weed.

All the world are well aware of the different forms in which tobacco is used—viz., inhaling in the form of smoke; titillating the nostrils by its powder, called snuff, or stimulating the nervous system by the action on the salivary glands through the process of mastication. The two latter forms of enjoying this luxury seem to admit of no refinement as time rolled on, and snuffing and chewing yet remain in their pristine state of simplicity. On



TURKISH TOBACCO-PIPE.

the contrary, no ingenuity has been spared to invent, improve or remodel the various vehicles by which the more exquisite and graceful practice of smoking may be enjoyed.

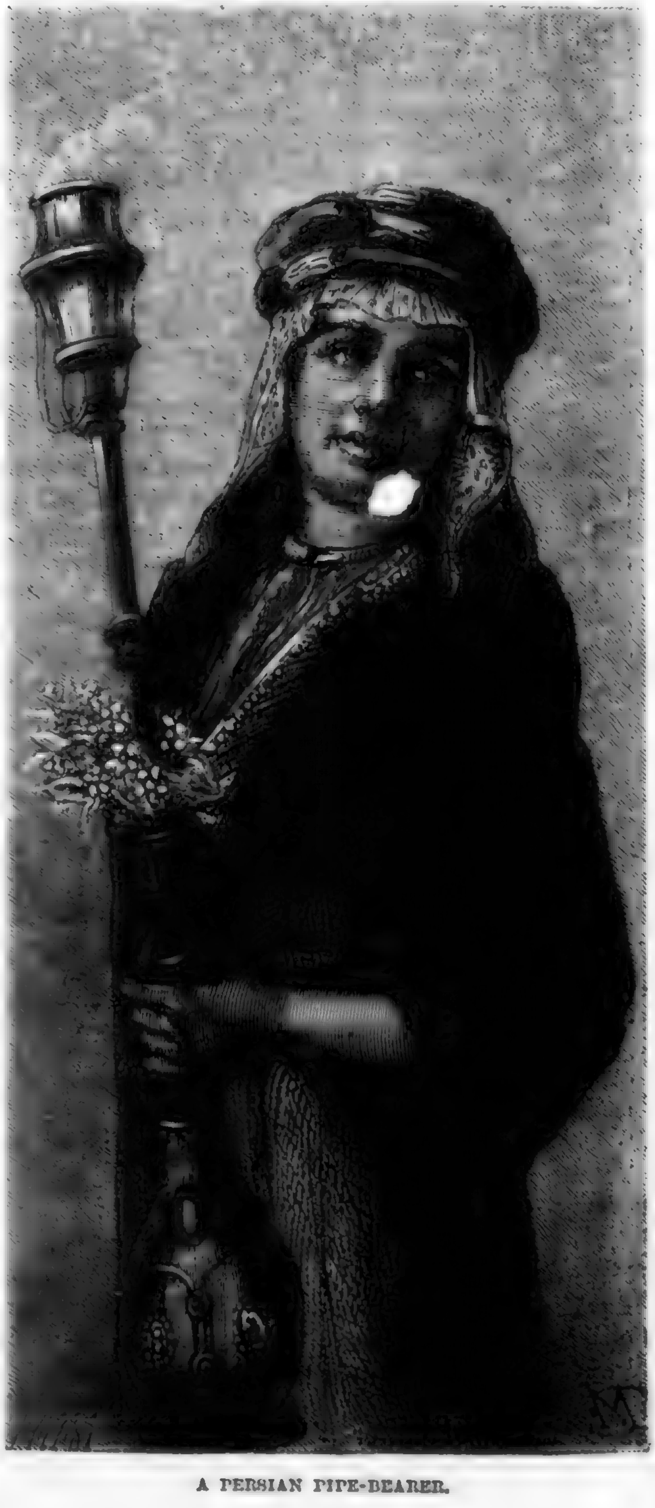
Although tobacco may have been indigenous to America, yet we have the assertion of Professor Beckman to corroborate the fact, that this plant was known to the Tartars long before the discovery of America. As early as the year 1610, a native Turk was paraded through the streets of Constantinople with a pipe transfixed through his nose, as the penalty of indulging in the pastime of smoking, which was then in great disrepute. Indeed, if we may credit tradition, Mohammed himself predicted, "that in times to come there should be men, bearing the names of Mussulmans, but not really such, who should smoke a certain weed called *Dukhan*, or Tobacco."

On the other hand, it is very singular that there is no allusion whatever made to the weed in the "Arabian Nights."

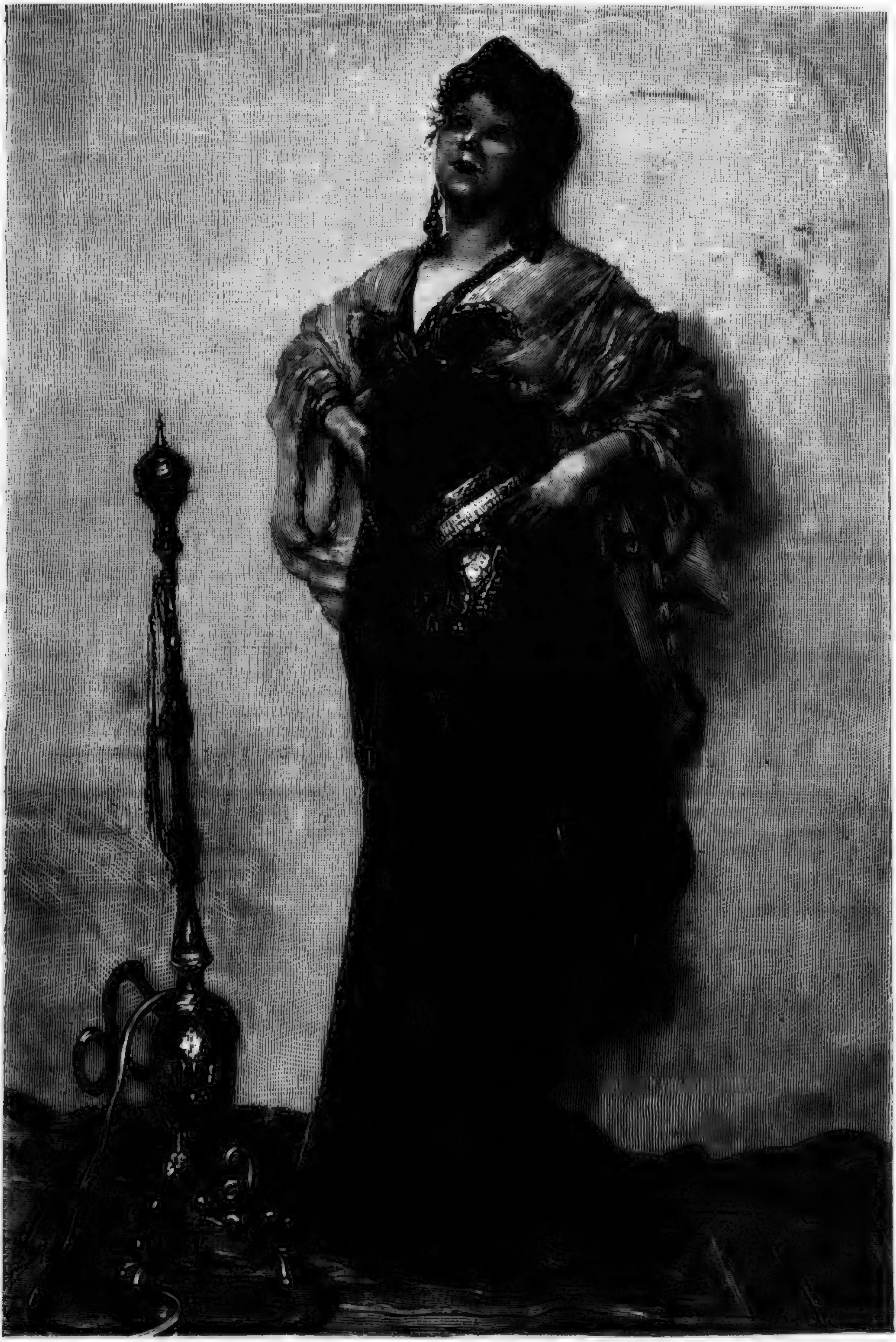
Tobacco was introduced into England soon after the discovery of America by Columbus, by Sir Walter Raleigh, and thence found its way into Europe. But from whatever clime this fragrant weed was first derived, it is not our purpose to dispute; suffice it to say, that the earliest method of using it was, doubtless, in a *pipe*, and not in the form of cigars—since the *calumet* of the Aborigines is of historic renown—nor by imbibing the juice by mastication, which latter practice was unknown to the early lovers of tobacco, and is unpracticed by the Orientals even at this day.

As the aromatic plant became popular, and even essential, to the happiness of mankind, including the fair sex, doubtless, the inconvenience of the pipe suggested the idea of a more portable form, whence the invention of cigars. In Holland, in 1670, they smoked out of conical tubes, made of palm-leaves plaited together, and subsequently the leaf of the plant was rolled up and the present form of cigars adopted. But those nations who retain the original, natural, and simplest mode of enjoying the weed have never relinquished the pipe, but have varied the form of this implement and beautified and improved it. The people who have retained the use of the pipe are the Dutch, Irish, English, Scotch, Germans, Russians, Turks, Persians and all Orientals.

In the perfection of the art of smoking, the Persians may rank first, then the Turks, Russians, Hungarians, Dutch, English, and, last of all, the Germans. This last observation may somewhat startle the reader, since a German is seldom seen without a pipe in his mouth; the fact is, he is a



A PERSIAN PIPE-BEARER.



PERSIAN AND TURKISH TOBACCO — THE NARGHILE AND ITS BEARER.

great consumer of tobacco, but not a *smoker*, since he does not know how to enjoy it.

The Persians rank high in this respect, because they have studied the philosophy of enjoying the fumes of tobacco in their greatest purity. This they have attained by passing the smoke through water, and thus not only purifying it from the essential oil of the plant, but cooling it as well.

It is said that "necessity is the mother of invention"; Persian tobacco, called *Tömbeky*, evidently a corruption of the word tobacco, is a singular plant, both in texture and flavor. Its leaves are long and narrow; and rather light in color. It is coarse and has heavy fibres, and is, owing to the nature of the soil, extremely acrid, requiring a careful preparation before it can be utilized. When dry, the leaves are chopped up into small bits, or crumbled in the palm of the hand. This tobacco-dust is then placed in a piece of muslin and washed thoroughly. In a moist state, it is deposited in the pipe-bowl, to be smoked by the aid of a piece of ignited charcoal. Nor is the instrument used for the purpose an ordinary pipe. It is called *kalleon*, and is an air-tight vessel, globular in shape, made usually of a cocoa-shell. This is partially filled with water, and is surmounted with a tube about eighteen inches in length, on the top of which is the bowl containing the tobacco. A reed, of about two feet in length, is inserted diagonally into the vessel above the level of the water. When the smoker begins to draw through the weed, a partial vacuum is created in the vessel, which occasions the pressure of the external air to force the smoke of the tobacco downward through the perpendicular tube, above mentioned, into the water beneath, where, after losing its solid particles, it bubbles up into the vacant space above, and thence through the stem into the mouth of the smoker, the musical gurgling of the *Kalleon* reminding one of the incantations of the witches:

"Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn: and, caldron, bubble."

The reason why the *Tömbeky* is used in a humid condition is to retard combustion, otherwise, the draft being great, the smoke would rush into one's mouth in a voluminous quantity, almost suffocating the person. Thus thoroughly washed and cleansed of its impurities, the fumes of *Tömbeky* impart a most delicious flavor, which is highly appreciated by its votaries.

Many natives in the East adopted the Persian style of smoking, amongst others the Turks, who are extremely partial to the weed. The unwieldiness of the *kalleon*, however, suggested the necessity of certain modifications, which they did by substituting a glass vessel in the form of a decanter, in lieu of the cocoanut, so as to enable it to stand on the floor instead of being obliged to hold it in the hand as the Persians do. Then again, in place of the short reed which conveys the smoke to the mouth, a flexible tube, made of kid, supported on wire frame, and of any required length, is substituted for the reed; yet, owing to its cumbersome nature, the narghillé, as it is called, is not a popular apparatus.

Ever since the peculiar and agreeable properties of this fragrant plant have been known, the ingenuity of its votaries has been excited to invent and improve the ways and means of obtaining the greatest amount of satisfaction from its use.

The Turks have displayed the greatest refinement and taste in the manufacture of their long and beautiful chibouks. These are composed of three distinct parts—the stem, the bowl and the mouthpiece.

In the earlier stages the pipe was made of one entire piece of clay; but soon the fact was established that this substance became so heated as to decompose the tobacco. Metallic and other pipes were tried, but still the same evil existed; until wood, especially brier-wood, became the most popular. But that also being combustible, the flavor of the tobacco was deteriorated, and at last the arrangement was made of a stem of wood with a bowl of clay attached to it, to contain the ignited plant. The wood was a non-conductor of heat, capable of being constructed of any length, and, moreover, easily cleaned, by swabbing, so that this was pronounced the great desideratum.

The meerschaum, or the froth of the sea, is a native rock formation of Turkey, and is excavated about two or three hundred miles from the Sea of Marmora. Every particle is exported to Vienna and elsewhere and is never used by the natives, because it is a calcareous substance, and when in contact with fire undergoes a process of combustion to a sufficient degree to decompose the tobacco. This fact is well attested by the circumstance that a meerschaum pipe-bowl is greatly enhanced in value when, by a long and tedious process, it has lost all its combustible properties, and is thus rendered incapable of deteriorating the tobacco. A peculiar species of clay exists in Turkey, so well adapted to this purpose as to supersede all other substances for the construction of pipe-bowls; and these Oriental and philosophic smokers have displayed their wisdom and science, not only in their selection of materials, but also in the peculiar form into which they have molded them. The form of a *lullé*, or Turkish pipe-bowl, is that of an inverted cone, the base of which, when filled with tobacco, forms the surface. The design of the form is to present a greater surface of exposure to the atmosphere, and to bring a smaller body of tobacco in contact with the bowl, which is made as thin and delicate as the nature of the material will permit, so as to possess the least quantity of body, and thus less power of retaining heat. The pipe is lighted in the centre of the bowl, *not* with a piece of *paper*, for that would scorch the surface of the tobacco, but with a piece of spunk, or a bit of ignited charcoal. At each inhalation the ignited circle enlarges and extends toward the edge of the bowl; and as the combustion takes place proportionately downward, it is evident that all the tobacco is consumed without the assistance of *fingering* it, as some are in the habit of doing. Indeed, a Turk never smokes his pipe out entirely, nor rebuilds on its ashes. He must have it fresh, and waits till his pipe gets cool.

The stem is always of wood; but great care is used in its selection. Jasmine is cultivated expressly for pipe stems, and carefully trained so to increase in length and uniform thickness. Cherry stems are much prized and more durable than the jasmine, and there is a species of wild fruit-tree, called *g'ermeshek*, peculiar to Turkey, remarkably suited for the use of tobacco, and very generally used. These pipe-stems are never less than four or five feet long, and perfectly straight. The object gained by the length is that the smoke arrives at the lips comparatively cool, and having in its passage deposited its more solid particles in the stem, in a state of purity, and being straight, is easily cleansed; for, contrary to German philosophy, the stem must be kept clean and sweet. Still another advantage gained by the length is, that the pipe may be easily disposed of for the moment, resting by the side or against a table without deranging the tobacco in the bowl, which has a flat bottom, and is, moreover, guarded by a brass tray beneath it to protect the floor from any accident. The stem is invariably surmounted with an amber mouthpiece, so agreeable to the lips and free from all impurities. Certainly, then, a Turkish chibouk is unequaled as an implement for smoking. It is the very essence of luxury, and no wonder the Turks repose for hours on their silken couches, and recline on their fluffy cushions, and puff and puff again "ambrosial gales." Indeed, the pipe is their all in all—it is their "eye-opener" on awaking, and their "nightcap" before retiring! The women enjoy it as well as the men—in fact, every one is a smoker. It is considered by all the Orientals that "a pipe and a cup of coffee is a complete entertainment."

The chibouk and the narghilé, besides being symbols of hospitality, have, by reason of extravagant outlay bestowed upon them, become objects not only of luxury, but of wealth and distinction, among the Orientals, as services of silver are appendages of elegant life to the Europeans, so that there was great ambition to excel each other in the costliness of their appurtenances of smoking. But times have changed, the chibouk and narghilé being superseded by simple cigarettes.

But it is not only the utility and beauty of the long chibouk and the gurgling narghilé which constitute the Osmanlis the best and most philosophical smokers. Turkish tobacco has a world-wide renown. The plant differs materially from the Havana in its narcotic properties, peculiar taste and aroma. Tobacco is cultivated all over Turkey, but the production is not the same everywhere. There are four varieties: the Bafra, the Mannissa, the Yenidjé and the Djebel. The Bafra is a plant of large leaves, dark-brown in color, coarse in texture, and strong in flavor. It is an Asiatic production, cultivated in the neighborhood of the Black Sea. The Mannissa or Magnesia is cultivated in the vicinity of Smyrna. Its leaves are not very large, and in color are light, resembling somewhat the Virginia plant. In quality it is very ordinary, and in flavor rather mild. But the Yenidjé, which is a production of European Turkey, is, by reason of climate and soil, of a quality that is not equaled by any in the world. The leaves are small, of a brownish hue and delicate frame. When smoked its delicious taste gratifies the palate, and the aroma imparts a pleasing sensation to the olfactories. It is highly appreciated by all amateurs of the weed of whatever nationality, and patronized extensively. It carries the palm over the famous Havana in one particular, that it leaves no unpleasant consequences.

An apartment may be filled with a thick cloud of smoke of Yenidjé tobacco, yet when the room is ventilated the air becomes purified in a very short time; whereas the fumes of the Havana permeate every fibre of clothing or furniture, and it seems difficult to get rid of. It is this fact that drives the gentlemen out of doors for a smoke, and compels those behind the counters to resort to chewing. Hence, it can easily be conceived why the ladies in the East do not object to the use of the weed, but become partial to it themselves, and take pleasure and comfort in rolling cigarettes.

There is also a great choice exercised in its narcotic strength. As tastes and nervous requirements differ, extra care is bestowed in its preparation.

The leaves, when gathered, are not stripped from the parent stock indiscriminately from top to bottom, but are assorted and classified in three categories. The lower tiers being the strongest in flavor, and the upper the mildest, they are gathered separately, and the bundles into which they are packed are marked respectively, *yavash*, *orta* and *sert*—mild, middling and high-flavored. Then, again, by this division the smoker is enabled to make a new combination by mixing one part of one and two parts of the other to suit his own particular taste.

The Djebel or Latakia tobacco is a Syrian production, strongly impregnated with nitre, owing to the nature of the soil. It sparkles and scintillates when smoked; but as it leaves an unpleasant coating on the tongue, it is not patronized by the public, except by the Syrians themselves, who are habituated to its use, whereas the Yenidjé is sought after by all. But Yenidjé is a small district of Thessaly, consequently its production is very limited. The demand being greater than the supply, it always commands a high price. Apart from this fact, tobacco, having recently become a Kégie, that is, Government monopoly, its purchase has become more difficult, as the entire crop is either absorbed by the officials or exported to foreign countries, particularly to Russia, where it commands any price. Yet, notwithstanding this fact, Yenidjé tobacco is plentiful in the market, and the reader can easily conceive its genuineness. Even the greatest connoisseurs in Turkey are imposed upon by skillfully fabricated articles. A growing taste for this particular tobacco having of late been acquired in America, the increasing demand for this delicious weed has induced speculators to flood the market with Yenidjé.

A REMARKABLE series of contributions have been received by the United States Fish Commission from the Cape Ann fishermen, who go to the Newfoundland Banks. When the Fish Commission had its headquarters at Gloucester in 1878, a general interest in the zoological work sprang up among the crews of the fishing-vessels, and since that time they have been vying with each other in efforts to find new animals. Their activity has been stimulated by the publication of lists of their donations in the local papers; and the number of separate lots of specimens received, to the present time, exceeds eight hundred. Many of these lots are large, consisting of collecting-tanks full of alcoholic specimens. At least thirty fishing-vessels were carrying collecting-tanks on every trip, until it became necessary to recall them because no more specimens were required, and many of the fishermen, with characteristic superstition, had the idea that it insured good luck to have a tank on board, and would not go to sea without one. The number of specimens acquired in this manner, according to the latest report of the National Museum where they are deposited, is at least 50,000 or 60,000, most of them scarcely attainable by other means.

LORD ALBEMARLE mentions a Lord D——'s eccentric habit of giving vent to his thoughts aloud. He was a frequent guest at the Pavilion. His knowledge of good living led him easily to detect a great falling off in the royal *cuisine* since the decease of George IV. Sitting next to King William, he exclaimed, in his deep bass: "What a change, to be sure—cold pies and hot champagne!" On another occasion, the King and Queen, when Duke and Duchess of Clarence, dined with Lord D——, who handed her Royal Highness in to dinner. Scarcely seated, he began to soliloquize aloud: "What bores these royalties are! Ought I to drink wine with her as I would with any other woman?" and in the same tone continued, "May I have the honor of a glass of wine with your Royal Highness?" Toward the end of dinner he asked her again. "With great pleasure, my lord," she replied; "but I have had a glass with you already." "The brute, and so she has!" was the rejoinder.

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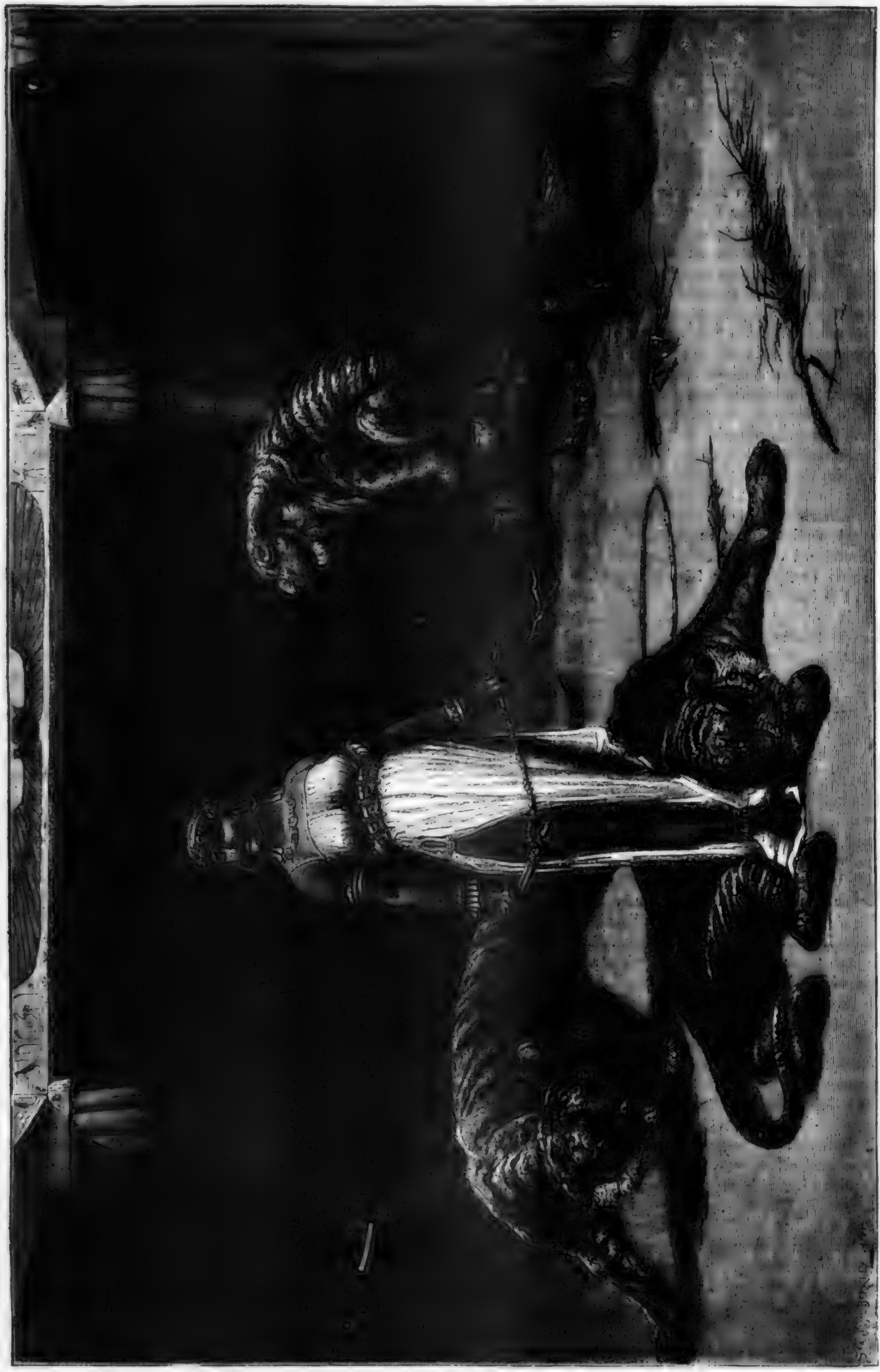
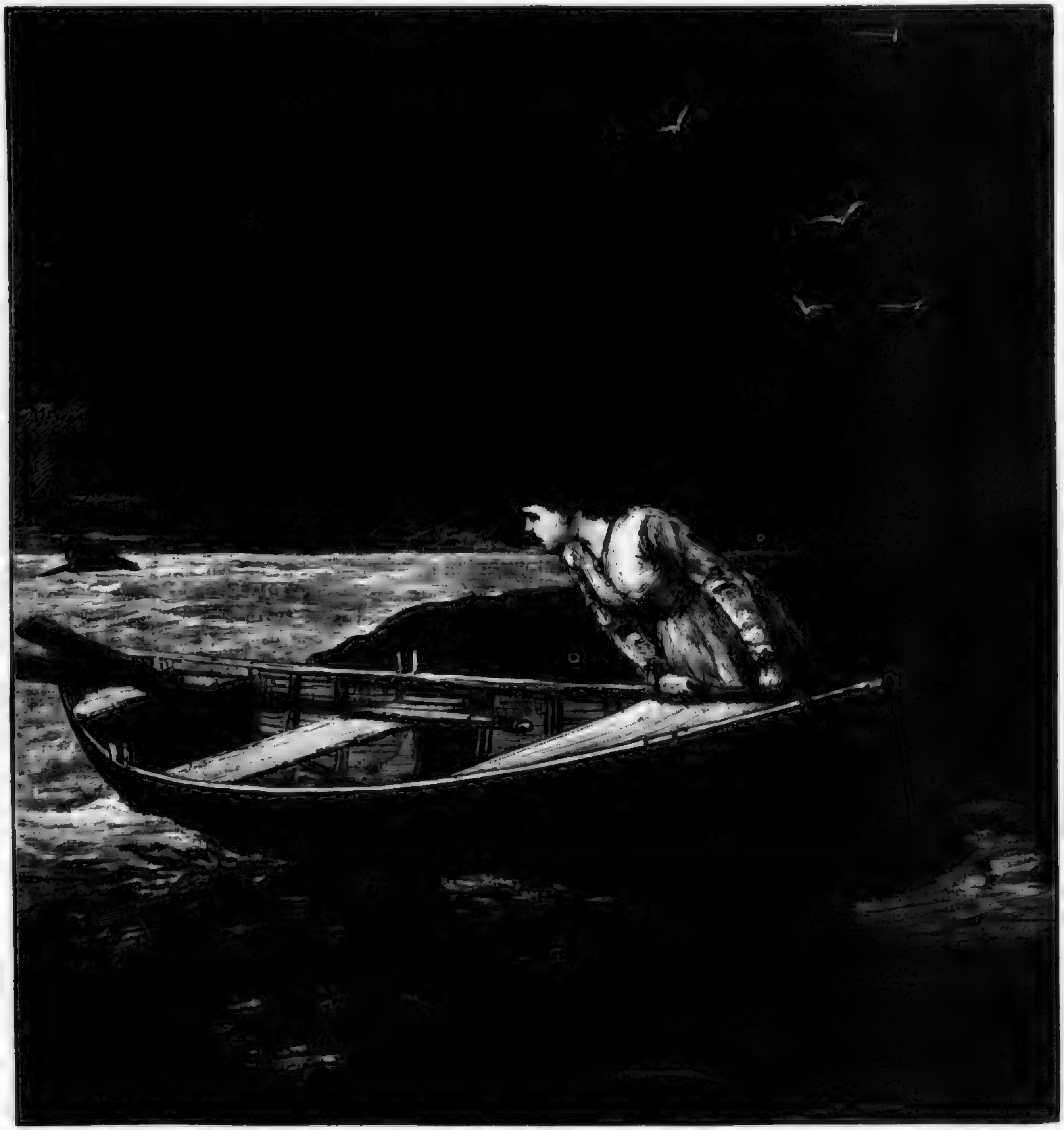


A TIGER QUEEN IN OLD EGYPT.—FROM THE PAINTING BY STANLEY BERKELEY.



THE FISHER-GIRL OF GRAND MENAN.—"'THERE, THERE, HE IS UPSET!' SHE EXCLAIMED. 'HE IS CLINGING TO THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT. GOD HELP ME!'"

THE FISHER-GIRL OF GRAND MENAN.

"I THINK I have gone far enough," he said, leaning listlessly over the side of the boat.

"Then you mean, sir, that you are tired of my rowing?" she replied, poising her oars 'mid the worn thole-pins, while the water dripped from the blades in a shower of crystals.

"Oh, no; I am not tired of you, only tired."

"That, sir, makes a very different thing of it."

She was only a fisher-girl of Grand Menan, with hands brown and plump and strong, with hair dyed in the blackness of the night, and eyes! what wonderful depths they had, lighted with a soft flame! They were like masses of carbon with a heart of fire. She was just Mollie Burns, living in that rough little one-story house on the green bank above the white sands. Her father was John Burns, the fisherman, and from him she must have inherited a rare knack at pulling cod and haddock and mackerel out of the sea. He had taught her how to row her homely, but strong, little boat. This boy, only fifteen, with his face that sickness had bleached, but a face lighted with eyes as bewitchingly blue as Mollie's were black, had come to this surf-fringed island to find again his health if possible. Mollie Burns had been hired by Charlie Whipple's father to carry him out in her boat, to teach him to fish, to tell him how to row. Whipple, Senior, had intended to accompany the young people in every journey, but various things had prevented, and the blue eyes and the black eyes had looked at one another all they wished.

Mollie had rowed her charge home the day our story opens, and then watched him as he languidly walked across the glistening sands to his boarding-house. She pulled her boat up the beach, and then sat down behind a wall of rock projecting from the bank. Did

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she hear voices? Two men on the other side of this wall were talking busily.

"Ah, there goes my boy. He has just come off from the water."

"That is Charlie's father," said Mollie, softly.

"I see; and that fisher-girl with him, or was."

"I don't like him," was Mollie's comment. "Guess his name is Babcock. He's a boarder, too, and I wish he'd go home."

"It has been a good thing for him, his going off on the water," remarked Mr. Whipple.

"And a pleasant thing for her," said Mr. Babcock.

"Oh, I dare say. She's well paid for it. I found her among the fishermen's children, and she was willing to earn a penny."

"You must look out. Those young people are getting a good deal interested in one another."

The black eyes on Mollie's side of the wall widened and flamed, and her breathing seemed to cease, so intently did she listen. Indeed, it did not seem to her as if she could move away. What she heard might affect her destiny, but she seemed suddenly to have lost strength, and could but stay to hear the cruel words that had this strange power.

"Interested? You think so? My Charlie never lisped a word——"

"Of course he wouldn't."

"I can't have that. Good girl, I guess, but she fills a low station in life. If you think best I'll leave this village to-morrow."

"I do think so."

"Then I'll go, and as we expected to journey together, will you accompany me, Babcock?"

Mollie did not care whether Babcock "accompanied" anybody or not, whether he went to another spot on Grand Menan, or—to the bottom of the sea. She rather thought she would like to have him in the latter place. She arose wearily, stole unobserved out of her resting-place, and then crawled up the winding path that seamed the lofty bank, and stopped at the door of her father's diminutive home. It was her boast that she could run up that tedious path without stopping, and sometimes fancied herself a bird on its strong wings mounting this slope; but like a seabird shot, wounded sore, with crippled wings, she now wearily crawled to John Burns's door.

"You tired, Mollie?" kindly asked her grandmother, who had kept house for John Burns since his wife's death. She only nodded her head feebly, like the crown of a stalk of beach-grass broken by the tempest. "I don't see why Mollie is so quiet," reflected the grandmother. "She has got no more stiffenin' to her to-day than a wet sail."

She went out after tea just as she had often gone in the twilight to see the sunset clouds move across the western waters like the gaudy, flaming canvas of vessels whose hulls were hidden below the horizon. The display seemed tame to-night. She had been wont to joke with the rough-mannered but kind-hearted boys, one of whom she expected, in a vague kind of way, to marry some time; though now as little stirred by a love for any one of them as the seagull for the tumbling waves it gambols with. She had little to say to-night; was even cross to one of them, for which she quickly felt sorry.

"Oh, Mollie!" exclaimed her younger sister Amy; "*he* has been here and says he is going away, and was real sorry he couldn't see you, and left this for you."

Mollie did not ask Amy to match this pronoun, this indefinite "he" with a definite noun. Her heart beat excitedly, painfully, and she laid her hand upon it. Why was it? This boy from the States, this girl of Grand Menan, had never confessed any liking for one another, but blue eyes and black eyes have their peculiar language. Perhaps the weakness of this boy had won the more strongly his companion's interest. He had leaned upon her in many ways. Once, when the surf was rough and she could not beach her boat in the old landing-place, she had rowed to a sand-spit, where, to reach the shore, one must wade through the shallow water.

"You'll be sick again if you take to the water, and and I must carry you," she said, laughing, and bore him, as if he were little Amy, to the dry beach.

That night it seemed as if she had lifted one who was her own child, and her sympathy—she had never thought of love—went out to him and gathered itself about him. Then she liked him for what he was, a frank, unselfish, noble-hearted boy, just now weak, making a sorry figure in contrast with the boys that could run and leap, swim and row; but stirred by a generosity of spirit in which a quick, feminine instinct detected the stuff out of which heroes and martyrs are made. It was that chance conversation overheard on the shore that revealed the girl's heart to her, and yet declared the hopelessness of the relation between them—two souls standing on the brink of a social chasm widening rapidly between them. And he was going! If she had only been at home to see him once more! She now took from Amy the box that had been left for her, and carried it up to her bare, brown sleeping-room under the roof. Then she bore it to the window that looked toward the west, and the last of the light shot its rays into the box, and made a warm circle of color whose centre was a gold ring.

"What he used to wear!" said Mollie, the blood tingeing her cheeks till they glowed like one of the clouds in the west. "Some writing," she said. "'Do not forget me.'" A deeper red suffused her cheeks.

"He said he wanted you to wear it," piped a little voice behind her.

"Hush-sh-sh, Amy! Hush-sh-sh! They'll hear you."

That night, when she went to sleep, she wore this ring on the finger where betrothed maidens wear the golden sign. In her dreams she seemed to be sailing over seas of widening splendor, and at her side was Charlie Whipple; she his equal—his wife. It might be a Summer yacht she was in, but not the old brown fishing-boat. In her dream the yacht ran upon a sunken rock, and all her visions were upset in a very cold sea of reality. She awoke to recognize that it was late. The sun was shining through the old-fashioned little panes, revealing the floor with its stains and knot-holes, the coarse coverlet on the bed, and the unplastered roof where the nails from the shingles still projected. She was only a fisher-girl of Grand Menan.

"Mol-lie!"

It was her grandmother calling. She took off her ring, hid it away, and dressed. Oh, how dull and heavy the burdens of the day!

"Granny, if you don't care, I won't go off in the boat to-day."

"And not pick up a penny, child, carryin' folks off? Where is that sickly chap gone?"

"I think, if you don't care, I'll go to school."

"Well," murmured the old woman, "mebbe your father will be as well pleased to have you at school."

Was it strange, if one reason for going to school was the hope that from one elevated point in the road she might see the stage that probably would bear away

Charlie Whipple? "And there it is!" she was saying, looking off from that point.

No, it was only her father's fish-cart toiling slowly over the rough road.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, and slowly walked to the schoolhouse.

"Mollie here?" asked her school-mates, in astonishment. "Thought she'd be er rowin'!" declared one.

It was Mollie, and yet not the old Mollie.

"Miss Dora" — they all called the teacher, Dora Greene, after that fashion —"could I speak to you?" asked Mollie after school.

Whenever before did the vivacious, restless Mollie Burns detain her teacher after school. The teacher had detained *her* for mischief often. She could not have gone to a better counselor than this quiet, patient, self-reliant heroine, teaching a country school on the rocky shores of the Atlantic.

"Mollie, dear," said Miss Dora, in her sympathetic way. "Can I help you?"

The teacher's tenderness touched her.

"I—I—wish I had a mother," sobbed Mollie, covering her face with her hands.

"Just let me help you, same as if I was your mother." And the teacher gently put her arm about the girl, even as a mother-bird would fold its wings over its young.

"I—I—want to go to school, I—want to be some—one."

"Well, you can be. There is no one but yourself, I imagine, standing in the way of that. And it seems to me, dear"—Miss Dora had a soft, musical voice—"it seems to me it is our duty. If we have that aim, we can be of so much service to our fellows. That is what God wants, to have us do our best, and be our best, and, having that ambition, we are in a line with His will."

Miss Dora scarcely knew what she was saying. She was surprised by this ebullition of a purpose so different from the motives hitherto influencing this spirited, black-eyed girl, whose feats in rowing far surpassed her accomplishments in figures. And Mollie, she was in a whirl. She understood only this, that out of a life in its social level above her own had come this American boy, with a refined, generous, noble spirit, and she—she—had found out—she slowly confessed to herself, that she loved him.

"Yes, I'm his wife," she said, blushing 'mid her tears and trying the ring of gold on her finger, as she stood alone in the shabby bedroom that was hers, "and—and—I'll fit myself to be his wife truly."

There was a maelstrom of feeling in Mollie's soul, but all currents of motive drove fiercely though confusedly in one direction. By degrees, though, as she bent down to her books, and as years gave her maturity of thought, she could reason more wisely.

One day she said this, talking in a very direct, serious way, to Mollie Burns:

"Some women never marry the man they love, and you may be among the 'nevers.' That is hard, but——" Here the black-eyed girl stopped. She had, in thought, collided with a destiny that every year seemed more and more likely, and she could not recover at once her serenity. She ultimately began again: "Try to accept that as a cross, that many souls must carry isolation from the one they love, and the strength you may not devote to *that* one, ask God to help you to dedicate it to the poor and ignorant and weak all about you. Can you?"

A teacher herself nowadays, she was trying to answer this question satisfactorily. It was at the window of a primitive schoolhouse, one night, when the day's work was done, that she repeated this soliloquy, old now as a hundred repetitions of its idea could make it.

"There is a stranger," she suddenly said; "a boarder, it must be. I am a stranger myself, and yet I know he is not one of the people hereabout. He is getting into that boat."

She watched him stepping into a boat on the shining white sands, and then saw him push off into the tide.

"Why, he is insane," she suddenly cried. "He has hoisted his sail, and there is a squall a-coming, and he doesn't know it."

She ran down to the shore, only to see his boat vainly struggling with a mad, furious burst of wind out of an immense black cloud in the sky.

"There, there, he is upset!" she exclaimed.

Mollie Burns had not lost her old skill in rowing. She was off at once, her boat tossing amid the black, uneasy sea, but steadily heading toward that struggling stranger.

"He is clinging to the bottom of his boat," she said. "God help me!"

There was a woman's helping hand laid upon the stranger, and in her boat he was carried home. He was generous in his tender of money and opulent in his thanks. Mollie would only accept the latter.

"He looks like somebody I have seen," she thought, but she could not seem to identify this gray-haired visitor. He wrote a letter to the States that very evening. This was a part of his epistle:

> "My Dear Son—I had a very narrow escape from drowning to-day, and a young woman saved me. I don't think any serious result will come from it. I am older, though, than I was, and I see that a cold has set in, and next week, as I think your college term is over then, just run down and see how I am."

"Don't dare tell him all there is in my mind," said the writer to himself. "He is a nice fellow as ever was, and soon will be in his profession, and I would like to see him sensibly married. Somehow he don't take to the girls, and I don't blame him for not liking the butterflies about him. Now this handsome young woman that pulled me out of the pit of death—why, they say she is a real smart girl, self-educated, a teacher. I wish he would take to her, and he shall—see—her. Yes, he has got to, whether he wants to or not!"

The cold induced by that ocean bath kept the father a prisoner in the house, and when the son arrived, he said, within two hours after his arrival:

"I have not felt well enough to call personally on the young woman who—saved—me, and I wish you'd step to the schoolhouse—the school is out—and say you—you—want to thank her for her kindness to your father."

"Oh, well, I will!"

After he had gone, the restless parent said:

"Now I feel so well since he came, I believe I could go and add a word."

But what did he see on entering the schoolhouse? His son leading forward the schoolmistress.

"This is my old friend, and—and—we are as good friends as ever, and—father——"

"Who is it, Charlie?"

"Mollie Burns, and we—have settled—it all—and we want your blessing."

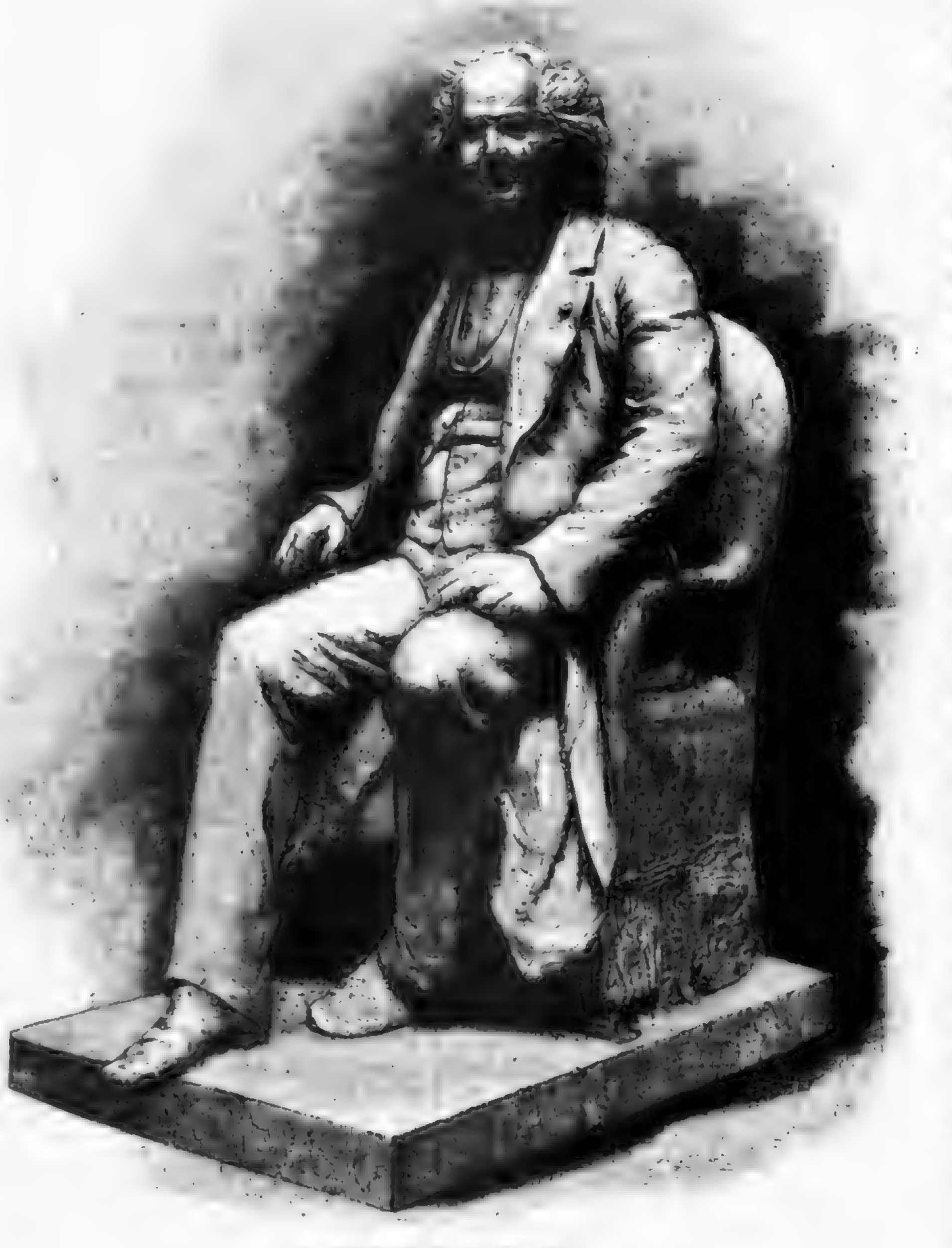
And just there Whipple, senior, bestowed a blessing lasting far beyond the marriage ceremony.

The happiness of life consists, like the day, not in single flashes of light, but in one continuous mild serenity.

AN ILLUSTRIOUS CENTENARIAN.

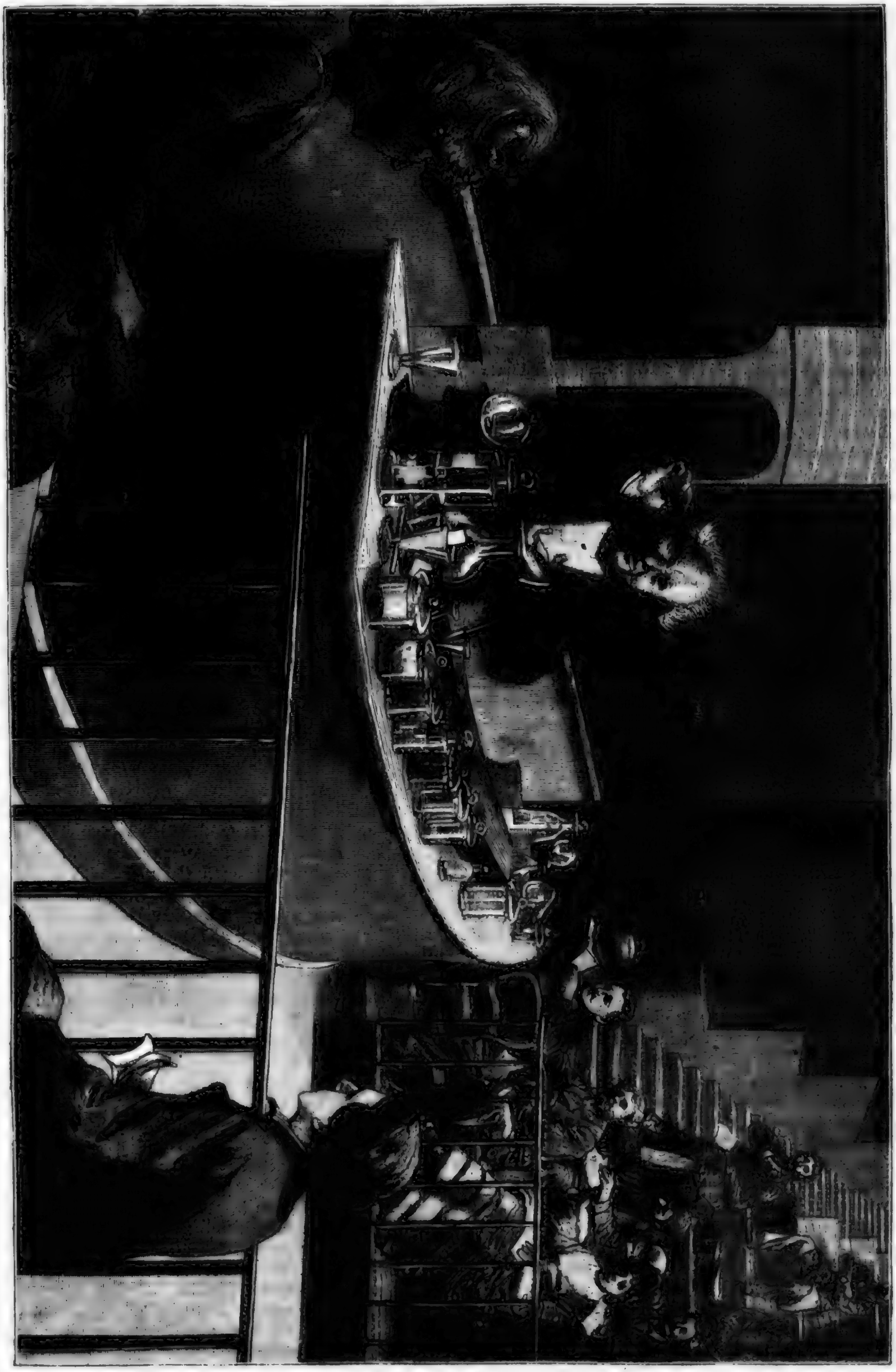
By Henry Tyrrell.

The death of Sir Moses Montefiore, a little more than a year ago, left Michel Eugène Chevreul the chief living example of an active and illustrious life spared to wear the crown of a hundred years. The Hebrew philanthropist barely lived to grasp it, while the late Leopold Von Ranke, the German historian, fell short by nearly a decade. To find parallel instances of combined years, usefulness, activity and honors we must go back to ancient history, which tells us that Sophocles and Diogenes lived ninety years, Zeno and Isocrates ninety-eight, Democritus ninety-nine, and Georgias and Hippocrates upward of one hundred. The rarity of such examples may be said to contradict, rather than to confirm, the belief of those philosophers and physiologists who maintain that human prudence and favorable external conditions may extend the natural limit of human life to one hundred years. The fabulous philosopher's stone, or grand elixir, the *major magisterium* of the alchemists of old, was alleged to cure all diseases, rejuvenate the old, and prolong life. M. Chevreul is, indeed, a chemist, but he is not an alchemist. He has spent his years in more profitable experiments than those aiming at the transmutation of metals, or the discovery of the panacea of life. His hundredth birthday, nevertheless, was celebrated in Paris with extraordinary honors and festivities, on the 31st of August last, and he has entered upon his second century with an *entrain* as inspiriting as it is phenomenal.



STATUE TO M. CHEVREUL.

M. Chevreul was born at Angers, capital of the Department of Maine-et-Loire, on the 31st of August, 1786. At that time, Marat was an obscure veterinary surgeon; Danton and Robespierre were out-of-the-way country lawyers; Murat was studying for the priesthood; Soult, Hoche and Moreau were private soldiers; Ney was an office-clerk; and Napoleon Bonaparte was a second lieutenant. It is noticeable that longevity was in the Chevreul family, for Eugène's father, who was a physician and surgeon, reached the age of ninety-one, while his mother died aged ninety-three. The future *savant* was not, in his boyhood, impelled by his natural inclinations to the study of chemistry. Archæology and the dead languages possessed decidedly greater attractions for him, and Greek was, above all, the study of his predilection. These tastes — inspired in him by the learned curé of the parish — were not encouraged by Chevreul *père*, who preferred that his son's studies should be directed toward the industrial arts. Accordingly, when he left the Central School of his native town to go to Paris, in his seventeenth year, he entered the chemical factory of the celebrated Vauquelin, of whom it was said that he was wholly a chemist — a chemist every day of his life, and during the whole of each day. Paris appears to have been at that time peculiarly fortunate in the possession of eminent men as teachers in almost every branch of science. Fourcroy, the Professor of Chemistry at the College of France, was engaged in improving higher education, and left the work of his Chair largely to Vauquelin, his demonstrator. Chevreul entered under this latter teacher, and distinguished himself so rapidly that he was allowed to take charge of the laboratory when he was twenty years of age. At the same time he taught in



CHEVREUL IN HIS LABORATORY.

the Lycée Charlemagne; four years later he became Demonstrator to the Museum, and at thirty years of age he was appointed special Professor of Chemistry in charge of the dyeing department at the Gobelins.

One of M. Chevreul's earliest discoveries was that of margarine, oleine and stearine in oils and fats. The last of these furnishes stearic acid, and thus the important industry of the manufacture of stearic candles was founded. His studies in fatty bodies, and his theory of saponification, have not only created new industries, but they opened immense horizons in organic chemistry. M. Chevreul's work on this subject ("Recherches chimiques sur les corps gras d'origine animale"), was published in 1823, and nearly thirty years afterward he received, on its account, the prize of 12,000 francs, founded by the Marquis d'Argenteuil for the encouragement of useful inventions. In presenting this prize, his eminent colleague, the late J. B. Dumas, said to him: "The products springing from your discoveries must be numbered by hundreds of millions. The whole world is interested in their fabrication, and finds in their use new sources of salubrity and well-being."

Between the years 1828 and 1864 M. Chevreul devoted his attention to the study of colors, and from time to time published memoirs on the progress of his work, amongst which are "Leçons de chimie appliquée à la teinture" (1828–'31); "De la loi du contraste simultané des couleurs et de l'assortement des objets coloriés" (1839); and "Des couleurs et de leurs applications aux arts industriels à l'aide des cercles chromatiques" (1864). Another work of his, on sanitary influences, introduced the practice of charring the interior of water-casks. The complete list of M. Chevreul's published works is a long one, and the most important of his writings have been translated into various European languages. The number of his uncollected papers, memoirs, ets., is also very great, amongst them being one written in 1832, on the divining-rod, and another in 1853, in which he dissipated the mystery surrounding table-turning and similar "manifestations."

It is now seventy-six years since M. Chevreul first entered the Museum, seventy since he became connected with the Gobelins, and sixty since he was elected a member of the Institute. His abilities as a scientist were recognized in England as early as in his own country; in fact, he was made a member of the Royal Society when, as his son says, he was only a *petit professeur* at Paris. Since then he has received many similar honors. He worked with some of the foremost scientists, of his time, including Sir Humphry Davy.

His memory is marvelously clear—and what other man in the world has so much of interest to remember? He said to a friend at his recent birthday banquet, "I am the sole living person who has conversed with one who had himself conversed with Louis XIV." As a lad he witnessed some of the scenes of the conflict in La Vendée, and he saw the guillotine at work in Angers, where the old University was swept away by the Revolution. His recollections of the Terror and the Directory are perfectly clear, though he was not then at Paris. He can call up vivid pictures of the great Napoleon and the glories of the First Empire. He has lived under the First Restoration, the Hundred Days, the Restoration of 1815, the Legitimist rule of 1830, the Republic of 1848, the Second Empire of 1852, and the Third Republic—in all, eleven *régimes*, which is a tolerable variety for one lifetime. To-day he finds himself, at the age of a hundred years, in full possession of his mental and physical faculties, and rich in this world's goods. He still carries on his work at the institutions with which he is connected, dividing his time between the Museum of Natural History (adjoining his home at the Jardin des Plantes), the Gobelins and the Institute of France; and he never fails to attend the Monday meetings of the Academy of Sciences. He is commonly called by the affectionate and honorable title of "*le Doyen*"—that is to say, the senior, or oldest of the French students.

All the world knows of the festivities with which the venerable scientist's hundredth birthday was celebrated in Paris, on the 31st of August last. It was a celebration —in fact, a popular demonstration—which did honor alike to him for whom it was intended, and to those who offered it. On the eve of his birthday, the street on which his house stands, and which is named after him, was brilliantly illuminated. A literary and musical festival was given in his honor at the Opéra, and the old gentleman sat through the whole of it with evident pleasure, although it was nearly half a century since he had left off theatre-going. On Tuesday, the great day, there was a charming reception at the Museum in the Jardin des Plantes, where his statue was unvailed—to be somewhat neglected, however, on that particular occasion, by the friends, admirers and relatives who flocked about the ruddy, white-haired original, seated just opposite.

This reception was followed in the evening by a grand banquet in the Salle St. Jean at the Hôtel de Ville, and a torchlight procession—for the Parisians are very thorough in such matters. Seated in that noble hall, surrounded by delegations from foreign institutions of learning, and high personages of the state, municipal, literary, artistic and theatrical circles, together with a number of distinguished Americans, M. Chevreul saw the beginning of his second century—at precisely eight o'clock, according to the family records. In honor of the supreme moment, which was greeted with enthusiastic cheers, he tasted a glass of champagne for the first time in his life; for he was born with a constitutional repugnance to wine.

A remarkable incident of these centenary festivities was the visit to M. Chevreul, at his house, of His Excellency Tcheou Meon-Ki, Director of the Chinese Mission of Public Instruction, with the mandarins attached to his person. He handed to the illustrious chemist a Chinese document expressing in old characters every wish for his happiness and long life. It appears that there is living at this moment in China a Chinese *savant* who, at the age of one hundred years, has just passed his examinations and been admitted a member of the highest academy of the mandarins. The interpreter explained to M. Chevreul that his Chinese visitors considered the fact that two *savans* a hundred years of age were living, one in France and the other in China, was a link connecting the learning of the two countries.

We are not informed as to the personal habits of the Chinese centenarian; but those of M. Chevreul are by no means indicative of the infirmities of old age. When asked the secret of his long life, he replied, "It is simply a matter of good health—a precious gift which I owe to my parents, and for which I have thanked them in the dedication of a *brochure* of mine published in 1870—*l'année terrible.*" On one occasion, in jocular response to the congratulations of President Grévy upon his green old age, M. Chevreul said: "Do you know, Monsieur le President, why I am so well preserved? I have never tasted a drop of wine."

"Ah! but your warning comes seventy years too late for me," replied M. Grévy, who, being a native of the

Jura, and an enthusiastic sportsman, has naturally never been addicted to water-drinking.

M. Chevreul's abstinence from wine is, however, as we have already said, a matter of constitutional peculiarity; and he has the same repugnance for the smell and taste of fish. "Nothing is more difficult," he says, "than to pronounce, *in the name of science*, upon the intensity of the nutritive property of such-and-such aliment, on account of the great difference existing between the idiosyncrasies of individuals. Take my personal experience, for example. All the other members of my family were wine-drinkers, yet the smell and taste of both wine and beer have always been unpleasant to me. It is the same with fish, with pure milk, and with certain vegetables. Do I therefore conclude that these are not nutritive? Certainly not. I discover that chocolate and coffee, chemically considered, act alike; in my case, however, they are entirely different. Without accepting, as yet, the reasons given in explanation of the effect, I know that coffee sustains me, while chocolate, which is agreeable enough to my taste, leaves me a prey to the pangs of hunger within an hour or two after taking it."

For many years past M. Chevreul has taken but two repasts daily, and these twelve hours apart—breakfast at seven o'clock in the morning, and dinner at seven o'clock in the evening. His average *menu*, which is little varied, is as follows: In the morning, two eggs, a slice of an excellent home-made *pâté* of fowl and meat, and a pint of *café au lait*. In the evening, an overflowing plate of tapioca with cheese, a cutlet, a bunch of grapes, and two or three glasses of water.

His chief recreation, he has said, consists in a change of work; though, strangely enough, he has been a great fisherman. One of his treasured relics is an elaborate piscatorial outfit, presented to him in his youth by Sir Humphry Davy, who shared his passion for this sport. It was on the banks of the Loire, rod in hand, that Chevreul dictated to his wife—who sat by his side with a writing-case in her lap—his celebrated work on animal fats, which nearly thirty years afterward won the prize of 12,000 francs.

"It is true," he said to a friend, recently, "that I love fishing with the line; but my love is Platonic. Like the retriever, I bring in the game, but never touch it. I am the special Providence of lovers of the *friture*."

"I suppose," continued the friend, "that you find fishing a palliative against fatigue."

"Fatigue?" exclaimed the superb old man. "I don't know it. To me, work is a repose, rather than a fatigue."

"But there is a limit to human endurance, and, when that limit is passed, illness."

"I don't remember that I ever was ill."

"Then you have carefully regulated your life?"

"Eh! not more than another. I have sown my wild oats, like all the rest."

"But surely you have avoided staying up nights?"

"On the contrary, I have not yet left off that bad habit. Why, only the other evening my comrades and I indulged in a little dissipation, which had been arranged to end promptly at ten; yet at midnight we were still clinking our glasses—though mine held nothing stronger than water. And then, at the Opéra, on the eve of my birthday, I staid until the last fall of the curtain."

"You like the theatre?"

"I used to be passionately fond of it. I saw Talma in all his glory, and Mlle. Mars, and the great Elleviou, and the incomparable Fleury. I seem to see Fleury now, as the *Ci-devant jeune homme*. The last time I saw a play performed was as far back as 1838. The play was 'Tartufe,' and the character was represented by Fleury's successor."

Molière is M. Chevreul's favorite author, "because," as he is wont to remark, "his genius divined all that experience has taught me of the human heart."

To another visitor, who found him still reading Molière, the centenarian said:

"I don't find much in recent writers. They have got a great many new words, but work on the old ideas. They keep on producing the old ideas over and over again, and do not give us any new thoughts." The sterility of the present generation rather vexes M. Chevreul. "Il est bien facile," he repeated several times, "de donner les mots nouveaux aux choses anciennes"—"It is very easy to give new names to old things."

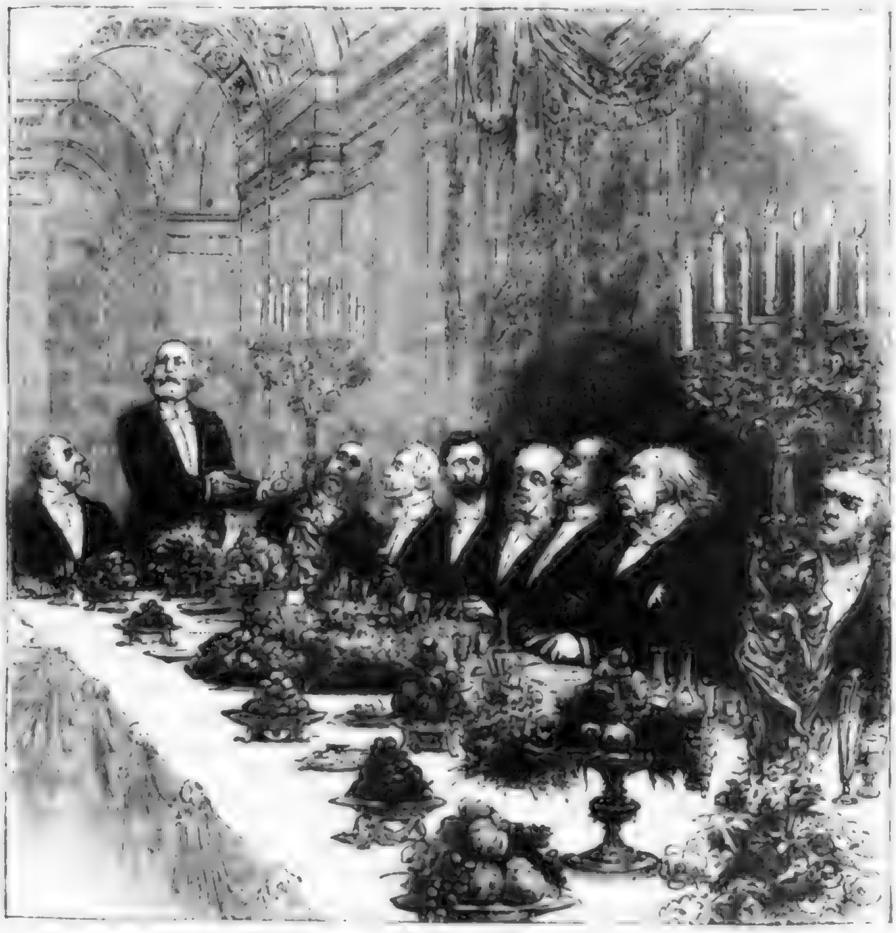
He is as enthusiastic as ever in conversing upon his favorite topic of colors, and the visitor whom we are quoting became quite lost in the mazes of his "cercles" and "zones chromatiques," and among the technicalities of "chromochalcographie." M. Chevreul has a profound belief in Newton, and was greatly annoyed because Mme. de Chantilly misrepresented the English scientist on the matter of colors in her translation. He would insist on giving a demonstration on the propagation of colors. His strong point was that the "colors are in us, and the cause in the things we look at" (de hors). Although he had talked a good deal during the day, there was no stopping him when once he started on the color question, or getting him to change the subject, and when the visitors rose to leave he protested that they were going because his explosion wearied them. He is as earnest and enthusiastic a student as if he had another hundred years before him.

There is an anecdote of a nonagenarian, who, at the funeral of his son, aged seventy years, sobbed out: "Ah, I knew I should never raise that little fellow!" M. Chevreul has been successful in "raising" his only son, M. Henri Chevreul, who is now a promising lad of seventy odd, and himself a grandfather. Sometimes the old chemist, receiving a scrawled letter from one of his dearly beloved great-grandchildren, exclaims: "In these little hieroglyphics you may read the secret of my long life."

Figaro, and the special illustrated paper published in honor of the recent birthday festivities, entitled *La Centenaire Chevreul*, have given the world a multitude of interesting anecdotes touching upon various periods of the great chemist's life. It is difficult, indeed, to us, to imagine M. Chevreul as a dandy. He was, nevertheless, one of the elegant young men who gave tone to the masculine *modes* of Paris, some three-quarters of a century ago. One of his intimate associates was Garat, who had given music-lessons to Marie Antoinette, and who came into high social prominence after the Restoration. The fashions which he introduced were undoubtedly evolved upon scientific and æsthetic principles, for we find Chevreul, with other celebrities of the day, frequenting the Comédie-Française and the Opéra-Comique, in *culotte à la Garat, cravate à la Garat—tout à la Garat.*

He also served his time in the army, and still alludes with pride to the fact that he was a captain in the Twelfth Legion of the National Guard. One day, during the earlier part of his military experience, he was on sentry duty at the Tuileries. A distant murmur, growing louder as it approached, attracted his attention. Then some one cried, "The Emperor!" Sure enough, it was Napoleon, who had just returned from Elba, and now came, with dramatic suddenness, to take possession

XUM



BANQUET AT THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, PARIS, IN HONOR OF M. CHEVREUL'S 100TH BIRTHDAY.

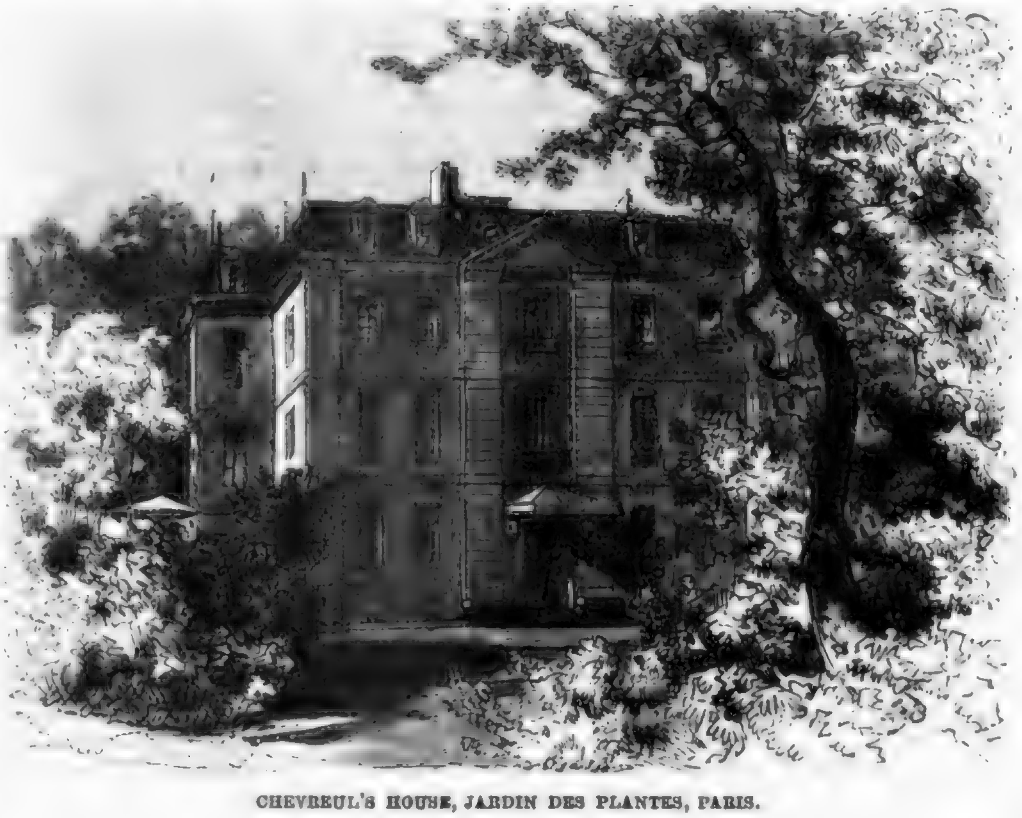
again of his old quarters in Paris. The sentry was so overcome by the apparition that he stood transfixed with astonishment and awe, and dropped his gun.

The real terrors of war, however, which he experienced during the siege of Paris in 1870-71, had little effect upon the serene old scientist, then in his eighty-fifth year. In the midst of severe privations, he continued to reside and work at the Museum, with the Prussian shells crashing through the galleries and conservatories all about him. Once a shell struck and burst in his own laboratory, which he had at that instant quitted, at the stroke of the prescribed hour, to attend to work in another part of the building. "Here is the recompense," he remarked, "of my scrupulous punctuality in the fulfillment of my professional duties."

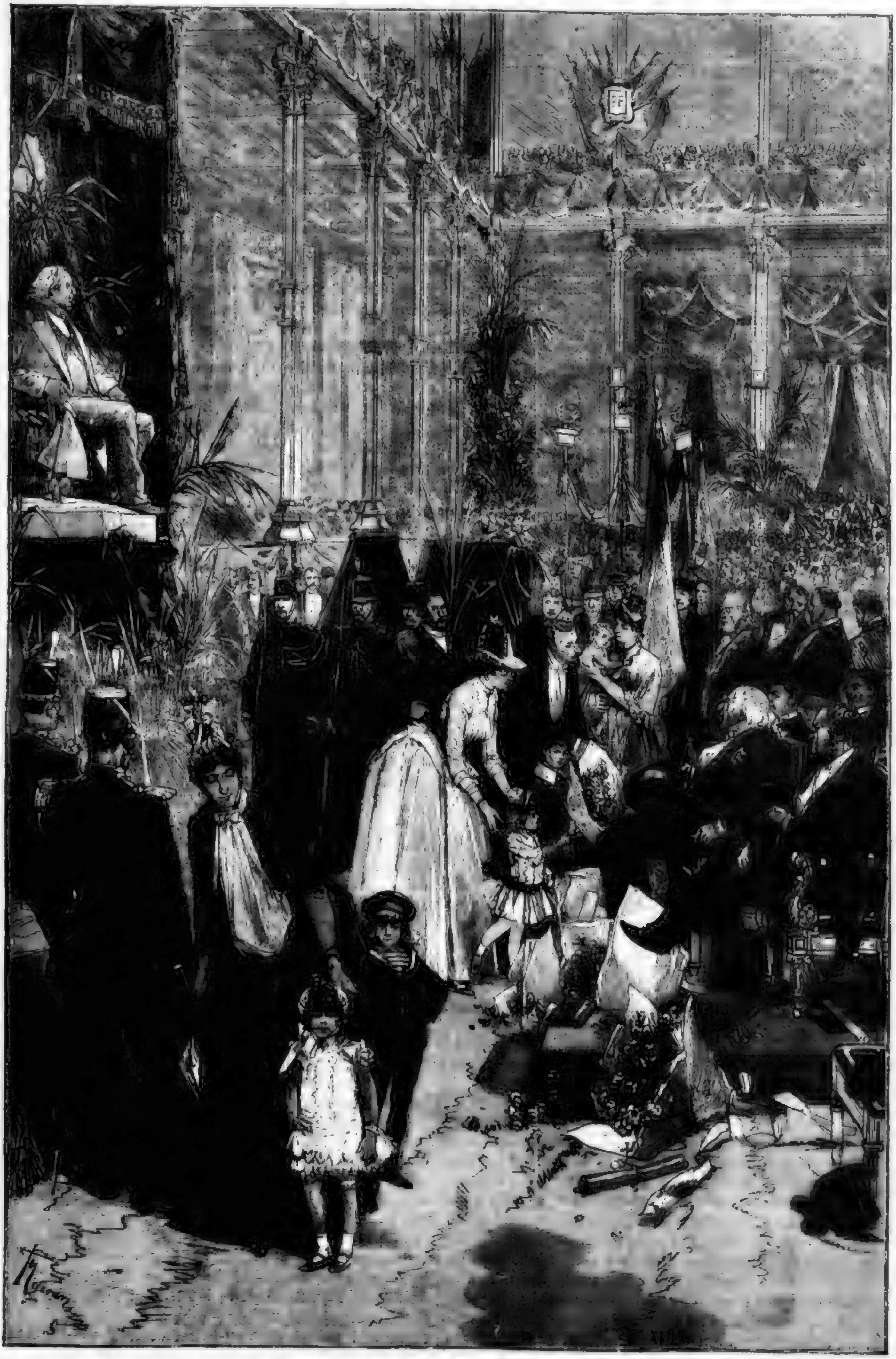
Although in his scientific capacity M. Chevreul had been, as it were, the godfather of photography, he stoutly refused, up to the year 1883, to "pose" before the camera, protesting that he was too ugly to tempt the sunlight. He yielded, however, to the wish of Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, who had decorated him with the Order of the Rose. This trial must have overcome his prejudice, for only a few months since he climbed up seven and a half flights of stairs — like the late William Cullen Bryant, he distrusts elevators— to sit for the portrait which is reproduced as one of the illustrations accompanying this article.

But by far the most novel and successful of recent experiments in the photographic line is that of M. Nadar, who has made a series of instantaneous pictures of M. Chevreul, during an interview. The photographs, which have been reproduced in the Paris *Journal Illustré*, are accompanied with the exact words used by Chevreul at the respective moments. For instance, one illustration shows Chevreul in the act of entering his name in Nadar's autograph album, under that of Pasteur, and saying, "Pasteur is one of the greatest minds of our epoch;" another represents the good-natured smile with which Chevreul remarked, "I have never drunk anything but water, and yet I am president of the Vine Growers' Association of Anjou." Still another picture shows Chevreul angrily raising his hand and exclaiming, "This is the misery of the philosophy of the present day (pessimism), that philosophy of idle talkers who content themselves with words and hollow phrases."

Such is Michel Eugène Chevreul at the age of one hundred years—a tireless worker and optimistic philosopher, at peace alike with his fellow-man and his God. It is, as M. Tissandier well said, "a grand and beautiful sight presented by this centenarian, who, like an old oak, shelters under his shadow successive generations. Deaf to the sounds of this world, he has chosen to work alone in his laboratory, where his ever-wakeful intelligence is unceasingly attracted to the rays of eternal truth."



CHEVREUL'S HOUSE, JARDIN DES PLANTES, PARIS.



M. CHEVREUL'S BIRTHDAY RECEPTION AT THE MUSEUM.

XUM

HAND TO TAKE.

By Charles Mackay.

You're rich, and yet you are not proud;
You are not selfish, hard, or vain;
You look upon the common crowd
With sympathy, and not disdain.
You'd travel far to share your gold
With humble sorrow unconsoled;
You'd raise the orphan from the dust,
And help the sad and widowed mother;
Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
I love you as a brother.

You're poor, and yet you do not scorn
Or hate the wealthy for their wealth;
You toil, contented, night and morn,
And prize the gifts of strength and health:
You'd share your little with a friend,
And what you cannot give, you'd lend;
You take humanity on trust,
And see some merit in another;
Give me your hand—you shall—you must
I love you as a brother.

And what care I how rich you be?
I love you, if your thoughts are pure;
What signifies your poverty,
If you can struggle and endure?
'Tis not the birds that make the Spring—
'Tis not the crown that makes the king—
If you are wise, and good, and just,
You've riches better than all other;
Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
I love you as a brother.

OF THE WRITING OF LETTERS.

What a magic there is in the advent of the postman! Our heart leaps at the two sharp raps and the lifting of the lid of the letter-box. Like Charles Lamb's poor relation, "he is known by his knock." But the magic is not always that of the kind fairy; the post can bring both good and evil; and often when we are cheered by the sight of a well-loved hand, and the little creature of good temper born in our souls is helped and blessed by letters from old friends, from brother or sister, or, maybe, from a dearer source, there comes at the end of the packet the ugly witch of a long, blue, plaguy business-letter, and blights our innocent festival.

But it is not of the receiving of letters so much as of the writing of them that we would now speak. It is a wide field on which our feet are for a few moments straying. Now letter-writing is what every one is thought able to do, and if speech, which all the philosophers will have it marks off the man from the brute, were taken away, what of that? Would not humanity still be sufficiently distinguished by the faculty of inditing epistles? There are, it is true, disadvantages in this method of communication. It is more trouble and less pleasure to set down in black and white the words that we like to hear flowing smoothly from our own ready tongue, and besides (and this is graver), we miss all that the look of the eyes and the tone of the voice can give us. Many a sad misunderstanding has arisen because a letter has been read with the reader's expression, and not with the writer's. Yet, to balance these drawbacks, letter-writing has its own conveniences. We are cooler when we sit down to a pad of blotting-paper than when we talk face to face; and what a sense of being master of the situation is ours! If we wish to be complimentary, how comfortably we can round off our happy thoughts, and cheat the hard fate which too often brings our fine sayings to our minds only to give us regret that our opportunity is gone for ever. If we are conducting a controversy, we can collect without let or hinderance our illustrations and our instances, till the argument flows on in an uninterrupted stream, which must needs, we think, carry away our opponent in its waters. If our letter is one of wrath, there is no one to contradict us. We can be severely dignified or frankly angry, and all the time ride triumphant over the offender. I knew a family which clearly understood the value of letter-writing. In the times of tension in domestic politics they always resorted to epistolary instead of oral communications. The tender subject was never alluded to in the converse of the gairish day, but at night, as befitted so solemn a matter, one party to the negotiations would softly open his window, and letting down a packet by a string, would dangle it against a lower lattice. When it was opened, the packet entered and was read, and presently an answer rose through the air. Except in degree, there was no difference between the functions of that slight cord, and those of all the Royal and Imperial messengers in Europe.

Letters have played important parts, and stand high in the hierarchy of literature. From the days of Cicero they have been preserved, commented on, and edited—nay, how much of the Sacred Text itself is made up of Epistles? There is something of especial charm about old collections of letters. They show us their authors in veritable flesh and blood. Their writer is not hidden in his periods. Tully, no doubt, thought more of his Offices, but it is the Epistolæ, in which he told his joys and sorrows "ad Familiares," which shows us him and Rome. He has had plenty of followers in the field. To leap over more than seventeen centuries, let us recall the worldly old Earl of Chesterfield, whose letters to his son are known to all, and whose correspondence fills four fat volumes. His letters are bright and sometimes witty, if spiced not infrequently with profanity, and often after some most ambiguous sentiment the old reprobate ends with a fervent "God bless you." His style reminds us of Cicero, and where the Roman quotes Greek, the Englishman interlards his sentences with French. It is not many of us who write such letters nowadays. We are too much in a hurry; for the fatal genius of the nineteenth century who drives us forward ever faster on our way has robbed us of our time for correspondence. Our letters, like our manners, have lost their stateliness. I myself have seen a letter from a very great man scrawled hurriedly on a scrap of paper.

> "Ah, what a change is here, my countrymen,"

from the solemn and leisurely writing of a bygone age!

BETEL.

By a Hindoo.

The chewing of the betel is a favorite habit with the Indians, Burmans, and other peoples of Southeastern Asia. It is taken after meals; it is chewed during a visit; it is offered when you meet and when you separate—in short, at all times of the day, and even in the night, you will find the lips of most men and women in those countries slightly tinged with red, and the mouth breathing an aromatic smell, the result of chewing betels. Betel, when dressed with its proper ingredients—areca-nut, burnt shell-lime, etc.—is believed to help digestion, to sweeten the breath and to quench the thirst. Like tobacco, it keeps off the pangs of hunger. It is also slightly narcotic. The lime, catechu, and the nut contained in it give the saliva a red color, which it imparts to the lips and gums. The areca-nut is supposed to strengthen the stomach and preserve the teeth. It is customary, though the custom is dying out among the rising generation, to have the mouth perfumed with betel, unless one is going to address his superiors. Gallant women are very fond of the betel, as being a powerful incentive to love. It would be thought a breach of politeness among the Indians to take leave for any length of time without presenting each other with a purse of betels.

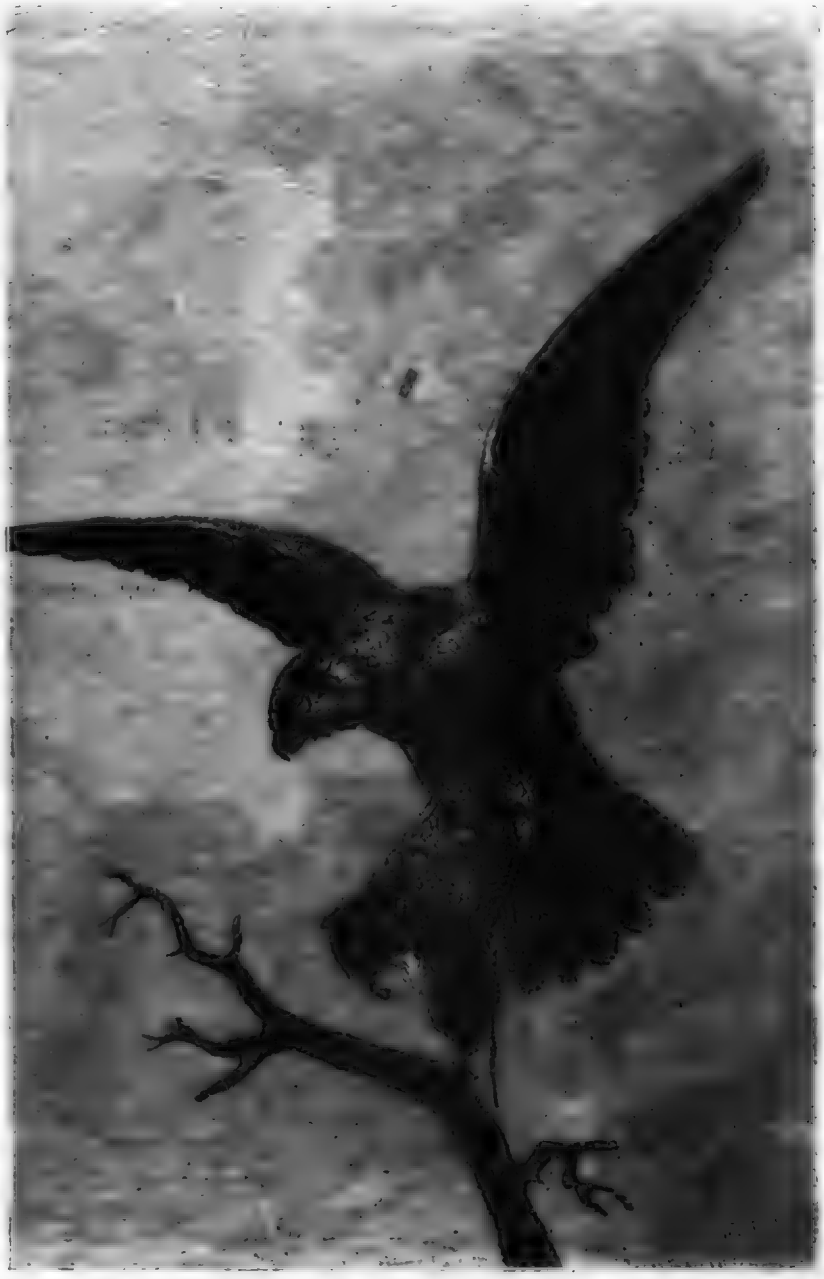
The word "betel" is derived from the Malayan word "betela," the name by which it is known in the south of India and Malay Archipelago, where Europeans first noticed the natives chewing it. The betel-leaf is pretty in shape—exactly like the ace of hearts, with the stem at the broader end, and sometimes as large as one foot in diameter, the general size being seven or eight inches long and six inches at the widest part. The betel belongs to the pepper family of creeping plants. It is very easily reared in the Indian Archipelago, but in India it requires manuring, frequent watering and delicate care. In many parts of the latter country the betel-farmers erect a straw-thatched shed over the ground before they plant the roots. The plants generally creep round thin sticks, and not only want protection from both heat and cold, but a peculiar manure and constant watching. For if too much water gets in through the thatch, it must be drained off immediately, otherwise the plant will rot. And if one or two leaves turn bad you must at once clip them off, or the whole plant will be bad. In the far north of India the betel becomes an exotic, and very difficult to rear. The plant gives leaves fit for use in the second year, and continues to yield for more than thirty years, the quantity diminishing as the plants grow older. There are generally two kinds of betels, one being of lighter color and better flavor than the other. The better kind requires a particular soil, and is confined to a few districts only, the richer classes alone being able to use it. In the Tenasserim provinces the betel-vines are planted on the uplands, where there are tall forest-trees, the branches of which are lopped off, leaving only the topmost boughs. The vines readily climb up and weave their dark, glossy leaves all over the summits, making a betel-vine farm a pretty sight. The boys and girls gather the leaf harvest with as much zest and alacrity as marks haymaking in England. The most agile climbers of betel-covered trees are eagerly sought for by the young men as friends or partners in life.

The betel-leaf trade forms a good business with a particular class of people in India, who form a caste in themselves. The commoner kind is very cheap. In good seasons you can get as many as a hundred leaves for two cents, the better kind fetching a much higher price—about twenty only for two cents. Though the educated classes are giving up the habit of betel-chewing, still, it being a very cheap luxury, and supposed to contain many soothing properties, the trade in betel-leaves flourishes as well as ever. Besides, like smoking, when one gets into the habit of taking betels, it is very hard for him to give it up altogether.

The dressing of betels seems easy, but one has to be very careful about the quantity of lime and catechu he puts in; for on the skillful apportioning of them depend the taste and the coloring property of the betel. If you use wrong quantities of these ingredients, the betel tastes bitter or hot, often burning the tongue and the jaws. Betels well prepared have rather an agreeable taste, and, being cool and producing water in the mouth, form, in hot countries, a tempting luxury for people who do not mind their lips and teeth colored red. In fact, the coloring property of betels is a positive recommendation with women and young people. Betels are generally dressed with *chunam*, or burnt shell-lime in a liquid form, catechu, gambir (an extract from the foliage of *Uncaria gambir*), cracked areca-nut and spicy seeds; cinnamon, cardamom, cloves, camphor, etc., are often added to make them rich. Many Nawabs, Rajahs and chiefs have little bits of musk put in their betels. Some people, especially among the lower classes, mix pieces of uncured tobacco-leaf with them.

There are plenty of shops in the towns where you can buy dressed betels—those of the commoner kind are sold eight or ten for two cents; but betels are prepared at home in most families. It being a light work, betel-dressing is confined to the ladies of the house, who display great smartness and cleverness in this pleasant occupation. In a respectable family, two to three hundred betels are dressed every day, and, in festival times, as many as five thousand betels are prepared in a day. On such occasions, it is a very pretty and interesting sight to see about a dozen young ladies busy in dressing betels, seated round a square board, on which are heaped up the leaves and other materials. They talk of their love matters as they nimbly ply their pretty, light fingers, gossip about other people's affairs, make all sorts of fun at each other; their faces beaming with smile and merriment, some almost rolling with laughter at the expense of a newly married companion. One is busy washing the leaves, another is clipping off the stems of the new leaves and slitting them in the middle, another is putting them in a row on the board, placing the two parts of each leaf one over the other, two are mixing lime and catechu, four are putting in the other ingredients, two are folding them up in the shape of a cone or a triangle, and one is packing the dressed betels in small metal boxes or in wicker baskets. Thus, by the division of labor, five thousand betels are finished within a few hours by the young ladies of the house, in the midst of great fun and merriment.

Many peculiar notions are connected with the betel in India. Amongst the Indians, whether Hindoos or Mohammedans, it is considered a gross insult if one does not accept the betel offered to him by his equal or superior. Betels are a constant accompaniment of smoking, and, like a glass of wine or a cigar, contribute largely to the pleasure of conversation, and often soften the asperities of social intercourse. An interchange of betels brings friends closer and mollifies the animosities of foes. But betels have, at the same time, been the instrument of deadly mischief in some hands. There are several instances recorded in high life of past ages of turning the good sentiment underlying the acceptance of betels into a means of making short work of people who were considered as obnoxious or dangerous. Here is an historical fact, narrated by Bernier, an eye-witness of the proceedings of the Mogul Court in its decadence. Begum Sahib, Emperor Shah Jehan's older daughter, very handsome and intelligent, and passionately beloved by her father, formed an attachment for her steward, Nazin Khan, a Persian, a handsome and well-cultivated young man, and the favorite of the whole Court. Shah Jehan, who scornfully rejected the proposal of their marriage, suggested by a respectable nobleman of his Court, had already entertained some suspicion of an improper intercourse between the favored nobleman and the princess. He did not long deliberate on the course he should pursue. As a mark of distinguished favor, the emperor



A PIRATE OF THE AIR.—THE AMERICAN SPARROW-HAWK.

presented the betel, before the whole Court, to the unsuspecting youth, who immediately masticated it; never for a moment imagining that he had received poison from the hand of the smiling monarch. Indulging in dreams of future bliss, he withdrew from the palace and ascended his palanquin, but such was the activity of the poison that he died before he reached home.

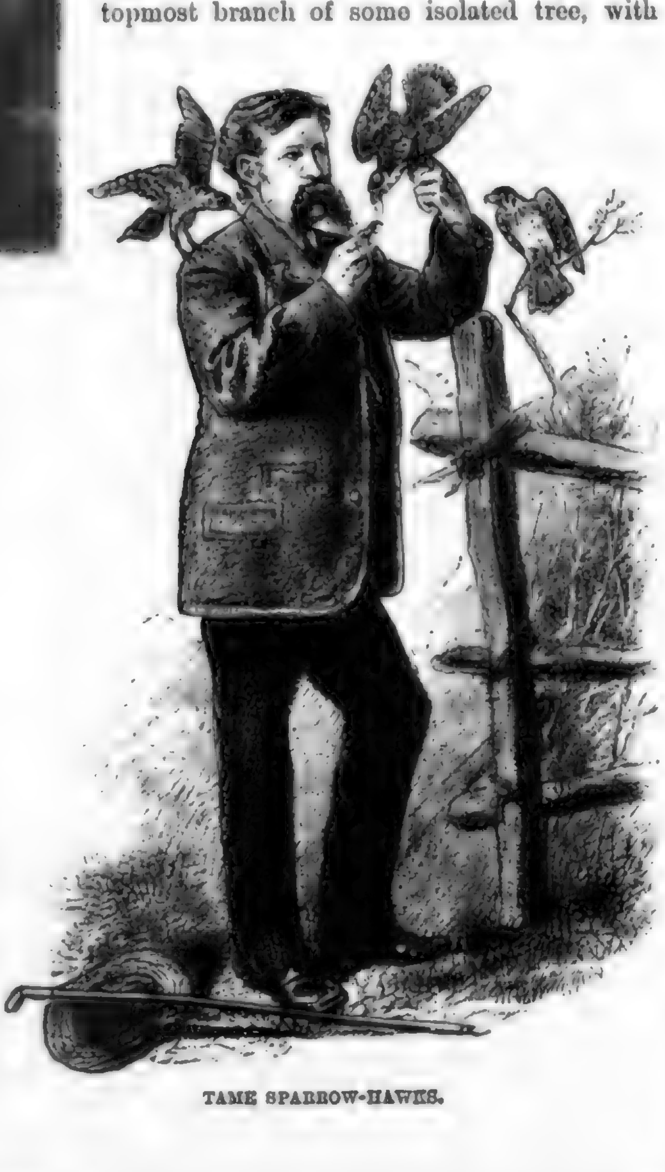
The acceptance of the betel is a pledge of friendship and honor among the Hindoos. The Rájpoot swears eternal fidelity by taking betel. A contract is formed or a serious engagement is entered into by a mere exchange of betels. A high-born Hindoo will gladly sacrifice his life rather than turn false to his betel. Many thrilling stories are narrated about taking the *beera*, or betel, among the Rájpoots in their life-struggles against their relentless Páthán foes. Before the twenty-two thousand heroic horsemen of Pertáp Singh of Odeypoor rushed to perish by the side of their noble and chivalrous chief in the gorge of Huldighát—the Thermopylæ of India—to save their native hills and dales against an innumerable host of barbarous foes led by one of their own tribe, Mán Singh, and Selim, the heir of Akbar, each one of the devoted band took a betel offered by their chivalrous chief as a pledge of their fidelity, and of the devotion of their lives in the cause of their country.

A PIRATE OF THE AIR.

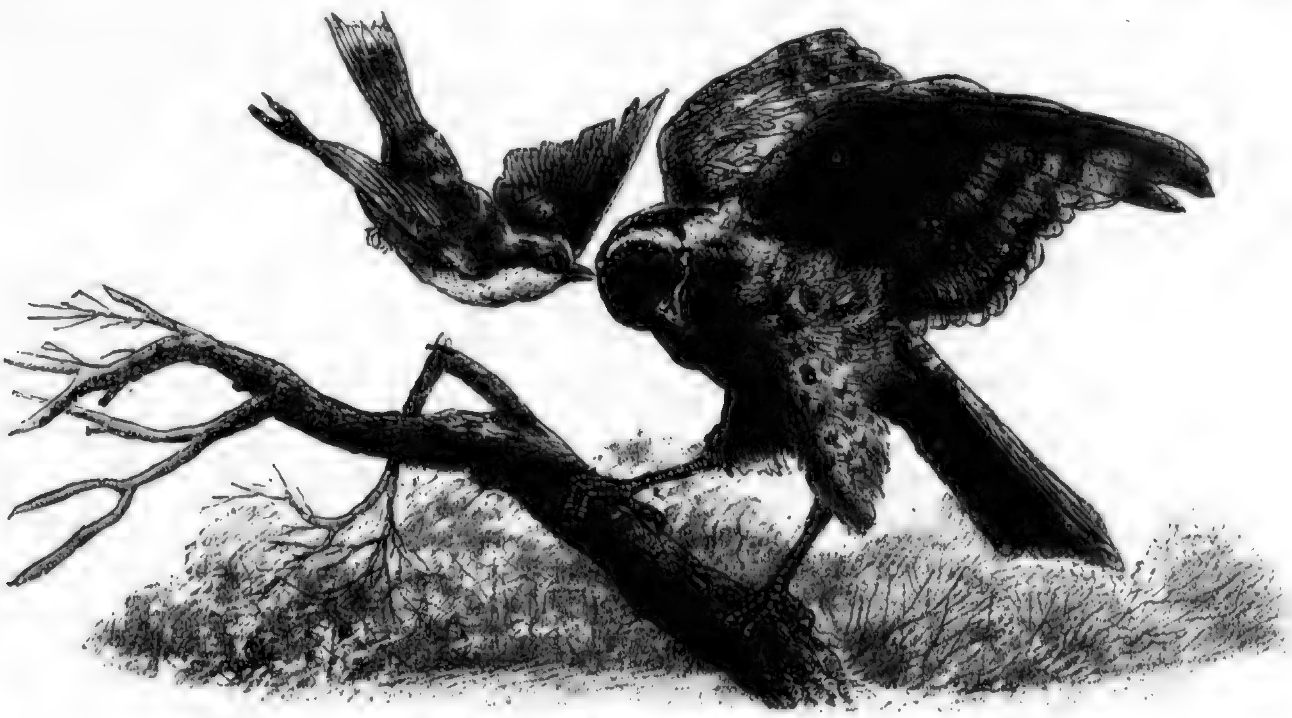
By W. Van Fleet, M.D.

During a ten-mile drive on a breezy day in August or September through the wooded portions of Pennsylvania, an attentive observer can scarcely fail to notice one or more companies of sparrow-hawks (*Tinunculus sparverius*) holding high and noisy carnival about some lightning-blasted tree in the open forest or hilly pastures. At once the smallest and handsomest of our diurnal birds of prey, the sparrow-hawk is in many respects the most interesting, and avoiding the thick woods, courting rather than shunning the society of man, it becomes one of the most familiar and easily observed of our native hawks.

Although the proper study of man is man, yet it may not be an unworthy prospect to turn our attention to the varying phases that make up the existence of a year—that great cycle in the brief life of a bird. Our little winged corsair is among the earliest arrivals of the Spring migrations, contemporary with the blue-bird and the song-sparrow. At most times full of a restless grace and activity, the sparrow-hawk seems subdued on his first appearance. His rattling cry, so continuous during the Fall, is then seldom heard; and as we see him some frosty morning in March, when the keen air cuts like a knife and the light snow crackles under foot, sitting on the topmost branch of some isolated tree, with

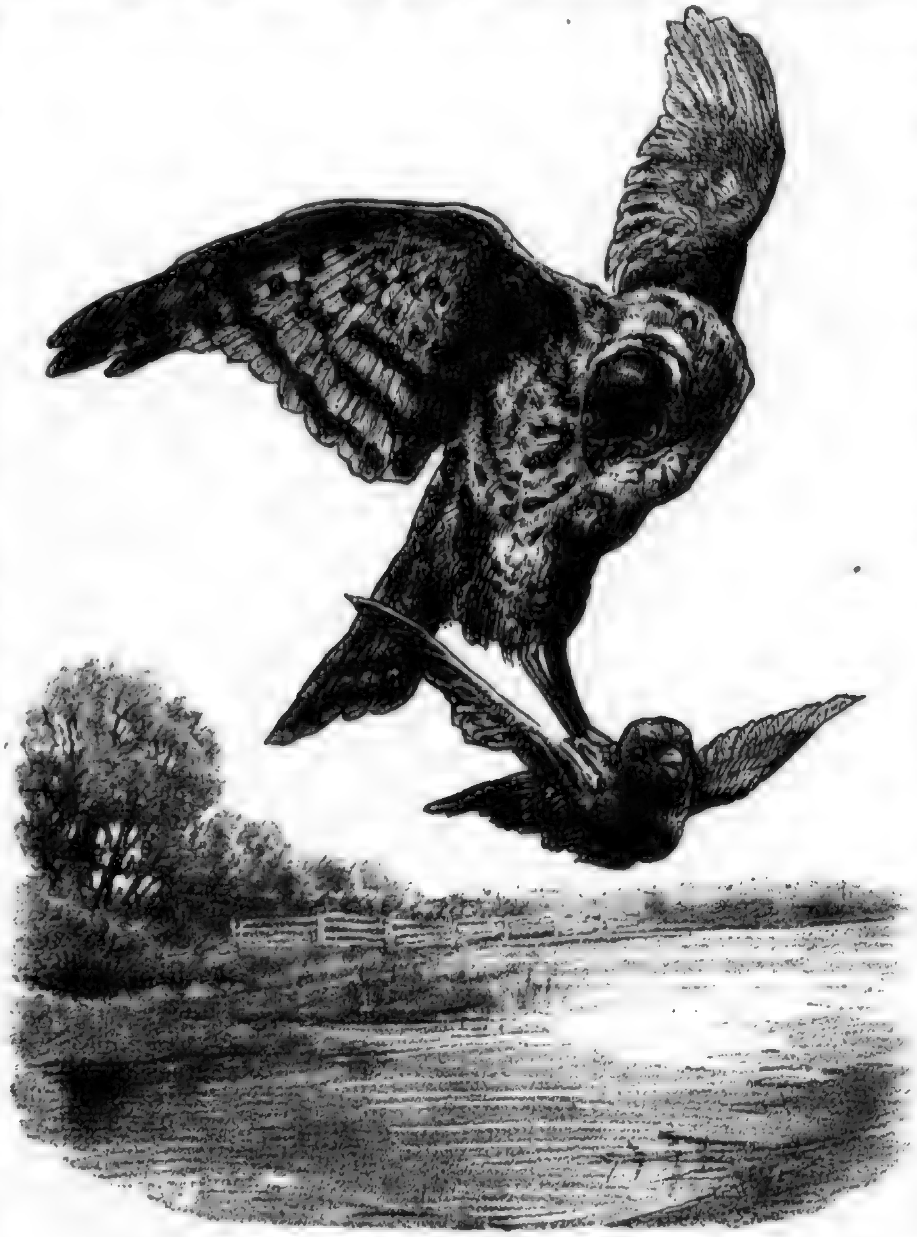


TAME SPARROW-HAWKS.



SPARROW-HAWK ATTACKED BY KING-BIRD.

feathers fluffed and head sunk down, we might fancy him thinking regretfully of the balmy airs and plentiful food of the southern clime he has so lately left, and despairingly conning his chances of making a living in this frigid place; but not so. If, with cautious approach, or by means of a good opera-glass, we bring him within nearer view, we see his restless head constantly on the move, his tail jerking like a sandpiper's, and anon he darts like an arrow through a neighboring thicket, to reappear a moment later with some luckless snowbird, followed by the dismayed cries of its mates. It is only at this season, and late in the Fall, that the sparrow-hawk is very destructive to birds; at other times it is content with grasshoppers and other large insects, resembling in this respect its European congener, the kestrel.



SPARROW-HAWK STRIKING AN ENGLISH SPARROW.

In early Spring the rambler through woods and fields often finds scattered bunches of feathers, marking the place where a plump red-breasted robin, or sweet-voiced song-sparrow, has met his death in the grasp of this little freebooter. But the parental instinct is strong within him, and he soon selects a mate—if, indeed, he has not brought one with him from the South. The new spouse is not his equal in appearance. She is larger, more plainly colored, with a certain high-shouldered look that reminds one of a plain, robust country-woman joined to a spruce city clerk. But monsieur is a good husband, as bird husbands go. Many are the little attentions paid his inamorata during the courtship and subsequently.

In early May the sparrow-hawks select the site of their future nest, usually in a hollow tree, but often in a deserted woodpecker's hole, or even in an old crow's nest. Madame does most of the work of fitting up the nest, which consists of a bed of small sticks and twigs, covered with a few bunches of fibrous roots and moss. The eggs are generally four in number, larger than a pigeon's, nearly spherical in shape, and vary in color from a yellowish buff to a pale reddish white, with spots and confluent blotches of reddish brown and chocolate. Their shells are thick, and quite rough to the touch. In about three weeks the young appear, helpless, fluffy little balls, with closed eyes and elongated beaks, covered with a soft, white down, with faintest possible tinge of pink, and looking delicately clean and pure.

Monsieur assists at times in the incubation, and cheerfully takes madame's place when, as she rarely does, she issues from her hole to stretch her cramped wings by a rapid flight far over hill and meadow, and also does the handsome by bringing her innumerable tidbits of food during her long hours of confinement. Both observe considerable caution in returning to the nest from their foraging excursions, generally descending from a great height, or approaching furtively by numerous short flights from tree to tree. Their characteristic cry is seldom heard in the immediate vicinity of the nest, though at this season they are particularly noisy when at a distance from it.

The young grow rapidly, and soon lose their inviting appearance, and become great, ragged, voracious squabs, requiring the unremitting exertions of both parents to supply them with food. The female, owing to her greater size and strength, provides the major share, though the male works with right good will. Innumerable are the grasshoppers, beetles, mice, small animals, birds, and even reptiles, the busy parents capture for their hungry young, often carrying the food to the nest in their talons, but generally hastily swallowing it in the field, to be ejected on the return, after the manner of most carnivorous birds. By the last of June the young are nearly fledged, and have outgrown their home and clamber and flutter to the higher branches of the tree; they are very noisy, and keep up a continual clamor for food, which the parents use every exertion to supply.

During their first awkward attempts at flight they frequently fall to the ground, and being unable to rise from it, are easily caught. Though showing the colors and marking of the adult, they have a ragged down still clinging to the tips of the feathers, pale gray eyes, clumsy legs, and the general loose-jointed appearance common to callow young, very different from the trim elegance which accompanies maturity. As the young hawks gain strength and experience they follow their parents in their quest for game, and soon begin to hunt for themselves. The elder birds, relieved from the care of maintaining their young, soon begin the annual molt, which is accomplished slowly and with great regularity, the wing and tail feathers being shed in pairs in such a manner that it does not interfere appreciably with their flight.

By the middle of August the molt is completed, and the hawks, old and young, are in the heyday of their existence. The meadows are shorn of their verdure by the hand of the haymaker and harvester, or gnawed by the eager grazing of cattle. The insect and animal life hidden by the lush growth of early Summer is bared to the searching eyes of our little falcons and their companion *raptores*. They live right royally on various kinds of grasshoppers and locusts, varying their diet by birds and mice only when these can be casually secured with little trouble. It is true the young hawks will often dash after a passing sparrow and follow his zigzag flight with great energy for a short distance, but it seems to be done out of pure bravado and is generally unsuccessful. Old and young keep together, affording a notable contrast to other birds of prey, and selecting a dead tree in some open place, preferably a close-cropped pasture, make it their daily rendezvous, returning to it and their other hunting-grounds with the greatest regularity at some particular hour of the day.

Their daily life at this period is soon told. As the rising sun gilds the higher branches of the trees, they emerge from the thick covert in which they have spent the night, and fly about the fields and pastures, keeping generally within sight of each other, minutely watching the ground beneath, and instantly pouncing upon any unsuspecting grasshopper they may chance to see. They often visit farmhouses and poultry-yards, perching on a fence or stake near by, inspecting things in general, but do little harm except to make a commotion among the fowls. When foraging in the field, they perch on fences, stumps and small trees, and keep up their characteristic jerking of the tail. The flight when feeding is rather low, and as they alight they sail up to the highest pitch and strike upward with startling suddenness, their wings fairly disappearing with the rapidity of thought.

When poised in the air, watching some object beneath, they beat their wings rapidly, and the final plunge is made with great quickness and ease. They often pursue and catch cicades, and large flying insects in the air, grasping them in their claws and transferring them to the beak without checking for a moment their speed.

About ten o'clock, having satisfied their appetites, they repair to their adopted tree, and there, sitting at their ease, view with a not unfriendly eye the passing flocks of birds; occasionally indulging in a dash at some crow, or larger hawk, which may chance to come near, badgering and forcing him to beat a hasty retreat. The sparrow-hawk himself, in common with all other birds of prey, even the great eagles, is forced to keep to a respectful distance from the fierce little king-bird, *Tyrranus carolinensis*. When that small but pugnacious tyrant attacks, the sparrow-hawk illustrates to perfection the adage "discretion is the better part of valor," by incontinently leaving.

In the Fall, when our sparrow-hawks take to the thickets, to feed on migrating birds, they are much annoyed by the ubiquitous blue-jays, those mischievous mimics taking the greatest delight in mobbing and imitating the hawk's cry in every imaginable key, but the sport is not always on one side. If the hawk can catch one of his tormentors off guard for an instant, the jay pays with his life for his temerity, while his companion jokers fly shrieking away.

But to return to our happy family, which we left sociably digesting their easily earned breakfast. Be the day never so hot they will not seek shade, but sit panting, with open beaks and drooping wings, until the sun declines and the calls of hunger warn them to look for the evening meal. But if the day should prove windy, they are all animation, and play about each other, rising and falling on the breeze with the utmost grace. Their flight at such times is very inspiring. At times they soar until almost lost to sight; then descend with considerable velocity, emitting their sharp cries, which sound very much like the syllables "killick-kill-lick" rapidly repeated many times, with an *accelerando* movement.

While soaring, they lack the willowy grace of the gulls, the grand sweep of the large birds of prey or the buoyancy of the swallows, but have a poise and quick control of themselves that is beautiful to witness. In the afternoon they sally forth again in search of food, generally choosing a hunting-ground different from that of the morning, and continuing the quest until approaching darkness warns them to seek shelter in some thick-leafed pine or hemlock, not far from their former nesting-ground.

Although they have but few natural enemies, as Autumn advances their numbers become thinned, for no gunner ever willingly loses a chance to shoot a "bullet-hawk," as all the smaller *accipitrinæ* are called, under the idea that they are very destructive to young game. Thus the family parties become decimated and scattered.

After the first frosty nights, when the easily captured grasshoppers become scarce, the young sparrow-hawks have to work harder for their living, and may be seen beating the thickets and fields for larger prey. Great numbers of the grass-finch (*Poœcetes gramineus*) fall victims to them now; but as it is an exceedingly common bird, and nearly destitute of song, we do not miss them much. The hawks, when pressed by hunger, become very daring, and during their impetuous pursuit of feathered prey have often dashed through the windows of residences, into greenhouses, and in one instance even into a railway-car in motion. A fine specimen was brought to me a few months ago that had crashed through the window of a furniture factory while the works were in motion. He had made a stoop at an English sparrow, which eluded him by slipping through a slightly broken pane, while his more bulky pursuer was brought down by the shock. The hawk, though not at first appearing much injured, soon died. It is only when hungry, however, the sparrow-hawk is so bold.

At most times a wary bird, and quite diffident as to the near approach of the human biped, in Autumn the hawks often slyly accompany the sportsman, and astonish him by a sudden onslaught on some of the finches and sparrows started by dog or man. At such times it requires no little quickness and skill to bring the marauder down, its flight being so swift and its sudden turns so frequent.

The close family ties—the charming and unique feature of the halcyon days of Summer—being now broken, the sparrow-hawks follow singly the great wave of bird migration southward, although many, in the latitude of Pennsylvania, linger through quite severe weather, and during mild Winters the bird is far from uncommon. A curious modification of their habits is caused by the abundance of the imported English sparrows in our large cities. While in Philadelphia a few years ago I lodged at Sixteenth and Cherry Streets, opposite the Friends' burial-ground. A pair of sparrow-hawks visited almost daily the three or four elm trees that adorn that rather gloomy inclosure; they appeared with almost clock-like regularity about one P.M., high in the air above the Race Street houses, and descended to their perches with a rush, remaining an hour or two. They seldom failed to take toll from the plentiful and quarrelsome sparrows. At times they visited the dome of the Catholic Cathedral for the purpose. This was kept up from the middle of December until the last of January, after which I suppose the pair left for more northern quarters. Several species of the smaller owls are becoming common about large towns since the introduction of the English sparrows. In the South the sparrow-hawks again become insectivorous, and remain so until the returning Spring brings them back to their former haunts, which they apparently return to year after year.

The sparrow-hawk is easily tamed when taken young, and makes a beautiful and interesting pet if allowed his liberty. When caged they lose all activity except for eating. Audubon, in his "Birds of North America," has a delightful account of the pranks of one which lived with him many months, enjoying the liberty of his yard and affording much entertainment. Eight years ago the writer placed a complement of four eggs of this bird in the nest of a domestic pigeon, which in due time hatched out her incongruous brood. One fell a victim to "science" in the form of a dissection. The others—two males and a female—were "raised by hand," being fed on finely chopped meat at first, and then grasshoppers. As they grew they were given full liberty, and became exceedingly tame, familiarly entering the house at any time. They were very voracious, accompanying the hay-wagons to the field and devouring incredible numbers of grasshoppers as they were exposed under the newly turned hay. Although much of the time keeping the nesting robins and catbirds in an uproar by their feints and mimic attacks, they were never known to injure anything but bugs and such "vermin." They were at times rather boisterous in their play, and on breezy days would ascend to an astonishing height and sail about, executing many manœuvres, but on holding up a grasshopper, accompanied by a loud whistle, a headlong race would ensue for possession of the dainty.

As the season advanced they were somewhat neglected, and made long excursions in the surrounding country in search of food. They returned at intervals, but finally disappeared one by one, victims, probably, to gunners whom their unsuspecting ways did not lead them to fear.

The American sparrow-hawk, the subject of the foregoing sketch, occurs abundantly throughout temperate North America, and also Central America, to the Isthmus of Panama. In South America and the Antilles, it is replaced by the Isabellin and Cinnamon Falcons, birds which have seemed to me in their native haunts to be much more sluggish in temperament. In Europe, it very closely resembles the kestrel, though the merlin and hobby are nearly allied species. It is a great pity our familiar birds have not such euphonious names, instead of the poverty-stricken appellations by which they are designated.

The adult male sparrow-hawk is about eleven inches in length, and has a spread of eighteen inches. The top of the head, with the exception of a patch the size of a quarter dollar, and the upper surface of the wings, are of a rich slaty blue. The wings are marked with many spots of black, and the primaries, or long quill feathers of the wing, are black, with white markings on their inner webs. The spot on the head, the back and tail, are a beautiful, bright cinnamon color, with black markings. The outer feathers of the tail are barred with black and white. At the end of the tail is a broad black band, terminated by a narrow white tip. The under surface is light rufous, with spots and dashes of black. The legs and cere, or waxy skin about the nostrils, are bright orange yellow. The tip is black, shading into slaty blue. The eyes are brilliant hazel, and the claws are black.

The female is larger, and with a proportionately smaller head. Her entire upper surface is cinnamon-red, barred very regularly with black, except the wing-tips, which are black, as in the male, barred with rufous instead of white. The patch on the head is less defined than in the male. The under surface is quite similar to the male,

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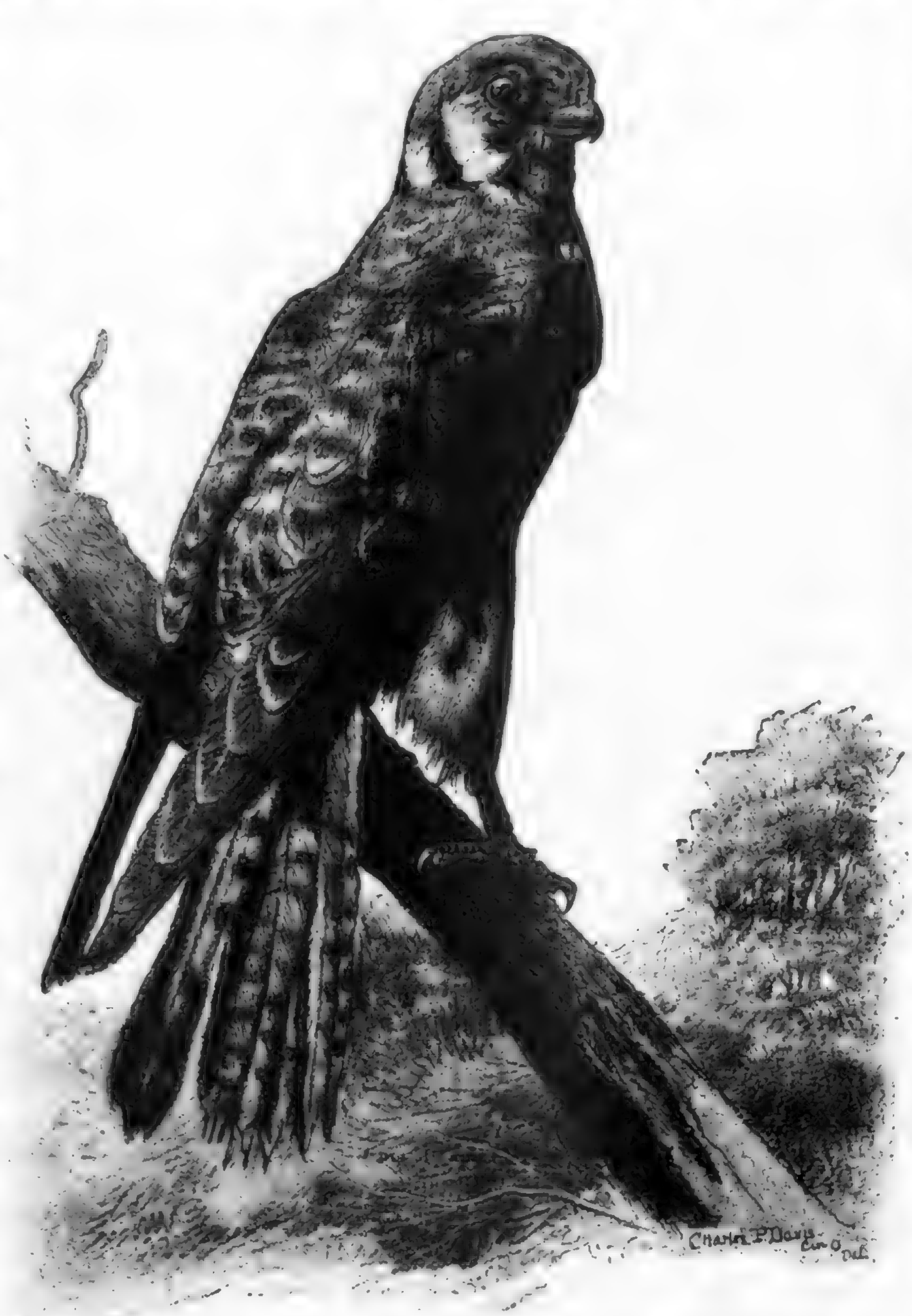
but more streaked and mottled. The bill, legs and eyes are the same as the male's. The fledged young come at once to the colors of the adult, which is rarely the case with birds of prey.

The days of falconry have long passed, but the hawk is still with birds as the leopard among beasts. Who can have other than sentiments of admiration for the strength, courage and prowess of these pirates of the air, feasters on flesh though they may be? To the sentimentalist, who talks of the innocence of the lesser birds that contribute to their sustenance, I would say that the song-birds themselves are constantly engaged in the destruction of the myriad forms of insect life, and that life for life is but poetic justice and a universal rule with all animated nature.


Charles P. Davis Cin O. Del.

A PIRATE OF THE AIR.—AMERICAN SPARROW-HAWK—ADULT FEMALE.
SEE PAGE 668.

An eminent French art-collector once bought in Paris a landscape by a noted "impressionist," which he showed, with much pride in his purchase, to an artist friend. "But I think," quoth he, "that the picture lacks animation—it wants personages. Now, if you would paint for me a man or woman on that road that runs through the middle of the landscape, it would greatly improve the picture."

"That is easily done," said the artist. He carried off the painting, and sent it back in a week or two with an old peasant woman going to market with her basket and her red umbrella introduced on the road in question, to the great satisfaction of the picture's proprietor. Meeting shortly after with the "impressionist" who had painted it, the artist remarked: "I had the audacity to alter a landscape of yours belonging to M. X. the other day. I painted an old peasant woman walking down the road."

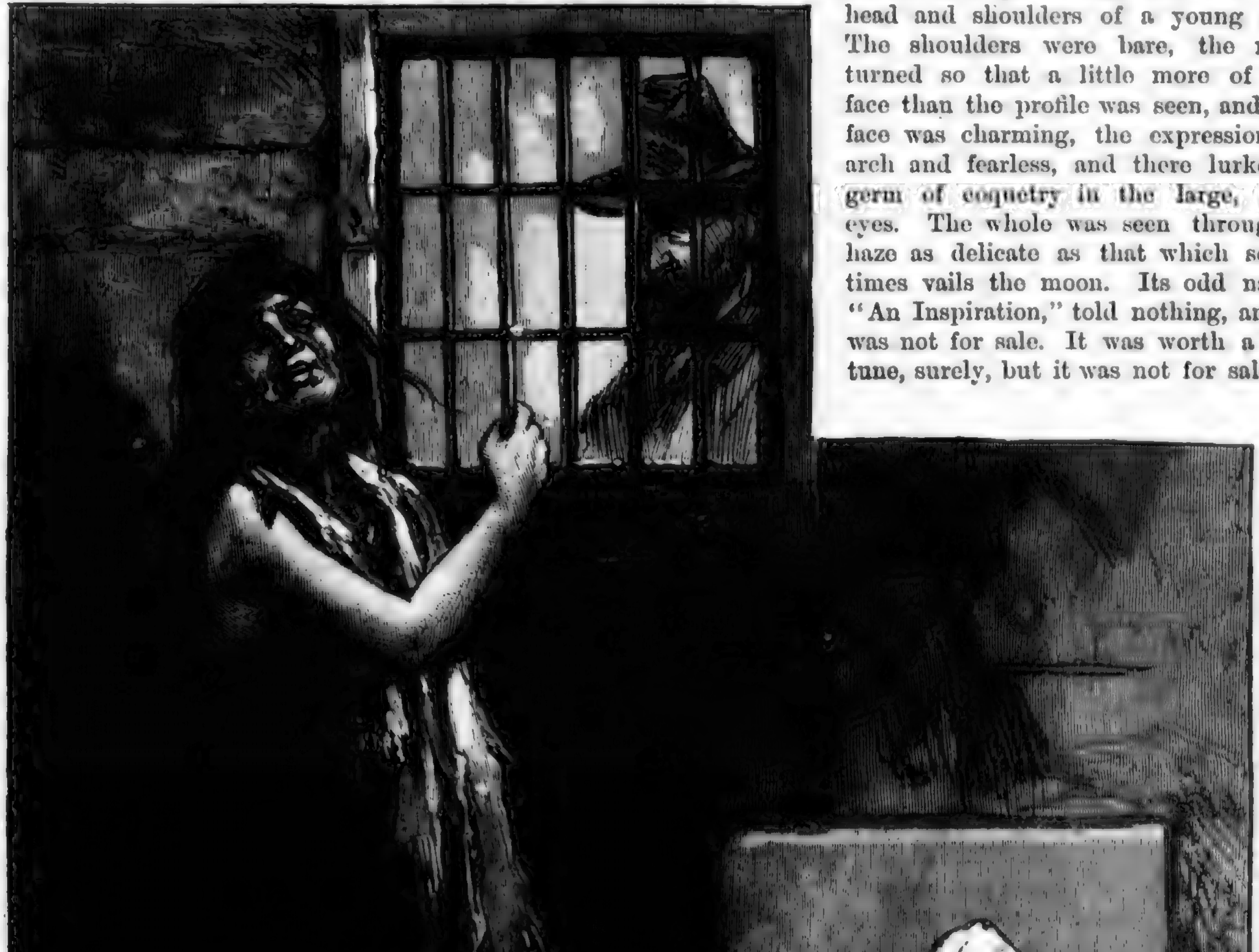
"Down the road? I remember no work of mine with a road in it. I should like to see the picture and judge of the effect of your alteration." So the artist carried him off to M. X.'s, and they speedily stood before the landscape. The "impressionist" turned perfectly green with wrath and horror. "Miserable man!" he shouted; "what have you done? That is not a road that runs through the centre of my work; it is a river!"

A Market for Wives.—A remarkable custom exists among the Roumanians living in the westerly Carpathians. Every year, at the feast of the Apostles Peter and Paul, a market is held on the crest of the Gaina, from 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and here all the marriageable girls of the entire district assemble with their parents in order to be viewed and claimed. Mothers, aunts, grandmothers, and various other female friends contribute to the dowry, and, this completed, it is carried to the market on the Gaina, in neatly made trunks, decorated with flowers, and carried by the family's best horses. Cattle, bees, and other household requisites are also added to the dowry. On the Gaina every family which has a marriageable daughter occupies a distinct tent, in which the dowry is exhibited, and in which the bride-viewers are expected. The bachelors, too, are accompanied by parents or relatives, in whose company they inspect the girls who are eligible. The young men bring the best they possess, and each, most particularly, comes with a girdle of gold or silver. After the brides are chosen, the public betrothal takes place, being conducted by a hermit who lives in this lonely spot. The mark of betrothal is not a ring, but a beautiful embroidered handkerchief. The betrothal is in many cases prearranged; but the ceremony must be gone through with all the same. If a girl goes to the market, knowing beforehand that an admirer will be there to claim her, so much the better for her. Still she must take her dowry, occupy her tent and place herself on view, like the rest.

TWO INSPIRATIONS.

By Katharine Jordon.

About four years ago all Paris was curious to know the story presumed to be attached to a painting by one of the leading artists. It attracted crowds to the Salon, and caused a great amount of speculation among the people who gazed and admired. The reasons for the comment it excited were these: It was singularly beautiful, representing the life-size head and shoulders of a young girl. The shoulders were bare, the neck turned so that a little more of the face than the profile was seen, and the face was charming, the expression so arch and fearless, and there lurked a germ of coquetry in the large, gray eyes. The whole was seen through a haze as delicate as that which sometimes vails the moon. Its odd name, "An Inspiration," told nothing, and it was not for sale. It was worth a fortune, surely, but it was not for sale.



TWO INSPIRATIONS.—"THE WOMAN SHUFFLED OVER TO THE BARS AND CLUNG THERE."

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"Ah," said the quick-witted Parisians, "there is a story here." There was, and this is it:

Early one October morning, eighteen years ago, an excited group stood at the end of one of the long halls in a building in the Quartier St. Jacques. The house was one well-known among the artists in Paris, and tenanted mostly by the poorest members of that idealistic brotherhood. The group comprised a gendarme, an old woman holding a broom in her hand (evidently the *concierge*), and a brawny, dark-skinned artist in morning *négligé*, whose thick, untidy hair might be compared to a collection of his own brushes. The gendarme knocked loudly on the panels of the door before which they stood, and waited for a reply. None came, and an awed silence fell upon the group. At last the *concierge* spoke.

"No use; I tell you it is no use. I have knocked with my broom, and called 'Monsieur Berard' for the last hour, but not a sound comes from the room, yet I know he is within, for he never goes out without leaving his key with me."

"What do you think?" asked the gendarme, gruffly. "Had I better force the door? It seems too soon. The young man may have taken a few drops of chloral, and sleeps too heavily to hear us."

"Or a dose of laudanum by mistake," said the frowsy-headed artist, dryly, with an elevation of the brows which spoke volumes.

"Something is wrong," the *concierge* persisted, and she shook her head with the dreary prophecy of an old woman. "Burst open the door, gendarme. I will be responsible. *Eh bien*, burst open the door."

No sooner said than done.

In another instant, under the pressure of his powerful shoulder, the frail door yielded, and, torn from its fastenings, was thrown backward with violence, revealing the room. A small room it was, and wretchedly poor.

The calico curtain at the window was twisted and thrown over a chair, so that the dancing sunlight poured in without hinderance on a scene so awful that the beholders stood in breathless silence, scarce venturing beyond the threshold. The place held all the disordered odds and ends distinguishing an artist's studio. Besides these, there was a brazier with cinders gray and dead, on which a melancholy coffee-pot with a broken spout reposed sideways. The chill of poverty was on everything, and its accompaniments of pain and despair were there in a terrible form; for, stretched at his full length upon the floor was a young man, the imprint of tragedy upon his pinched lips and clinched hands. Not far from him lay a painting in a frame evidently new, with the paint scarcely dry upon it, but with a large, unsightly hole in the centre, the canvas hanging in shreds around it.

"He is dead!" cried the *concierge*, with a hysterical gasp. "Ah, *mon Dieu!* and but last night he was talking to me, telling me, as he laughed, that some day I would be glad to say I had once kept his key—some day, when he was a great painter. Ah, *mon Dieu!* poor fellow! and now he is dead!"

"He is not dead," said the gendarme, as he unbuttoned bosom of the young man's shirt. "Somebody run for a doctor."

"Yes, somebody run for a doctor," cried the big artist, helplessly, his body trembling and his face twitching.

"*Tiens!*" retorted the *concierge*, giving him a scornful glance, "I will go myself."

When the artist could control his nerves sufficiently he helped the gendarme lift the limp body, and they bore him across to the cot and laid him down.

In about ten minutes the doctor appeared, and it was a moment of suspense to the persons standing by while he examined the body.

"He is not dead. His body is famished, and he has been unconscious for hours. Get me some brandy and be quick about it. It is a chance whether he comes out of this syncope."

It was fully another hour before the patient showed any signs of life. Then his eyelids flickered a little; he tried to cross his feet, sighed, and opened his wild, dark eyes for a second. His glance passed beyond the faces around him in a vague, unseeing way, and then rested on the ruined painting still lying on the floor. Ah, that was reality! With a weak, shuddering scream he relapsed into insensibility.

Weeks of burning fever and wild ravings followed—weeks during which he journeyed in fancy over vast deserts of burning sand, where no drop of water could be found, where no rain fell, where the air was breathless, the sun scorching the earth and seeing to burn it up.

A collection was taken up for his benefit among the forty poor occupants of the house, for he did not possess a sou. They took turns, also, in watching beside the bed and administering the insipid nourishment in the portions prescibed.

It was November before Raoul Berard regained any strength. His recovery was very slow; but at length he was able to sit up in his chair and watch the dull sky, which the limp calico curtain relieved of none of its sombreness. It was weary work, this gradual winning back of health, sitting silent through the long, dragging hours and listening with the passive gaze and lack of concentration distinguishing very young children to the many footsteps which passed his door. Out of the confusing mist which had so long dulled and clouded his brain he was able to gather up vaguely and set together the pieces which had formed the puzzle of his life. There was himself, poor, ambitious, struggling against disappointment after disappointment to win the success which was so coy of coming, though he invited her in the most delicate touches of his brush, the finest imagery of his brain.

Then there was Babette, whom he loved with all the romantic ardor of his artist nature, whose piquant, lovely face under the *grisette's* cap was ever before him as an incentive to work the harder for independence. Babette who loved him, but who told him in plain words that she preferred to starve alone. And then there was the painting—ah, to forget it all if he could, even in death—his painting, which could not have been dearer had his heart blood wet the brushes. Yet when it was finished, and he had climbed to a high shelf for paper to wrap it in, one false step had ruined his hopes. He could scarcely tell how, but weak from hunger he had suddenly fallen, his foot straight through the canvas which meant life to him! One moment only did he gaze at it, shivering to the marrow, then pushed it savagely from him, and falling, remembered no more. Thus they had found him.

One day, when he was sitting in the deep, chintz-covered chair belonging to the kind-hearted *concierge*, with a rug over his wasted limbs, and his old blouse, much too loose for him, buttoned across his chest, a light, springy step came down the hall and paused at his door.

An excited sparkle came into his eyes when a timid knock followed. The next moment a young girl opened the door noisily and sprang to his side. She held out both hands (they were neither soft nor white) with a sweet, low laugh that was full of sympathy. Her hands were ugly, stained with the crimson dye of artificial flowers, but her face was beautiful. She looked like a part of the Spring wandering astray through the windy November weather. There was sunshine in her luminous gray eyes. The softest pink roses loomed on her rich, olive skin, while about her there hung that breeziness which youth, perfect health and sprightliness only can give. Some locks of brown hair, half curling, peeped in pretty disorder from beneath her white cap. She wore a shabby black skirt, which, however, displayed to advantage her neat feet and ankles, and a striped woolen shawl was crossed over her bosom and knotted behind.

"Raoul, I am so glad to see you better," she cried. "I have asked for you every day, *cher ami*. I often thought —for we have plenty of time for thought as we work— that, perhaps, what I had said made you unhappy. But I cannot help it. We cannot marry——"

"Say no more about it, Babette," he interrupted, in a choked voice. "What have I to offer any woman? Only that I love you!"

"And you do not call me unkind and coquette?" she cried, in delight. "Oh, I am so glad, so glad that you are sensible, Raoul. The students in the Quartier Latin are always sneering at women and calling them 'frail and false.' Now I am going to make you some coffee because you are so wise, you owl!"

He watched her with dreary, wistful adoration, as she went singing from cupboard to table, talking gayly at intervals.

"Why are you so happy, Babette?" he asked.

She paused in the act of buttering a huge slice of bread for herself, and looked at him with an odd, hesitating smile.

"I am almost afraid to tell you," she said. "Will you hate me? I am to be married in the morning, then good-by to the flowers. The hateful, ugly, painted muslin flowers—ugh! How glad I shall be never to touch them again!"

Berard felt himself grow ghastly, and a horrible pain tugged at his heart. He sank back in his chair.

"If you do not love him, you will be the most wretched woman in Paris," he cried, and looked at her with his hollow, suffering eyes. "You don't know what you are doing, Babette. Love is more than all—more than wealth or even fame. Neither are of much account without it, and it makes the most empty, pinched life bearable, Babette."

She listened to him with a skeptical smile.

"You artists have funny ideas. See here, I tell you the world is a place for dancing and eating and sleeping. You can't eat if your cupboard is empty, you can't sleep like a Christian if you have no bed, nor can you dance if you have no clothes to wear at the *fête*. I want no more than this, but '*wealth—fame*'—they are only words to girls like me. Gaston Détour, who keeps the restaurant on the corner——"

"Babette!" he cried, starting up, and seizing her by the wrist; "you are not going to marry that man! Say the words, say that you are not! Say them, Babette!"

"I am! I *am*, do you hear? Let me go, you are hurting me!" and she flushed, hotly.

His refined taste was shocked. A feeling of intense disappointment and weariness settled over his heart as the face and figure of Détour, the absinthe-drinking *bourgeois*, rose before his mind.

Babette had always seemed as lovely to his poetical nature as the fragrance of flowers and the changes of song. It was sad to discover one jarring strain in the beautiful composition. Oh, if he could but save her from the fate she had accepted! To give in exchange for a coarse, comfortable life among coarse people, all her young grace and beauty!—how terrible it was!

He bent over her, a desperate earnestness in eyes and voice.

"Babette, you have said you love me. Be patient for a few years. I will succeed—I am sure I will succeed. Take back your promise to-night. Only wait a few years. Will you do it?"

"A few years!" she echoed; "the prospect is fearful! I shall be old and ugly in a few years and nobody will want me."

"You old and ugly? you can never be that. You are so beautiful, that I have called you my inspiration. Who will want you? I will want you, never fear. Be true to me, and do not marry this common man, who is not fit to touch you."

She shook her head, decidedly.

"It cannot be. As sure as to-morrow dawns, I will marry Gaston. Now, do not look at me as if you did not know whether to strangle or to kiss me, and for the gallant speech you made, you shall have a kiss. I cannot help giving it, and you cannot help taking it, so it is not your fault, nor is it mine, *eh bien!*"

She held up her face, Raoul bent nearer, and the tempting lips were very near his own.

"I do not think Gaston will mind if I give you one kiss," she said, softly.

Raoul started back. His arms dropped to his side.

"I don't want one of *Gaston's* kisses," he said, icily.

"Ah, do you not?" she asked, twisting up one shoulder, while her eyes sparkled angrily.

"You love me, so you have said. But you are about to marry a—a creature for the sake of sufficient bread to eat, a gown or two a little better than those you now have. You are tired making flowers, and you are going to scour pans. That is your choice. Very well. Forgive me for forgetting for a moment that your kisses were to be included in that contract!" He threw himself back in his chair and laughed drearily. "Go, then, be happy in the reflection that you jilted me in my poverty, and that you have been faithful to a clod."

Babette raised her head haughtily and walked to the door with the air of a duchess. There she paused and looked back. Berard's head was hanging dejectedly on his bosom. One clinched hand lay on the table, and he made no sign. She was at his side in an instant, and stood there hesitating, but he still made no sign. Slowly she bowed her head, and her lips touched his cold, damp forehead. He looked up then, and put out his hand blindly. She placed hers within it, and for a moment there was no sound.

"Stay with me," he pleaded, looking down on the rough, large hand. The hand told a pitiful story. It was tinged a dull yellow and a bright pink, and the nails were worn and stubby. Babette only laughed nervously and shook her head. "You do not love me," said Berard.

"I do. *Why* have you no money?"

"If I could marry an empress to-morrow I would take you instead!" he said, his face kindling. "If you were sick and poor I would not leave you so, I swear it."

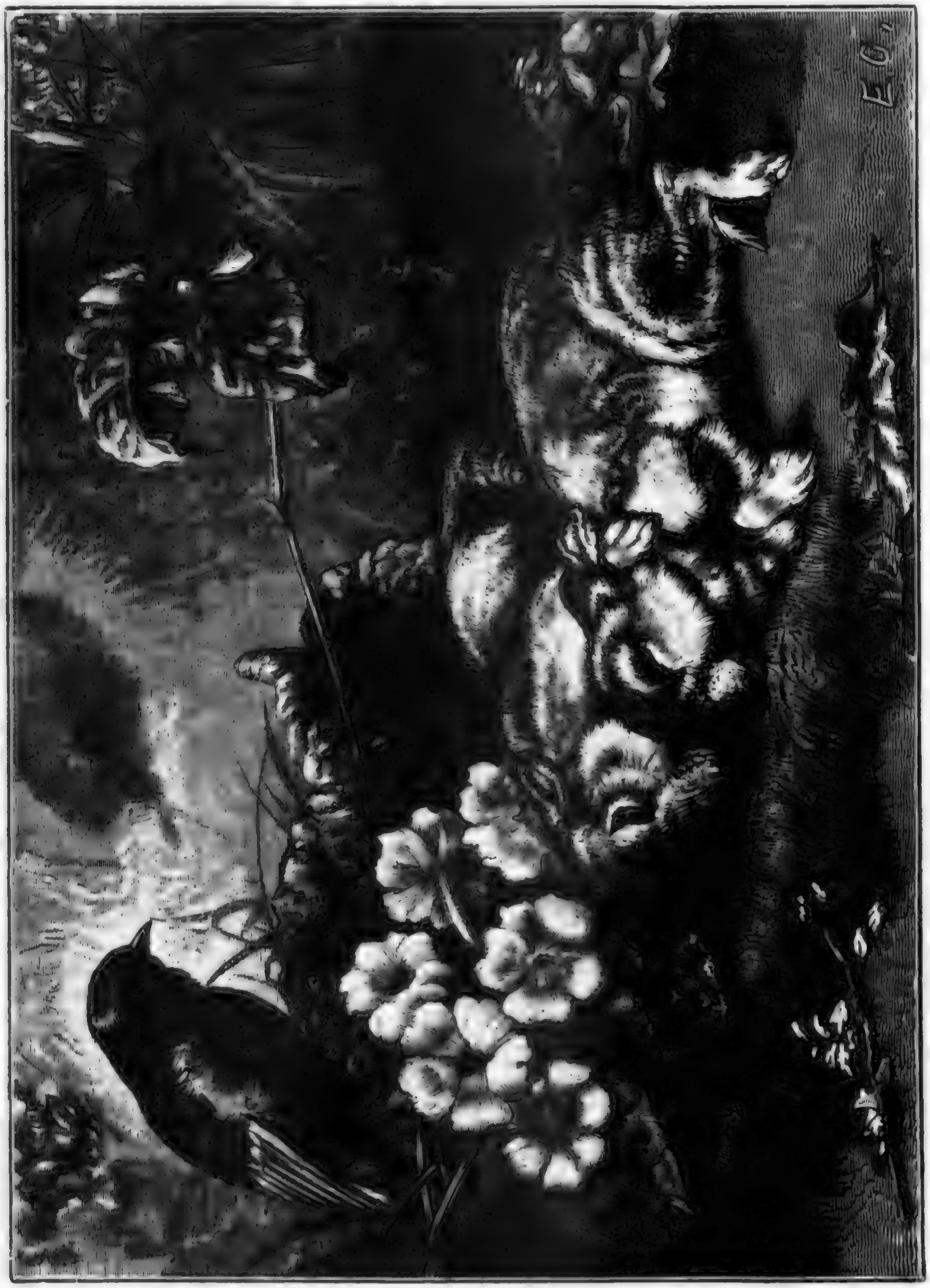
"We must part," she said, with decision.

She could not argue with him, but she could be fixed as a rock in her determination. Berard saw this and argued no more.

XUM

"Wait one moment." He rose slowly and made his way to the space beside the bed, returning with the painting. "I am too poor to buy you a wedding gift, and this is a miserable substitute, though possibly it might be repaired. My foot through the middle has spoiled the perspective terribly," he said, with a joyless smile; but if you want it, take it. I can give you no fitter remembrance of myself than this poor, ill-fated picture. Adieu."

Her fingers crept over the frame as though they would rest caressingly on his, but he drew his hand away abruptly.



THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

"I will keep it for ever," she said, sadly; "but—but—we will be friends still, Raoul?"

He looked at her fiercely.

"Never! What do you think I am made of? It is my earnest prayer to God that I never see you—*never*, after you marry Gaston Détour."

She said "Adieu," and went out of the place, out of his life.

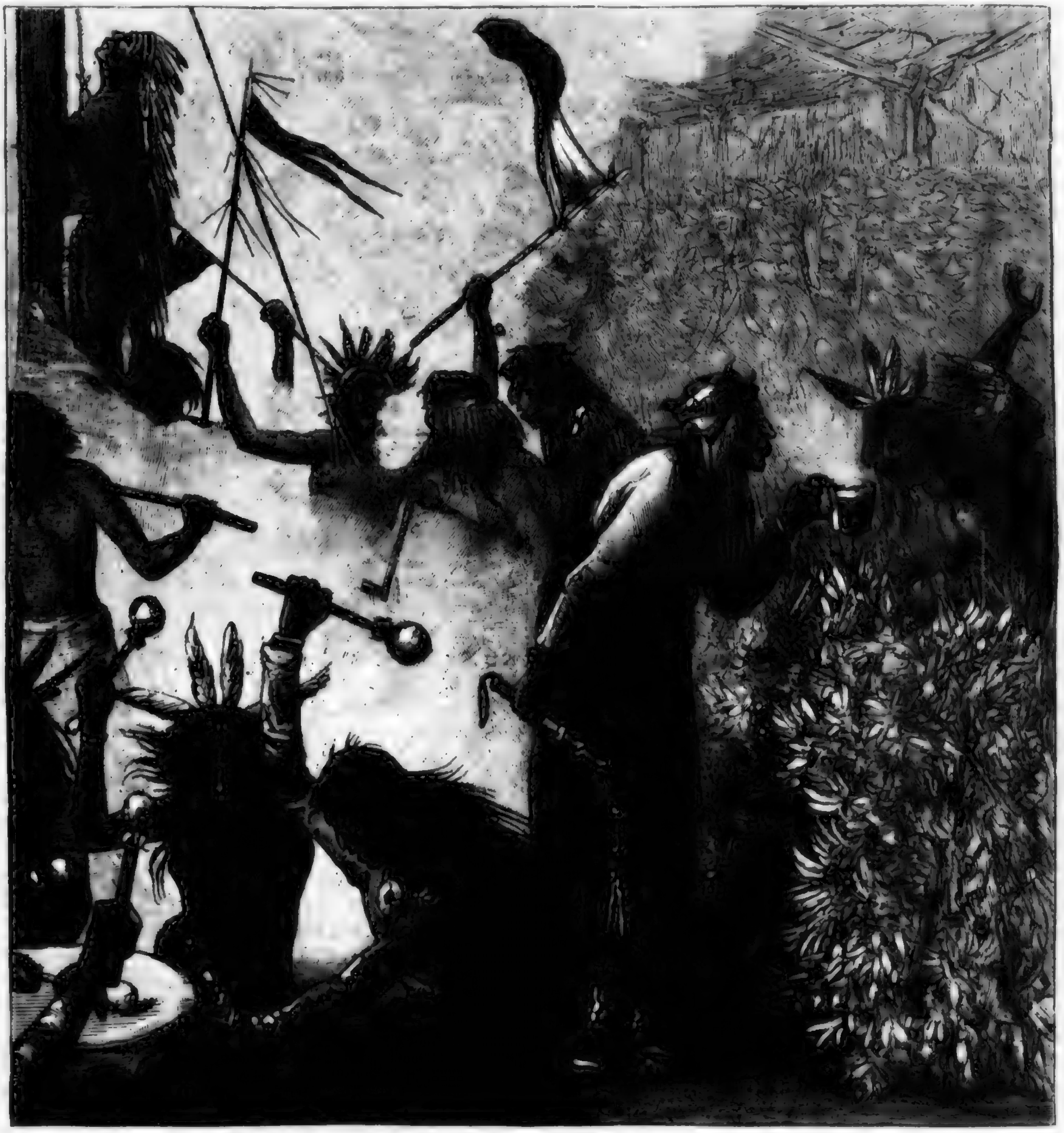
He looked around the empty room, and a cold weight settled on his heart. He threw himself on the bed and turned his face to the wall. If Heaven would but be merciful and relieve him of the life which was such a galling load! But no answer came to his wild prayers. He fell into an exhausted, troubled sleep, and when he awoke it was the next day, and the sun was shining.

As soon as he was strong enough he bade farewell to the kind friends to whom he owed his life, pitiful possession though it seemed to him, and he left the Quartier St. Jacques for ever.

He swore many times he would never paint again, and packed his brushes to search for employment, no matter how coarse and hateful, provided it kept him from starving. But what artist, what inventor ever kept that vow? After failing seventy times seven, the crushed but undying hope quivers to active life again and urges on the painter, the musician, the writer, to try again, and failing then, to try once more!

It was a year before he took up his brushes again. His trials had made him modest, and this subject was not ambitious, but, better still, it was odd.

Imagine a hill and a stretch of meadow sprinkled with dry, curling leaves, and near the top of the hill a slender, solitary tree bent forward in the wind of a bleak Autumn evening. In a day it was a success. This marked the end of Berard's struggle, and the beginning of his brilliant future. From landscape-painting, he entered the higher school of art and studied the figure under the best masters. Fourteen years went by, and Berard's "Dream Face," "Woman of Algiers," "Traveler and the Nymphs," "At the Scæan Gate," were familiar themes in the salons, and he was a personage. He was now about thirty-nine, but from a premature baldness, and the spectacles he was forced to wear, looked older. When about thirty-two, he married a fashionable, aristocratic woman, and two dark-eyed boys were the happy result of the marriage. His studio was the favorite resort of men of letters, artists and actors. But he enjoyed no life of "inglorious ease." He painted constantly and gave the best hours of every day to the culture of his inspirations. He was in love with his wife, after a fashion, and proud of her aristocratic beauty, but she never caused him one thrill of heartache like those he had felt for Babette, the flower-maker, when he "dwelt like a sparrow amid the spires," so many years ago. Not that


INDIANS UNDERGOING THE ORDEAL OF THE GREAT THIRSTY DANCE.—SEE PAGE 680.

he loved her still. Indeed, he had long ago learned to see that Babette's fine eyes were not indexes of a fine mind. He knew now that it was the girl's face, so full of poetry and passion, which had drawn his heart. He knew now that the soul looking from those large eyes must have been a starved, paltry thing. But, like so many artists, he was a dreamer, and the memory of her exquisite face remained with him always, like the fragment of a dream, which he nursed tenderly lest it vanish altogether. From this dreaming, he matured an idea which resulted in the picture Paris grew curious over, "An Inspiration." Her face was then as it had been fourteen years before, his inspiration.

When the painting was withdrawn from the Salon, much to the regret of the many, it was hung in Berard's studio, and, from the manner in which he so often mused before it, his wife grew to call it his shrine.

It was a stormy evening in early October when Berard learned of the dangerous illness of a young model whom he had frequently employed. He was not in the habit of leaving his charities to be dispensed by others, so he drove at once to that portion of the city where the girl lived, and, leaving his carriage to wait in an adjacent business street, searched for the house in the miserable locality. The streets were poor and narrow, and it was after much difficulty he found the house he sought. The girl was suffering from a low, nervous fever, and was in need of the nourishment and doctor for which he sent, and, promising to send a servant the next day to make inquiries, he left the place. On reaching the street again, he found that the rain had degenerated into a clammy drizzle which chilled him to the bone, and a heavy fog, like a sooty spectre upon the blackness of the night, obscured everything, even the nearest objects. He scarcely knew which way to turn. Had he left his carriage to the right or the left? He could not be sure, but was inclined to think it was to the right, so he turned in that direction, making his uncertain way along and striving in vain to distinguish in the gloom some familiar mark which he had passed before. But a fancy seized him, which became only too soon a discouraging certainty, that the neighborhood through which he walked was growing more disreputable, the streets a network of foul lanes, ill-smelling and noisome, and thick with a slime which made it difficult to keep his footing. He was jostled by men, women and children, who rushed past him like ragged phantoms, and profanity reached his ears on every side. There was no doubt left of it, he was hopelessly astray and afraid to acknowledge his helplessness by asking the way in this fetid slum. A church-bell, seemingly far away, struck ten. The vibrations sounded dismal, seeming to hang heavily in the thick, threatening mist which shut Berard in. He leaned against a house, angry and discouraged, and fell to puzzling over his difficulty. Silently, and without any warning, he was seized from behind and forced to the ground, where he was deftly gagged before he could utter a cry for assistance.

It happened in a moment, and so quickly, so silently, that, helpless and gagged as he was, Berard wondered if he were not dreaming. He began to think, too, that he had lost his way in the fog in a dream only, and he would soon awake in his own familiar room. But the flattering hope died almost at its birth, for as he strove to rise a foot kicked him brutally and a pair of hands closed upon his neck. Straining his eyes through the maddening fog, he saw the forms of two men dimly, bending over him. Between them they carried him down a flight of steps into some kind of cellar, where the combined odors of damp earth, rotting wood and onions almost stupefied him. Here they laid him down, administering a blow and an oath whenever they deemed it well. A woman appearing at the end of the draughty passage with a candle, she was roughly commanded to bring the light. Berard lay there at their mercy, his heart beating in a dull, absorbed way. Strangely enough, it was not of his own physical danger he was thinking. That seemed but little compared to the thought that he might never see his boys again — his brave, dark-eyed boys, who were doubtless awake and restless, waiting for his return. He cast a glance around the unpromising group, and decided that he might expect the very worst at their hands. To the woman in particular he directed one agonized, appealing glance as she bent over him, shielding the candle's flame with her hand. Useless; there was not the slightest hope that she would interfere in his behalf. If she ever had any better nature to appeal to it must have shriveled up for want of nourishment years and years before. She might have been old, she might have been young. Her hardened face, which was covered with the deep pits left by smallpox, might have been twisted into its present hideousness by a long life spent in scenes of crime and filth, or by the experiences of comparatively few years. Her eyes were bright, but unyouthful; shining with a cold implacability that suggested how many promptings toward good had been triumphantly trodden under foot and forgotten before that expression had been attained, like a light streaming over a wreck. Before he could turn his eyes from her face one of the men stunned him by a sharp blow on the head. It was dawn when he regained consciousness. The fog had lifted, but it was still raining, and he lay coatless, hatless and shoeless in a doorway of a fairly respectable street, with a gendarme bending over him in great concern.

"At last! I thought it was all over with *you*," said the gendarme, and curiously brushed away the hair from a cut on Berard's head.

In another hour he was at home. Then the search for the thieves commenced. His uncertainty regarding the spot where he was assaulted made it appear at first a difficult task, but when he had described the woman, the detective said he knew her and her companions well, and swore to produce them in an hour. So he did. Berard was suffering greatly from the exposure and bruises, and the woman, in all her wretchedness and filth, had to be brought to his bedside, where he identified her, then turned on his side, tried to sleep, and forgot her entirely. A week later he was present at the trial, made the charge, and, the unpleasant task over, was hurrying home when an official of the jail whispered to him that the woman just sentenced seemed to have something very important to say to him, and as he pitied the poor creature he thought he would tell Berard, as it might be well to hear it.

Berard thought the request strange. He had also a pressing engagement. Nevertheless, he followed the man to the cell the prisoner was temporarily confined in. She crouched against the wall, and holding her rags together with one eager hand, stared at him with her bright, cold eyes, but did not speak. She was so utterly foul and lost she fascinated him, and he found himself wondering what she could have looked like as a child, or was she ever a child, this ghastly spectre in the semblance of a woman? What kind of thoughts did she think? Had she ever uttered a prayer? Had she ever laughed out of the joyousness of her heart? Had she ever paused to wonder at the blue sky or the mystery of the stars and moon? And finally, what could she possibly want to say to him?

"I have been told you want to speak to me," he said, looking at her with pity and repugnance.

She folded her arms stolidly over the tatters on her bosom as she replied, surly and hesitating:

"I don't know whether to say it or not. I don't know how to begin."

"Probably it is of no importance," he said, turning away.

But the woman shuffled over to the bars and clung there, with her eyes lurid as a wild animal's.

"You are glad to see me caught!" she cried, with a jeer.

"Do you expect me to thank you for helping to rob me—do you? Yet I am sorry for any one who has sunk as low as you. I pity you. The sight of you fills me with pain. It is too late to help you in any way, if that is what you want. Besides, the punishment is just; you have had your trial in the usual way, and I can do nothing for you."

"Nothing, nothing?" she echoed, rolling her head from side to side. She stared at him a moment, then burst out laughing.

It was not like genuine laughter—crackling bubbles rising like an echo and breaking on her lips, without mirth, without the substance of sound—oh, it was horrible, and Berard again turned away, but still lingered, curious to know what she could have to say to him. She beckoned him to come nearer.

"I will be dead in a week, if I can manage it," she whispered, with an exultant grimace; "dead, and no one will be sorry. Not even Berard, the artist. I did not know you were Berard, the great artist, the night that Antoine and Jean dragged you in."

A spasm of mirth seized her again. She fell in a heap to the ground, and commenced hugging her knees.

"I'm so cold! so cold! I must hurry and tell you before I forget again. Get a gendarme and go to the house where you were robbed." Again the goblin laughter floated up from the floor of the cell and saddened and chilled him so that his flesh crept. "Go to the attic—climb carefully, for some of the steps are gone—and go into the room at the head of the stairs. There is a closet near the floor. It is locked and they have taken the key from me, but you can burst it open. Drag out what you find there."

"But what shall I find there?'

"Go and see, if you are curious. Go and see; go and see, I tell you!"

Then she raised her head, and looked up at him fixedly for a second. The look disturbed him. He felt his heart beat faster, his breath came unevenly, and he met her glance in silence. There was something about her—there was something—there was something——

He could get no further. He felt like a person groping, blindfolded, after something, though he knew not what, and which eluded him just as his mental grasp tried to close on it.

"Go and see!" she said again, and a momentary horror struggled in her eyes, her face seemed to grow grayer, a flicker of pain passed over it, then she turned her back on him, and, muttering to herself, pressed her head down between her knees.

Berard hurried out, a cold, heavy depression weighing down his heart. He stood outside the prison for a few moments and let the sunlight give back warmth to his chilled flesh, and cleanse his clothes of the prison damp.

He had witnessed real human misery, beside which the sleekness and good temper of a well-fed dog seemed elevating—misery too low, too repulsive to possess the smallest tinge of poetry. There was no luxury in this woe, no picturesqueness in this poverty.

All throught that day and night the woman's face haunted him. He felt urged to put her ill-fitting features and expressions into the new study he was engaged on, until in despair and disgust he threw down his brush. He was disposed to sit aimlessly before the fire and ponder on the terrible problem of pain in the world, and how, no matter what progress it made into a brighter era, it seemed that the prisons would always be full, the hospitals crowded, and crime and disease and famine still stalk on their grim rounds.

At last, to satisfy his conscience, he filled out a check for a large amount and sent it to a woman's hospital near by. Then he notified the detective who had tracked the thieves to be ready to accompany him in the morning to the lane where he was assaulted. When he had done this he might forget the woman's face, but not before.

The morning rose pure and beautiful, a perfect October morning, windless and bright, the sky without a cloud; but the neighborhood which Berard and the detective were forced to penetrate caught no charm from the beauty of the day. Instead, the nauseous place was shown up in all its vileness under the searching sunlight. They passed on between the crazy houses, picking their steps among the reeking byways and courts until they reached the house, a tumble-down structure, with coarse and bloated faces looking from the windows and peeping from behind the doors.

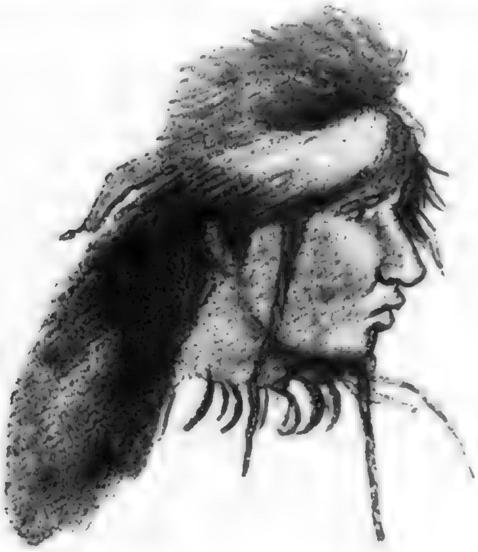
As the detective was too well known to be trifled with, they were permitted to make their way to the attic unmolested. The room was empty of all save rubbish, and half-hidden behind a pile of rags and long-accumulated dirt they found the closet, which was readily burst open. Berard had no idea what he might find, but his thoughts would stray to accounts he had read of murders and hidden bones. He was curious, excited, but mostly inclined to laugh at his folly for paying any heed to the half crazy prisoner. With some hesitation he thrust his arm into the opening and drew out—what? What was this thing he dragged into the glare of the sunlight? He stared at it, puzzled at first, then with an expression of utter unbelief, as he fell back against the wall trembling and pale.

The detective stared at him in wide-eyed astonishment, but Berard had forgotten his existence. His thoughts had flown back to other years. Babette, his inspiration, where was she now? She had thrown love away to marry for a shelter. Had she found even that? The silence in the room was absolute, yet in Berard's ears it seemed full of whispering voices. "Babette, Babette, Babette, to have fallen so low, so low!"

His heart, too, began to question, painfully and rapidly.

"What has your story been, Babette? Was it a long course of brutality from a vulgar husband when his short-lived passion was dead? Then recklessness, intemperance—a lover, perhaps? Easier after that the steps to the moral and spiritual death!"

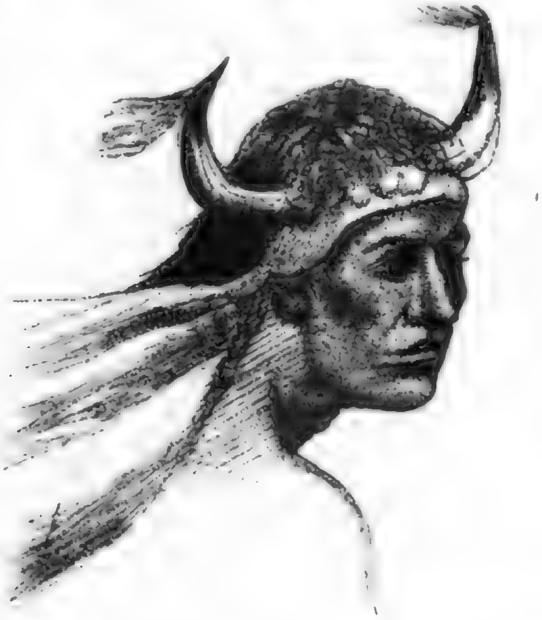
Yet there was something good left in her—who can explain what or why? Something good, one of those moral theorems which even philosophers find beyond them, for that hidden object which Berard dragged into the sunlight was a painting, covered with dust and cobwebs, a spider's web spun deftly across the ragged rent in the centre—the painting he had given to Babette in the Quartier St. Jacques more than fourteen years before. She had said she would keep it for ever, and she had. Berard bent over it. Sharp, painful memories assailed him, and he sobbed like a child. But he did not weep for the destruction of his beautiful fancy; he thought of Babette, the beautiful, light-hearted *grisette*, who could laugh even when she was hungry and her best gown in pawn; he thought of the woman she might have been, had the germ of good in her been developed—had she been true to her better self; he thought of the lost wretch, the thief, the prisoner whose eyes seemed to hold the secret of death in life, and he wept. It was an inspiration of a sadder, weaker kind.



THE GREAT THIRSTY DANCE.

By Elizabeth Taylor.

During the month of August I visited for a fortnight at the house of Archie McDonald, the Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company's post of Fort Qu'Appelle. "The Fort" is situated on one of the four "Lakes that Call," in the lovely Qu'Appelle Valley, three hundred and fifty miles northwest of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

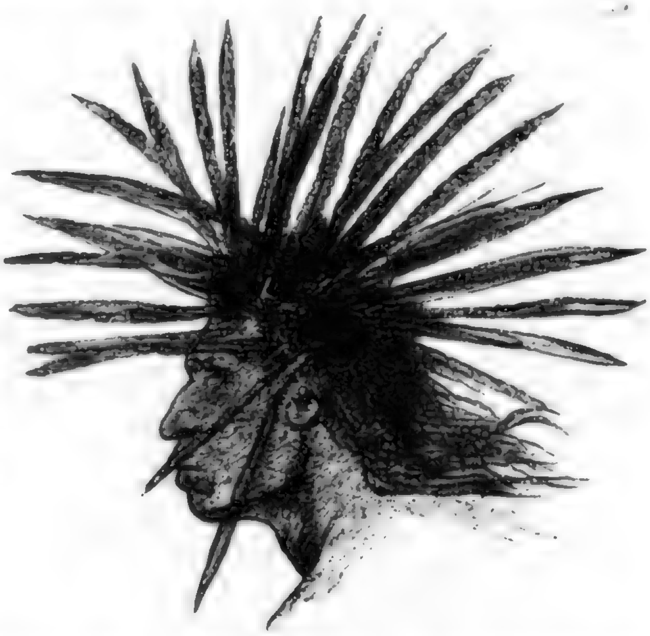


This fertile valley is about a mile and a half in width, and is inclosed by strangely twisted and winding hills rising to a height of four hundred feet.

Over these hills, in the Spring of 1885, marched the Twelfth and Thirty-fifth Regiments and the Winnipeg Cavalry, on their march to the North Saskatchawan country, where the "rebel" Riel had his camp.

The valley then was all alive with preparations for war; the supply-trains passed through this point, and the settlers found it profitable to leave their farms and, with their teams, engage in transfer service.

But when I was at Qu'Appelle, the valley was filled with warriors not less valiant than the Canadian redcoats. Here and there upon the plain, and on the summit of the hills, Indian encampments were to be seen, and afar off, the soft blue smoke from the fires of the tents, or teepees, showed that, hidden from sight, were other bands of Indians. Most of these were the Cree Indians, a branch of the great Algonquin family. The Crees are divided into two tribes—the Forest Crees and the Plain Crees. The former live an isolated life, dwelling in tents made of bark, and are humble hunters and fishermen. The Plain Crees live in large camps in tents of buffalo-skins. They are fine horsemen, are more warlike than the Forest Indians, and in times past were always hostile to their neighbors, the fierce Blackfeet Indians.



The peaceful valley echoed with discordant sounds; the yelping of dogs, the shrill cries of children, and the noise of pow-wows, horse-dances and tea-dances without number.

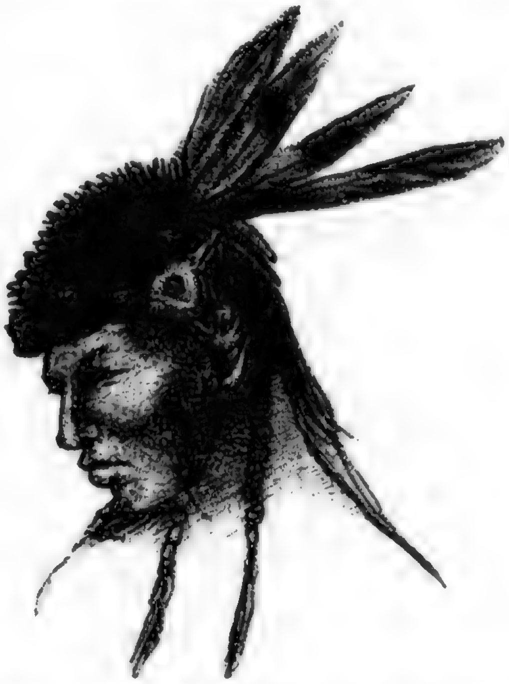
Piapot, the rebellious chief of the "Young Dogs," a part of the Cree tribe, positively declined to go on his reservation; had brought in all his band to the valley, and sent out invitations to all the Indians in the neighborhood to meet him there. Sioux (refugees from the Minnesota massacre of 1862), Assiniboines, Sauteux and Crees gathered from far and near, each band with its tale of grievance to tell to the Indian agent, and all restless and dissatisfied. Piapot had declared significantly that if extra rations were not forthcoming he would take them, and the timid newcomers, settlers in the valley, were much disturbed.

A solemn council was held by the Indians, and soon we heard that the "Great Thirsty Dance" was to be given. The Indians believe that when there is illness

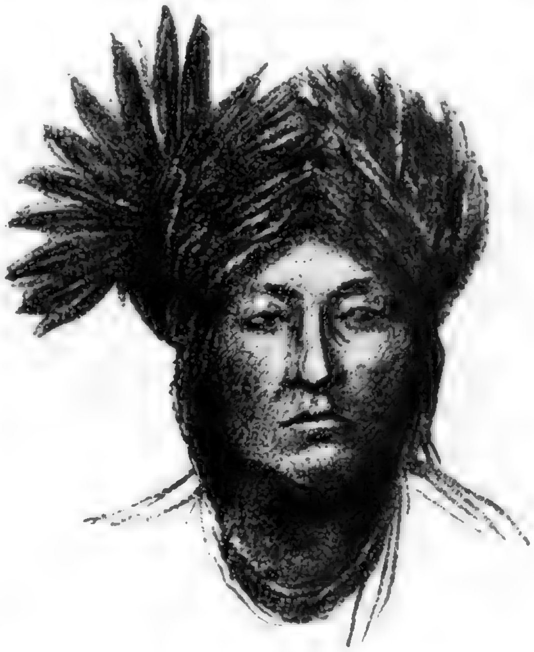
TYPES OF ACTORS IN THE GREAT THIRSTY DANCE.

among them, famine, or trouble of any kind, that the Great Spirit is hiding His face from them, and often at such times they make an especial appeal to Him in this ceremony. That afternoon we had seen the Indians, in full array, ride over the hills to the woods beyond the fort, while the squaws trudged patiently along on foot behind them.

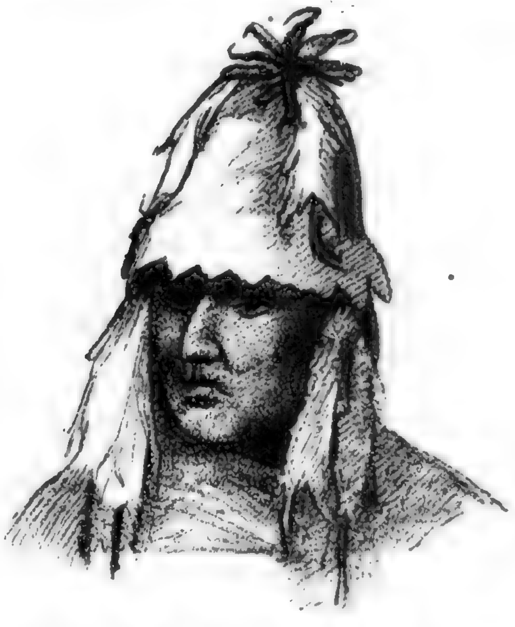
They had gone to cut poles and boughs with which to make the great dance teepee, and by nightfall we could see from the house the teepee rising high above the others in the encampment. All the next day we heard a great uproar from the camp, and as night came on the noise and confusion seemed to increase. A party of us decided to go down and see the dance. It was a brilliant moonlight evening, and the full harvest moon lit up a strange scene. Scores of smaller teepees were pitched around the great dance teepee, which rose to a height of thirty-five feet. It was forty feet in diameter, and was made of buffalo-skins stretched across light poles. Fires were burning on all sides, and crouching around these were groups of Indians who were unable to get inside the large tent. From these groups arose a melancholy wail: the tremulous voices of the old men, the cries of children, the chanting of women and the howls of innumerable dogs. And, showing clearly in the moonlight, on the very top of the great lodge, was a strange figure, blackened by the smoke from the fires below, throwing up its arms in a wild appeal to some unseen power, calling and shrieking, its voice rising high above the din on the plain beneath. It was an Indian who had vowed to undergo this penance, hoping to appease the Great Spirit, and bring some good to himself or his family. All day long he had been there in the hot sun, though it was a wonder how he maintained his footing on the sharp ends of the teepee-poles, and all night long he lamented, while a heavy thunderstorm beat upon him.



Many dark faces scowled at us as we threaded our way between the camp-fires, and low mutterings were heard on either side. The Indians certainly had little reason for kindly feelings toward the whites. Their old hunting-grounds had passed into the hands of the Canadians, and settlers were flocking in on all sides; the few remaining buffalo had been driven south across the border, where Sitting Bull and his band prevented their return. The Indians were dissatisfied with their reservations, and unwilling to give up their free, roving life; their children were hungry, and already they had begun to kill their dogs for food; certainly now was the time for the Great Thirsty Dance.



Through the crowd at the door we made our way till we stood fairly inside. Four or five fires were burning on the ground around the centre-pole, casting a lurid, fitful light around the tent. On the east side were booths made of leafy boughs, about four and a half feet high, and in each were three dancers; this was the women's side; on the west side were similar ones for the men. On the north was a booth made with very high walls, having a narrow passage leading toward the centre of the tent—so built that it was impossible to see anything inside. This was for the High Priest, or Great Medicine Man of the ceremonies.



At the right of the bower (the women's side) sat the musicians, seven or eight in number, in a circle, each grasping with his left hand the tomtom, and beating

TYPES OF ACTORS IN THE GREAT THIRSTY DANCE.

XUM

vigorously upon it with a drumstick held in his right hand, and keeping time to the sound with shrill cries of Hi-hi-hi-ya! Hi-ya! Hi-hi-hi-ya! They sing in this way night and day for the three days and two nights that the dance lasts, never stopping except to take breath or to allow one exhausted singer to slip out and a fresh one take his place. The tom-tom is a kind of drum, about eight inches high and twenty inches in diameter, made by stretching skin over a frame made of the bark of the Saskotoon willow. The musicians seat themselves around it, and all beat upon it, keeping perfect time. The tom-tom has only one end covered, and when, after long drumming the skin begins to stretch, they pause for a short time and hold it over one of the fires, the heat making it tight again. On the other side of the Medicine Man's retreat were the old men of the tribe—the guardians, the police officers, as it were, of the ceremonies. At the first beat of the tom-toms, usually at sunrise, the dancers begin. Strange, hideous figures they are, adorned with all the wretched finery they possess, painted in every imaginable device, and in these narrow, leafy booths they stay from the beginning to the end of the dance. Sometimes they grasp a projecting stick or twig partially to support themselves, and they bend the body, never raising the feet, but bending the knees only. So they dance, up and down, for three days and two nights, without drink or food or sleep—no rest except during the few minutes when the tom-toms are not beating. Perhaps they may have three hours' rest in the twenty-four, not *sleep*, remember! These wretched dancers have made their vows in the council which was held before the dance; they have arisen and declared before them what they will do, what tortures they will undergo, what penances they will perform. Each one represents a certain number of his family, and if he passes through the ordeal successfully, they will share in the benefits which the Great Spirit will bestow. His relatives cheer and encourage him as the time passes by; they come to bring their offerings to the Great Spirit—tea, calico, tobacco, blankets, etc.—and they hang them upon a stick fastened to one end of his booth. They tell him what a feast they are preparing outside, that there will be a great deal to eat, and they exhort him to be brave; that it will soon be over, the time is passing by; not to think of the present, but fix his mind on what is to come. The old men are busy, too, watching, cowhide in hand, for some poor creature, overcome by sleep, or perhaps trying to steal away through some aperture for a few minutes' rest. As the cowhide comes down upon him, he is taunted with his cowardice, "Did we force you to undertake this?" the old men cry. "Is it not of your own free will that you are here? is it not for your own good that you make this sacrifice? Cowards you are, that cannot carry out what you have undertaken!" Exasperating creatures are these old men; they will stalk up and down, blowing tobacco smoke in the faces of the wretched dancers, drinking tea and coffee before them, telling them how good it is. If there is any one perched up aloft above the opening at the top of the teepee for penance, they will throw green boughs on the fire to cause an acrid smoke which almost stifles the poor fellow. But they are not malicious about it; they believe that the greater the suffering the more acceptable it is to the Great Spirit, and so they add to their misery in every possible way.

The teepee was lighted only by the fires in the centre: now and then the flames would flicker upward and I could see the wild faces of the dancers and the groups of Indians huddled together in every vacant space. From these spectators a discordant chant arose, making, with the noise of the musicians and the tom-toms, an indescribable uproar.

I suppose I must have looked a little scared, for just then a number of young Indians, no doubt out of pure mischief, began to crowd upon me, putting out their elbows and forcing me back on the Indians behind. I looked around for help, and not in vain, for just then an old squaw gave one bound among them and scattered them, using her fists and tongue vigorously, and then returning to reassure me in the best of Cree. I thanked her warmly in English, and we carried on quite a conversation, each one speaking the only language she understood.

Inside the bower sits the Great Medicine Man. No one can look in that dreadful place; if he should, the Indians believe that he will surely die. The Medicine Man smokes fragrant woods and spices, a stuffed hawk or eagle is by his side, which is supposed to be especially sacred or "great medicine."

He opens and closes the ceremony, and when an Indian faints under the torture, he alone must revive him and let him go. I did not mean to see it all, but the crowd pressed upon me, and I lost sight of the friend who took me in, and I could not get away. There was a horrible fascination about it, and I saw what I would like to forget; what comes back sometimes to me in feverish dreams; men walking with bare feet back and forth through the fires; their faces stolid and expressionless, not a muscle quivering. Men swinging by long thongs, one end fastened to the centre pole, the other attached to a sharp stick which was run through the great pectoral or chest muscle, and made fast by having a noose of the thong passed around it. Their bodies were painted white, the lower part of their faces black, and the perspiration had washed away the paint in the little hollows of eye and cheek and brow, giving their faces a hideous, skull-like effect, and the blood from their wounds trickled over their bodies.

Round and round they danced on tiptoe, their bodies thrown back, almost the whole weight thrown upon the thongs, their arms extended high above their heads, their hands holding up flags of different colors. As I watched, I saw the head of one fall back, but he kept his arms up, immovable, rigid, and danced feebly on; then his feet faltered, he stumbled and the dancing stopped; then slowly his arms drooped and he swung heavily backward, apparently lifeless. I did not see the Medicine Man appear to cut him down. I didn't see much of anything after that, and was dimly conscious that the old squaw was patting me on the shoulder, and pushing me gently before her to the fresh air outside.

The next morning, as I passed by, I saw Indians leading about native ponies by long cords, attached in the same way through the thick muscle of the back below the shoulder-blade; others were dragging buffalo-skulls fastened by the thongs, over the rough surface of the prairie, their heads bowed and flags drooping around them. As they walked slowly along, they moaned and cried piteously; not from pain, for the severest torture could not wring a sound from their lips; they were calling to the Great Spirit.

If a man faints during torture, and the Great Medicine Man thinks best, he can free him and no contempt is felt for him; but, should one of the dancers fail, he is made to feel keenly afterward that he was unable to carry out what he had undertaken. I asked what was done with all the presents that were hung up on the booths, and I was told that after the dance they were flung down around the centre-pole, and then those that were needy and had no one to provide for them, or had had a father or husband who had been a great warrior, or had performed some valorous deed, could come forward and help themselves from the pile.

Before the country passed from under the rule of the Hudson Bay Company, the Indians were contented, and Canada had no wars like ours. It is with the advent of settlers that the trouble with the Indians begins, and Canada has been free from the dreadful wars that we have been punished with; not because of her superior wisdom and justice in her treatment of the Indians, but for the reason that the two races did not come in contact with each other. With the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the opening of the country for settlement, the question has assumed a serious aspect. Let us hope that Canada will have a more honorable record than her brothers on this side of the line.

AH ME!

Never were there days more dreary—
Ah me!
Never heart than mine more weary,
Ah me!
For the eye that mine delighted
Never shall I see,
And the love I nursed is blighted—
Ah me!

When I wander down the meadow—
Ah me!
On my heart then falls a shadow—
Ah me!
Buttercups are yellow, very;
Pink is vale and lea;
But she's gone who made them merry—
Ah me!

When the evening winds are sighing,
Ah me!
When the plaintive dove is crying,
Ah me!
To their wail my heart replying
Evermore will be,
Brooding where the loved is lying—
Ah me!

Oh, the path I tread is lonely—
Ah me!
And my heart keeps sighing only,
Ah me!
By the dark and solemn river
She who walked with me
Sleeps for ever and for ever—
Ah me!

THE TWIN LAKES, COLORADO.

By Colin C. Cooper, Jr.

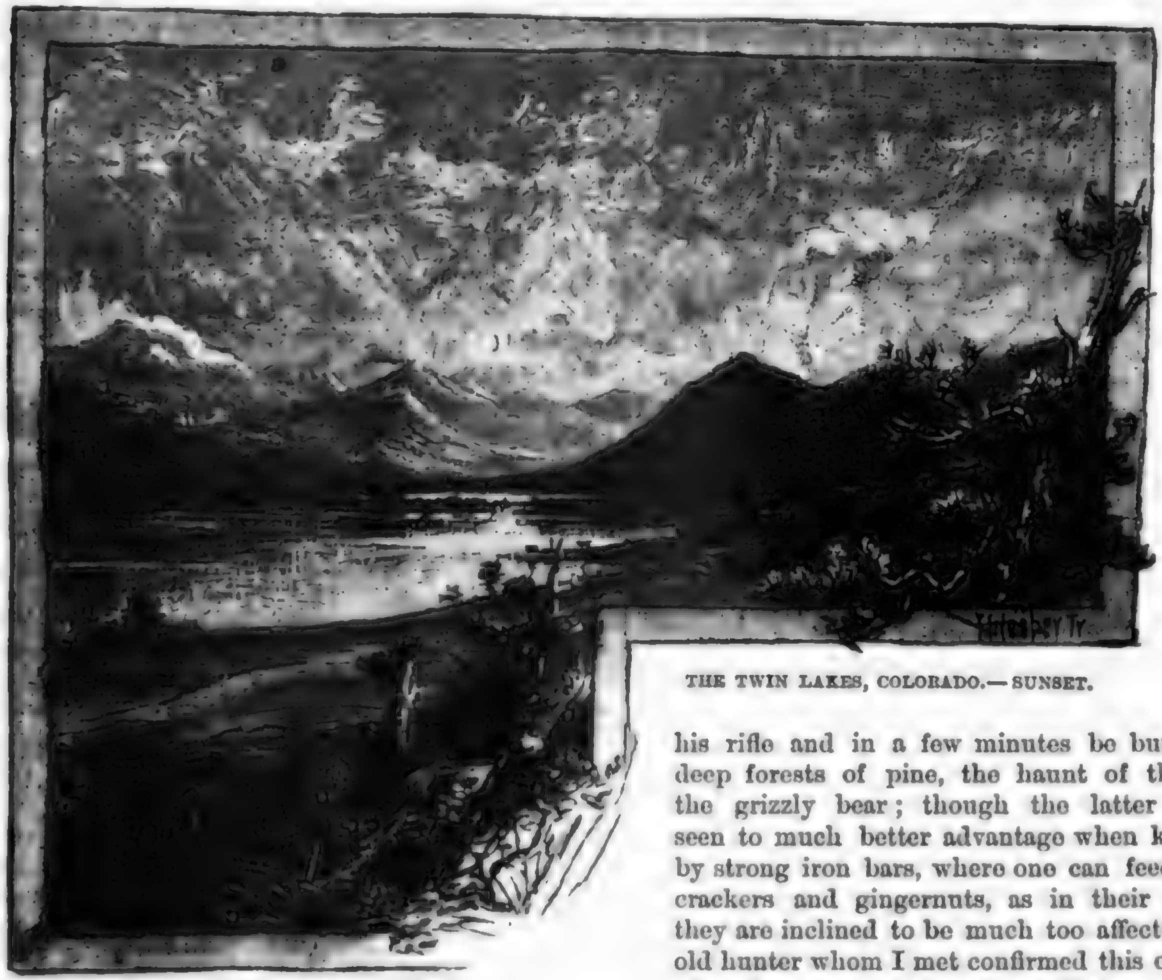
"Yes, sir! Yes, sir! Step this way. This yere's my team. Take ye right up!"

It is pleasant when one arrives all alone in a strange country to find that one is expected and welcomed, though one may have to pay for it. So, when I stepped off the train at the little station that bears the name of the most beautiful lakes of Colorado, and found a team waiting for me—simply me and no other, for there were no more passengers for that station—and in answer to an anxious inquiry as to how I could get up to the lakes was rewarded with the above much-wished-for information in the cheery voice of the driver, I felt that I had my welcome, and a right hearty one. The wagon was old and rickety, the driver was no longer young, and was garrulous in the bargain; the horses, two shaggy, unkempt bronchos, were lazy, and the seats were hard; but the sun was shining down through a cloudless sky, and the pure, fresh, invigorating air of the Rockies was disporting itself through my breathing apparatus; and as I had had a fair breakfast at the last stopping-place (Buena Vista), I was in a condition to be happy—supremely so, if there can be such a thing as happiness.

With many a creak and groan our ancient equipage got under way, and it is truly a mystery how it ever held together, but it did, and carried us successfully and safely across the rough bridge of logs that spans the "Arkansas," up the side of the cañon or gulch, over innumerable ditches used for placer washing and past a huge waterwheel that once served as the motive power for an ore-crusher—as gold or silver or copper or platinum, or some such material, is or was found all over this part of the country—forded us across a mirror-like stream, the outlet from the lakes, through a little marshland, round a turn, over a hill—and then— Oh, is it magic? Are we in fairyland? Surely it is wonderland, for everything is truly wonderful. Two lakes are before us, the largest and nearest a beautiful deep-blue, and its sister—of which we catch but a glimpse at this point—a light-green. Beginning at the water's edge and exactly reversed in the mirror of the lake, well wooded with fir-pine, and in the Fall gorgeous with the dying leaves of the scrub oak and "quakin' asp" trees, the grand old mountains rise hill upon hill until the summits of "Esterbrook" and "Egbert" have the sky for a background. There the snow never melts. Year in and year out they wear their crown of purity, which, alas! they do not and cannot transmit to the mortals that live within their shadow. But my reverie and wonderment are cut short by my garrulous driver.

"D'ye see them thar two peaks yonder? Well, them's what they call Twin Peaks, 'cause they're so much alike. Them thar Twin Peaks, sir, is chock-full of gold and silver. Some of the best leads in the country. Here! do ye see that thar leetle white speck right back o' that dark patch of timber on the side of the near peak? That's the cabin on my claim, and—yes, you can see it from here—that black spot, that's one of my tunnels." Here he again paused to see if his wonderful information had produced the desired effect; and then, in a casual way, as though the so-called legend had not been concocted in his own fertile brain, to be used on the same principle as a quack medicine advertisement: "If ye thought to buy a first-class lead, I'm the man to put you on the right track. This is some of the rock," and he drew from his pocket a small bit of pyrites, resplendent with bright crystallizations calculated to deceive the very unsophisticated, but, so far as a moderately practiced eye could tell, utterly devoid of value. On learning that I was merely on a sketching tour he relapsed into silence for a time, but soon opened the conversation with a new proposition that I should go up and make a map of the different tunnels, to be sent back East for the purpose of obtaining companies to work them—a very good idea, on the whole, but somewhat out of my line of work.

By this time we were bowling along the border of the lower lake, and soon came in sight of the little cluster of log cabins and rough board cottages that stand on its western shore, which constitute, with the "Interlaken House" on the southern shore, the principal hotel accommodation of the lakes. In a few minutes my luggage was deposited on the rough porch of the Twin Lakes House, the largest log cabin of the cluster, and,



THE TWIN LAKES, COLORADO.—SUNSET.

after a hearty farewell from my garrulous driver friend, who disappeared in a cloud of dust on the road toward the little mining village of Dayton, about two miles distant, and being rewarded with a smile from the pretty and vivacious servant-girl, who peeped round the corner of the house, I was taken in hand by the genial clerk (a retired opera tenor, who we will call Signor Martini for short, who, as he afterward informed me, was born in France, and was a naturalized Chicagonian), and was refreshed with an invigorating bottle of beer.

That I was the only guest of the house did not surprise me, nor did it render my visit less interesting, as I had not come for society. During July and August, I am told, hundreds of tents dot the valley, and it is as gay as any one could wish ; but the season was now quite far advanced, and the "killing frosts" had induced pleasure and health seekers alike to "fold their tents," and so forth.

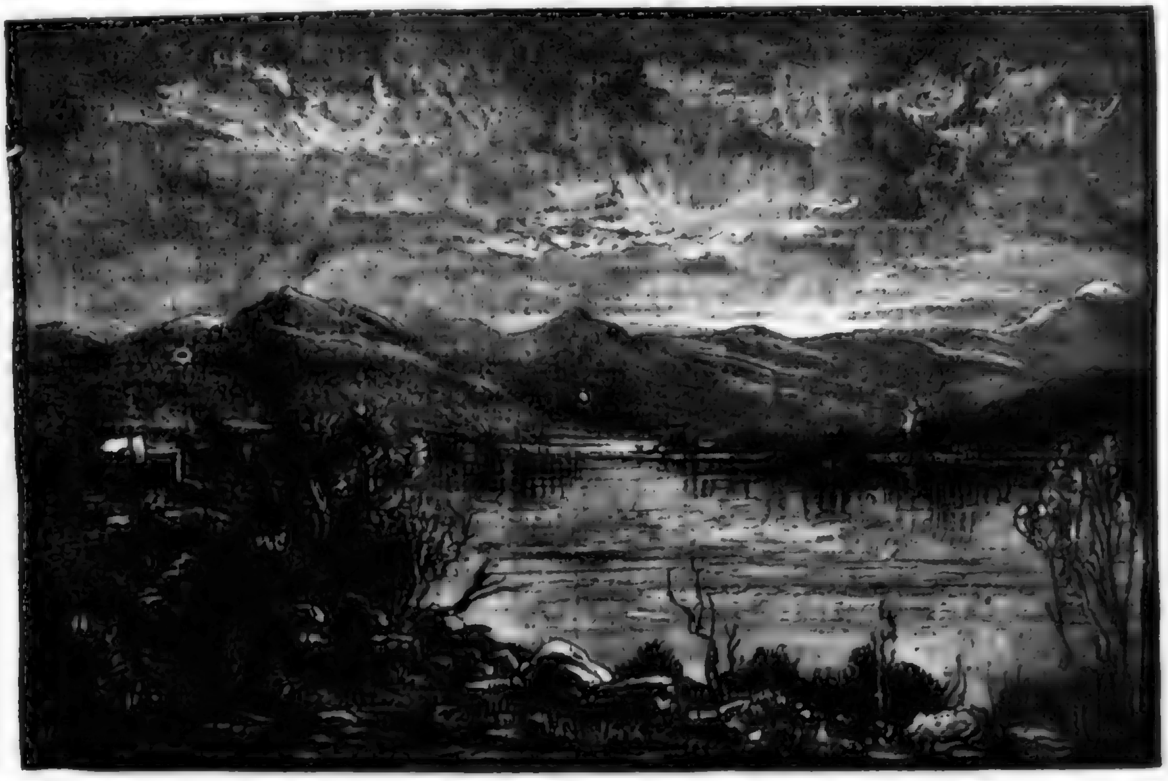
Twin Lakes are about sixteen miles southwest of Leadville. They are one of the points of interest to which residents of that town make excursions, and mark an altitude of 9,400 feet above the level of the sea. Parties frequently drive over the mountains in the morning, dine at the Lakes and return in the evening. The resources of the place for amusement are great, especially for the disciples of the late lamented Izaak Walton, for the fish—salmon trout—are the finest and most delicious of any I have ever tasted. Should any tourist visit Colorado and fail to taste the trout as cooked by the before-mentioned smiling servant maid at Twin Lakes, he has surely not performed his duty to himself, and has missed something he will regret all his life.

For those who are fond of hunting during the season there can be few better places. One may start out with his rifle and in a few minutes be buried in the deep forests of pine, the haunt of the elk and the grizzly bear ; though the latter animal is seen to much better advantage when kept at bay by strong iron bars, where one can feed him with crackers and gingernuts, as in their native lair they are inclined to be much too affectionate. An old hunter whom I met confirmed this opinion and advised me never to interfere with a grizzly : "You see," said he, "las' Fall, Jim Blake and I fixed to go off on a two weeks' hunt ; so we packed our kit and made acrost toward Musquito Pass, and one morning early, about the second day after we made camp thar, Jim, he was a-cookin' breakfast (we'd shot a nice elk day before), and I took my gun and made down toward where the water was, thinkin' I might see somethin', and sure enough I did. You see our camp was pitched under a sort of projectin' rock on the side of a little gulch that had a dry creek bed. There was a spring right near the camp, but a quarter of a mile down the gulch there was quite a pool, with a clump of cottonwood-trees kind a-hidin' it, and I thought maybe to catch a deer or so takin' a morning nip. Well, sir, I was a-saunterin' down that thar dry creek bed, not suspicioning anything, when I came suddenly on a grizzly not ten rods away. You can just bet your bottom dollar, stranger (this is not verbatim what he really did say, for he interlarded his discourse with some swear words, which must not be published), I was just skeered, for the durned thing was a she bear with a couple of cubs. I knew the old lady meant business as soon as I seed she seen me ; and sure enough she did. She had bent down a branch of shrub oak and the cubs were having their breakfast, but when she seen me she dropped the branch, spit an acorn out of her mouth and started herself right for me. You bet, I lit out purty lively and made quick time for a few rods, but I found the critter was a-gainin' on me, and I knew it was a case of nerve or die. So I turned quick, dropped on one knee and let her have it—bang! The ball hit her on one of her hind legs and she stopped and began to gnaw the wound with her teeth. It would have made your hair rise, stranger, to hear how she hollered. She didn't stop long, but it gave me time to drop the shell and reload (I had a Winchester), and when she started again I gave it to her right between the shoulders, and that downed her. I went back to camp and sat down after that, and you can just bet your life I for one don't want to go foolin' around no more grizzly b'ars."

Another story is related of a man who came suddenly on one of these monarchs of the Rockies, and he said, in telling the circumstance : "I jest then and thar made a bargain with the critter, that if he would let me alone I wouldn't hinder or obstruct him nohow."

Still another, of a somewhat more humorous character, is told of a party of ladies and gentlemen who, having started to climb Pike's Peak, met a bear and returned in confusion, vowing that a huge grizzly had chased them for a mile. They were believed until, an hour or so afterward, a telegram was received from Cañon City, forty miles away, saying that a small black bear had passed through that town with his ears back and his tail between his legs, headed, with a mean speed of eighty miles an hour, for New Mexico, evidently preferring to trust himself among the heathenish Mexicans rather than with Eastern tourists.

These and many other stories were told to me when in the evening we—Signor Martini, the proprietor of the house, John and myself—gathered about the blazing log fire in the parlor of the hotel. By-the-way, this parlor is a veritable curiosity for a hotel, as also are the other rooms in the house ; rough pine logs for joists, the ceiling, the flooring above, the walls papered with pages from the various illustrated magazines and weeklies, an open fireplace, black with pitch-pine smoke, and a pair of equally black and rusty andirons ; a rickety pine table on which is an ink-bottle, a bad pen, some newspapers—the youngest probably a fortnight old—and, wonder of wonders, and yet beautiful in spite of its surroundings and the fact that it is coverless and well-thumbed—a Bible. A few strong pine chairs and a lounge, which has certainly seen better days, covered with faded green brocatelle, make up the furniture of the place ; but that does not prevent it from being cozy and comfortable.



THE TWIN LAKES, COLORADO.—MORNING ON THE LOWER LAKE.

Perhaps the oddest character of the very large assortment of odd characters one is apt to meet in Colorado was "John." I do not know, or have forgotten, his last name, but just John alone will do. I should like to tell you more of him, to speak of his many peculiarities, and to give a detailed description of his camp—a little half-tent and half-shanty on the edge of the lake. I should like, if possible, to reproduce some of his quaint poetry and still quainter drawings (for John was quite an artist in his way), which were as odd as himself ; but space will not permit, and I must confine myself to a short description of the man. John was the fisherman for the hotel, a great, tall Texan, with a clear, sharp eye, an honest, sun-burnt and weather-beaten face, a mass of dark-brown wavy hair hanging about his neck and shoulders. He wore a huge sombrero and a heavy mustache, and at a little distance presented the appearance of a first-class desperado ; but a near view revealed the mistake, for when he spoke his kindly eye lit and his honest face broadened into a smile, and his voice, albeit deep, was soft and musical. John was an old resident in the country, and had been to all the out-of-the-way and in-the-way places in Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming and Utah ; he had owned gold mines, and had sold or lost them ; he still had some few in reserve, and was expecting to sell more ; he had been worth a great deal of money at times, but by the assistance of bad partners, or luck, or fate, he was not then over-encumbered with wealth. He was a good, honest man, and it was a pleasant sight to see him of an evening poring over the coverless Bible, deep in its mysteries.

The nearest post-office for Twin Lakes is at the little town of Dayton, already mentioned. There is a service of three mails a week from Leadville. These are either "packed" over on horseback or hauled by the supply-team which makes the trips. Dayton is quite a lively place ; the natives, mostly miners, amuse themselves of an evening by getting something more than half-seas-over and shooting promiscuously about the streets, though I believe no one has as yet been seriously hurt within the town limits.

XUM

The day before leaving the lakes I paid a visit to the falls at their head. As the road to these falls passes through Dayton, I stopped at the post-office, which, in connection with a grocery and general supply store, is kept by two young gentlemen bearing the euphonious name of Smith. The Messrs. Smith were just about starting out for the falls with a team, and I was kindly invited to make one of the party, providing I had no objection to riding with some ladies. The idea! Objection! Was I such a formidable personage? Of course I did not demur, for I don't mind saying that, although I am a confirmed old bachelor, yet I consider myself quite a gallant, and always enjoy the society of ladies, especially young and pretty ones.

We had a most delightful ride along the upper lake. The color of this lake is quite remarkable. It is a light muddy-green, rather a bad and certainly a very odd contrast to the clear dark-blue of the lower lake. The lakes are divided by a peninsula, about one quarter of a mile across, and their waters are joined by a stream some fifty feet wide. It is a curious effect to note how the green of the upper lake runs far out into the lower one before mixing with its blue.

Our ride was a lively one. The ladies, who were from Boston, were very agreeable. They were ready and eager for a lark, and made the hills ring with songs and shouts of laughter. They had been much alarmed the night before by the shooting, but as they were laughed at for being frightened and told that it was merely the custom of the country, they did not seem anxious to return to their native and more civilized East when the West was so replete with novelty, even if somewhat dangerous. After spending the day exploring the tunnels about the falls and making some sketches of the waterwheel and crusher that have been built there, we returned to Dayton, well satisfied with our picnic. Having made arrangements for the team to call for me early next morning, I returned to the hotel, taking with me the letters for the neighborhood, as every man is his own and everybody else's delivery-postman in Colorado.

The falls are well worth a visit; though not very high. They are beautifully situated in the gulch at the foot of Twin Peaks and command a fine view of the lake below.

There is a steamboat on the lakes and it is said to be the only steamboat at that altitude in the world. The *Idlewild*, for so it is called, was stranded at the time of my visit, and therefore I did not have an opportunity of testing her seaworthiness.

Of course there is excellent boating, and to row out on the lakes in the moonlight, on water so clear that you can distinguish every pebble on the bottom (provided you are near enough to the shore, as it is said to be 500 feet deep in some places), with the great towering mountains on all sides bathed in soft, dreamy light, in company with—well, my unmarried male and female readers, you only know who; as for me, I am a staid old bachelor, you see, and was consequently alone, but if it was heavenly to me under such circumstances, how much more would you enjoy it in each other's society.

Early the next morning, about five o'clock, I think, I was aroused from my slumbers by loud shouts outside. "Hi, there! Ho, there! Hurry up now! Ye haven't much time to catch your train." It was my old friend the driver. I bustled into my clothes in a twinkling, and with the help of Signor Martini soon had traps and self packed in the wagon. With a handshake and a crack of the whip we were off. As we passed John's camp he was just preparing his boat and lines for an early start. He stood on the pebbly shore, his tall, lank figure dimly seen by the dawning light, waving his sombrero in adieu.

I believe there is nothing more sublime in this world—nothing that fills one with the wonderful grandeur and beauty of nature—than the dawning of a day in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. First of all, we have that soft glow that illuminates the whole sky and leaves the hills in sombre shadow. Then the sun tips the highest peak with red, making the spot glow like a flame of fire. This seems a signal to the other peaks, for suddenly they appear to leap out of gloom, glowing and blazing and flaming, each striving its best to outshine the others in the dancing morning light, and still all below is in gray shadow. All is quiet. Not a ripple on the surface of the lake, not a leaf moves. It is day above, but night below. Slowly now comes the streak of light; Twin Peaks are tipped, and the ray steals down their sides; the near foothills feel it, it is just above us, a leaf moves, a ripple steals across the surface of the water, a bird screams, and lo! it is day.

Properly to enjoy the effect of the birth of a day and a ride of four miles in the morning in the Rockies, especially in the early part of October, one should be provided with plenty of warm clothing and have had a cup of warming stimulant—coffee is best—before starting, as there is otherwise apt to be a chilly feeling, which materially detracts from one's power of appreciating the sublime. However, I was soon on board the train near a warm fire, and even the cold which I caught during my morning ride has faded to a dim memory which serves only to emphasize the pleasures of my sojourn at the Twin Lakes.

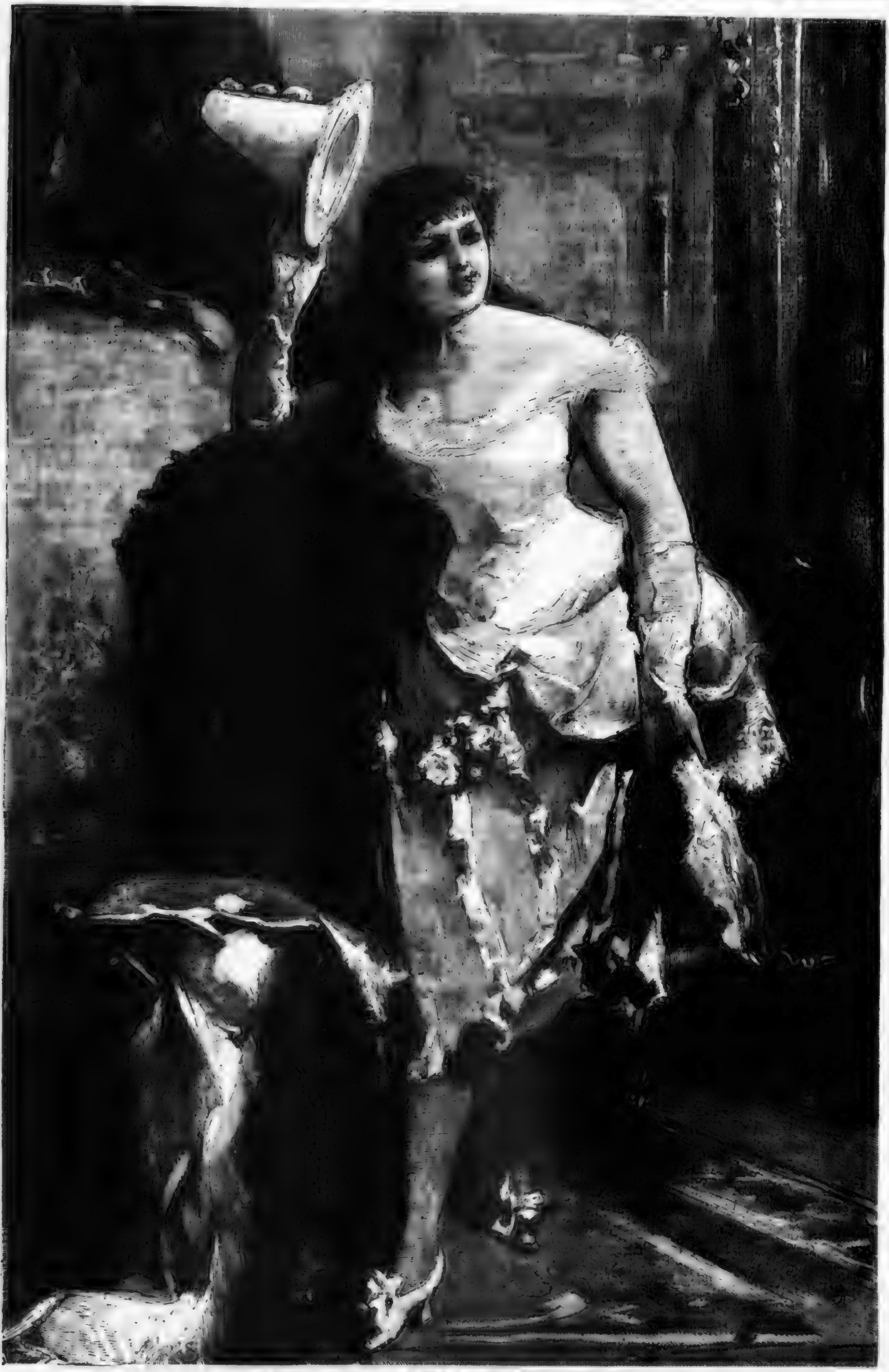
THE DIAMOND.

The history of the diamond is richer in detail than that of any other precious stone, for all the great stones are known by name, and their changes of ownership can be traced back to their first discovery. The Romans placed the diamond in the very highest rank as a precious stone; but as they were in the habit of wearing the crystals in their native form, this eminent position must have been given to it more on account of its scarcity than for its beauty. It is only in modern times that the extreme brilliance of the diamond has been brought out by means of art. We do not know when it was first polished with its own dust, but the art of cutting it into a regular form, so as to bring out all possible lustre, was not practiced before the year 1456, when Louis Van Berghem, a citizen of Bruges, made a revolution in the trade by the discovery of the art of diamond-cutting. In 1475 he was employed by Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, to cut three large stones—previously worn by the King in their natural state—as eight-sided crystals (*points naïves*). It was nearly two hundred years later (1650), during the supremacy of Cardinal Mazarin, that the true brilliant shape was discovered. The three forms in which diamonds are cut are the table, the rose and the brilliant. The first two forms were long the only ones in use; but when the brilliant cutting was introduced, they were superseded, except for inferior stones. The diamond has sometimes been engraved upon and there are a few historic stones with arms and initials on them. In the Paris Exhibition there was a ring with an engraved diamond, said to be by Jacopo da Frezzo. It is supposed that much of the engraving said to have been executed on diamonds was really displayed upon the white topaz or the colorless sapphire. The diamond mines of Central India originally supplied the world with nearly all the notable diamonds; but they are now nearly superseded. The largest supply is now obtained from the Brazils, and the diamonds of Borneo are held in high repute. The mines of the Cape of Good Hope have produced a large number of stones during the last few years, but many of them have a yellow tint. Several of the largest diamonds are still in the rough, and therefore cannot be compared with those which are cut. The Braganza, one of the Portuguese crown jewels, preserved in the Royal Treasury at Lisbon, is by far the largest stone professing to be a diamond. It was found in Brazil about the year 1797. It is about the size of an ordinary hen's egg, and weighs 1,680 carats. As the Portuguese Government will not allow the stone to be examined, grave doubts have been expressed whether it is really a diamond at all. The Matan is one of the largest and most esteemed diamonds in existence, although doubts have been expressed by some as to its genuineness. It was found in the Landak mines, near the west coast of Borneo, in or about the year 1787. It is uncut, and weighs 376 carats. The Sultan of Matan highly values it, and does not allow it to be seen. Strangers are shown a model of it in crystal. Tempting offers have been made to the Sultan, but he will not part with it, as he believes that the prosperity of his family depends upon it. The Dutch Governor of Batavia offered two gunboats, with stores and ammunition and $150,000, but his offer was rejected. Mr. Crawfurd valued the stone at a million and a quarter of dollars. The Nizam, which weighed 340 carats in the rough, is described by Barbot, who values it at a million; but little is known of its history. The Orloff is a rose diamond now set in the top of of the Russian imperial sceptre, but it had passed through many vicissitudes before arriving there. Count Orloff, who was on his travels in 1775, bought the stone at Amsterdam from a merchant named Khojeh Raphael for half a million cash and an annuity of $20,000. The early history of the Orloff diamond is very confused, and those who wish to judge for themselves as to its identity with stones having other names, such as the Koe-i-Tûr, must consult Mr. Streeter's work, where the matter is fully discussed. The weight of the Orloff is 193 carats. The Darya-i-Nur, or "Sea of Light," and the Taj-e-Fah, or "Crown of the Moon," are two splendid stones of 186 and 146 carats respectively, belonging to the Shah of Persia. They are described by Sir John Malcolm in his "Sketches of Persia," who tells us that they are the principal stones in a pair of bracelets valued at nearly a million sterling. The Austrian or Florentine, also called "The Grand Duke of Tuscany," is of citron-yellow hue, which makes it less valuable than it would have been had its color been pure. Its value has been estimated from $200,000 to $250,000. The following is the official description of the stone:—The "Florentine, also called the 'Great Florentine Diamond'—actually forming part of a hat-button—is known to be one of the largest diamonds in the world. It weighs 133¼ carats of Vienna, but is rather yellow. The stone is cut in nine surfaces, covered with facets forming a star with nine rays. This jewel was once the property of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, who, according to the custom of the day, carried all his valuables in the battle-field, first to have them always in sight, and secondly on account of the mysterious power then attributed to the precious stones. Charles lost this diamond at the battle of Morat, on June 22d, 1476. Tradition relates that it was picked up by a peasant, who took it for a piece of glass and sold it for a florin. The new owner, Bartholomew May, a citizen of Berne, sold it to the Genoese, who sold it in turn to Ludovico Moro Sforza. By the intercession of the Fuggers it came into the Medici treasury at Florence. When Francis Stephen of Lorraine exchanged his duchy for the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, he became the owner of the 'Florentine Diamond.' Through this prince, who became later on the consort of the Empress Maria Theresa, this diamond came into the private treasury of the Imperial house at Vienna. At the coronation of Francis Stephen as Emperor of Germany at Frankfort-on-Main, on October 4th, 1745, the Florentine Diamond adorned the crown of the House of Austria." Mr. Streeter, who quotes this account, disputes its authenticity. He shows that it is a mistake to introduce the names of Charles the Bold and Fugger into this history. The stone that the Duke of Burgundy lost was sold by the Fuggers to Henry VIII. of England, whose daughter Mary presented it to her husband, Phillip II. of Spain. The authentic history of the "Austrian" really begins with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in whose possession it was when it was examined by Tavernier. The Pitt, or Regent, is the most perfect brilliant in existence, and is without a rival in shape and water. It weighed 410 carats in the rough, and is said to have been found in the Parteal mines, in the year 1701, by a slave who ran away from his master, and offered it to a skipper. The skipper lured him on board his ship, and after throwing him overboard, sold the stone to Jamchund, the largest diamond merchant in the East, for $5,000. Jamchund offered it to Thomas Pitt, Governor of Fort St. George, for $425,000. Much negotiation was carried on between these two, and at last Pitt became the possessor of the stone for $100,000. It was cut in London at a cost of $25,000, and the cutting occupied two years; but the fragments cut off were valued at between $15,000 and $20,000. Pitt seems to have found his diamond a somewhat unenviable possession, for so fearful was he of robbery that he never made known beforehand the day of his coming to town, nor slept two nights consecutively in the same house. The fame of the diamond spread over Europe, and many persons tried to obtain a sight of it; but Uffenbach, the German traveler, who visited England in 1812, found all his efforts to see it useless. Another source of uneasiness to the possessor was caused by the sinister rumors which were spread about as to the mode by which he obtained it. It seems that the crime of the skipper was attributed to Governor Pitt. The calumny took a very unpleasant form when Pope wrote, in his "Moral Essays":

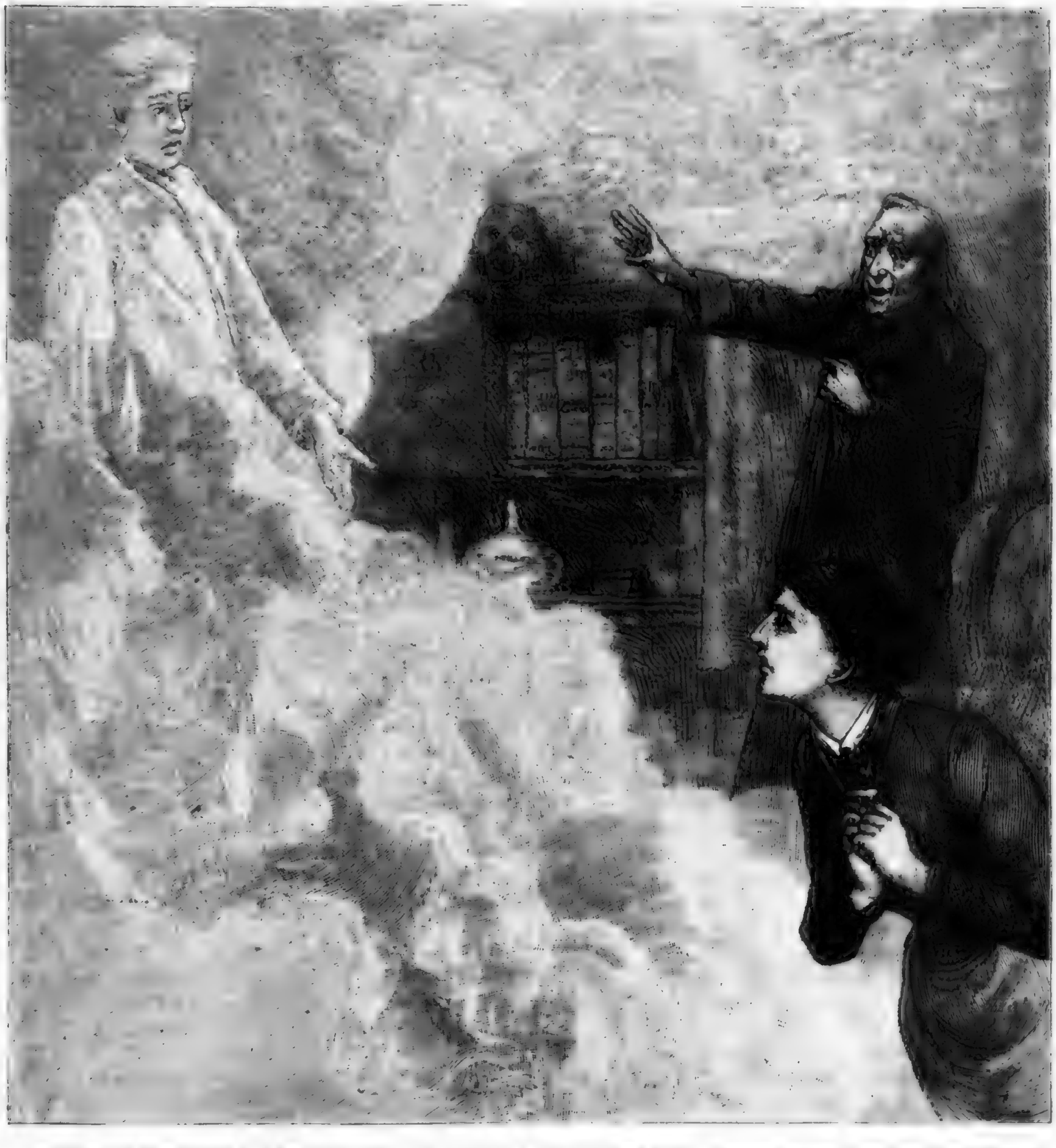
> "Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
> An honest factor stole a gem away:
> He pledged it to the Knight; the Knight had wit,
> So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit."

Pitt published in 1710 a full account of the purchase in order to silence his calumniators, and this was reprinted in 1743, many years after his death. In 1717 Pitt sold his diamond to the Duc d'Orleans, Regent of France, through the intervention of Law, the financier (who received $25,000 for his trouble), for $675,000. In the inventory of the French crown jewels drawn up in the year 1791, it is valued at two millions and a half of dollars. During the Reign of Terror the stone was stolen, but was restored in a mysterious manner. Napoleon I. found it of inestimable value to him, for after the 18th Brumaire, by pledging it to the Dutch he procured the funds that were so indispensable for the consolidation of his power. It was afterward redeemed, and ornamented the pommel of the Emperor's sword.

XUM



CARNIVAL DAYS.—FROM THE PAINTING BY A. FERRANT.



SHADOW OR SUBSTANCE?—"HE MOVED HIS ARM A LITTLE TOWARD THE DOOR. THERE, THERE, AMID THE FILM, THEY SAW—FATHER AND DAUGHTER BOTH—DUDLEIGH FARRAR STANDING; AND HE SMILED AT THEM."

SHADOW OR SUBSTANCE?

By F. A. Mathews, Author of "Dilettante Days."

Professor Teday folded his last paper and placed it in his portfolio; he arranged the last vial in its socket in the last leather case, and, holding a tiny crucible up to the light of the western window, he brushed from its rim a fleck of silvery foil; smiled grimly to himself, and, after casting a glance over his shoulder of great satisfaction, stepped out into the pleasant, old-fashioned garden that surrounded his house near Devizes.

The room which the professor had just quitted was his laboratory; the professor was a chemist of much renown, though leading a quiet enough life in the pretty little Kentish village where he was born—a man of chimeras and hobbies, but, withal, of such sterling ability and of such daring research, as had gained for him an honorable distinction in his profession. He was a curious-looking man: tall, thin almost to attenuation, with narrow, stooping shoulders, a long, drooping nose, pale, brilliant eyes—that had a trick of closing suddenly after a wide, bright, upward glance—and a narrow forehead, polished as a piece of well-worn ivory. One would say, not a broad man—a specialist, held down by the bonds of his own predilections in one certain groove, beyond which he saw little; albeit therein he saw and felt and dealt with great intensity.

The laboratory was in a state of confusion. Packing-boxes stood about ready for transportation; in the hall, boxes and satchels lay around; in point of fact, the professor was about setting forth to-morrow to spend his holidays in Antwerp with his old friend, the Herr Professor von Hendrich, and as the professor was

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encumbered with a daughter, there was really nothing to do with this young creature but to take her along, too.

Where could she be?

"Beatrice!"

No answer. Very well! Professor Tebay turned back again to the laboratory; he picked up a small, sharp instrument to scratch those flecks of metal from his crucible, and, working away at it, he sauntered out again, and down the garden-path toward the clump of lilac-trees beside the brook.

The professor stumbled over a pebble, and then he glanced up.

A wonderful change came over his thin face, as if the very lightning itself had taken possession of his spirit and illumined it with the elixir of wrath.

The crucible fell from his hand and shivered in a hundred flashing bits. He grasped the steel the firmer.

He had found Beatrice.

She stood leaning—a fair young thing of sixteen—amid the lilacs, and about her were the arms of the professor's pupil, Dudleigh Farrar.

A fellow of twenty, handsome, poor, whom Professor Tebay would as soon have regarded as a match for Beatrice as he would have the groom.

This he had made known not only to Beatrice, but to the boy himself, and in unmeasured language.

The professor stood still.

He watched.

He heard.

Soft sweet words—love's and youth's first fond expressions. The two were finding out that they had hearts; were learning at the ruddy gates of each other's lips the lesson that all learn, sooner or later.

He saw Beatrice lay her bright head down on Dudleigh's shoulder as she promised to be his wife.

And the professor lifted his lean arm high in the air and threw the steel that he held. It glinted in the streak of sunlight; not brighter, not more cruelly than did the professor's slow smile that followed it—swift, swift to the heart of Dudleigh Farrar.

Without a cry he fell—from the paradise of her arms to the earth.

Beatrice sprang; she screamed.

She beheld her father.

And she knew who had done it. She knelt beside her lover; she took his head between her hands.

Professor Tebay rushed to them. He tore Beatrice away and flung her toward the house. He caught sight of the blood, and he cowered.

Blood had always made a coward of him. It was his peculiarity to sicken even at the sight of rare meat.

He shrank back.

He saw the steel sticking there in the boy's breast.

And then Beatrice dared to return.

"You have murdered Dudleigh Farrar, father. You have murdered him."

He closed her mouth with his cold hand; he dragged her in the twilight back to the house. He shivered; he quaked; he staggered; he was bent. With horrible back-glancing, glazed eyes he dragged his daughter to the house and lighted lights; and ate food; and drank hot tea; and warmed himself by the kitchen fire.

He said nothing.

Beatrice lay where he had put her on her bed, a stricken being, whose youth had been murdered and lay out yonder under the lilac-trees with her lover.

The next morning the professor's house was empty. The servants had been dismissed, well paid, and sent up to London, whence they had come.

The professor? Well, he had doubtless set out for Dover sooner than he had intended by a few hours.

Dudleigh Farrar?

He had come from Devonshire eight months before. Why, very likely he had gone home to his people.

For ten years Professor Tebay's house stood empty.

For ten years no one came to inquire for Dudleigh Farrar.

A few people said that the night after the professor so suddenly quitted Devizes they had heard voices in the house, had seen a light flitting back and forth at the windows; but these were the curate, a slim, delicate, imaginative young man, and the carrier, a burly fellow, whom every one knew was oftener in his cups than out.

"Ten years."

What had they done with Professor Tebay and his daughter Beatrice?

They had bent the chemist almost double; they had made of him a shriveled, uncanny object, more like a parchment caricature than aught else. A gray, seamy, haggard face, with two burning, questioning, restless, terrible eyes lighting up its pallor with an unearthly gleam.

Beatrice Tebay at twenty-six did not look much older than she had at sixteen. Merely for the rose of youth there lay the lily, for the hope of youth the saddest of all despairs—youth's despair.

What these years of constant travel, horrible anxiety, apprehension, doubt, agony, had been to the poor child, no one could tell. But Beatrice Tebay was silent.

Silence was all her father had asked of her, and her word had been given to him, on the night of their flight from Devizes, that the dead with her should be dead.

They changed their name to a German one; they never spoke in English save when they were alone; they read no English books or newspapers. "Professor Hahn" and his daughter "Bettina" abhorred anything, everything English.

But when they were alone together in the long, quiet evening hours, the old man would turn toward his child, looking up from the fire where his decoctions were hissing, and speak in his own tongue of the night of their flight—of Dudleigh Farrar.

"Beatrice, could I but know that I was forgiven by Dudleigh Farrar. Could I but know that in that other world he has found so superb a consolation for the loss of a life in this, that he even thanks me for having rid him of the 'mortal coil.' Could I but discover——"

And the girl would answer, "Yes, father," hopelessly, to it all.

Within the last few months they had finally settled themselves in a tiny cottage at Heidelberg, one of those little smiling villas just off the *Philosophenweg*, with a large garden full of flowers, a patch of corn and grain, and a paddock at the back, for a goat and a donkey.

Beatrice was glad to rest—to feel that for a year or so, at least, she would not be compelled to wander from third-class hotel to fourth-class pension; from musty Italian inns to horrible Russian wayside houses. For thus the years had been spent—the long days of Summer, the short ones of Winter—traveling from place to place, from town to town, with the eager, ungovernable old man.

What was the object?

Primarily, escape.

Professor Tebay lived, as he fancied, at bay. At any moment an avenger, crying aloud to him for Dudleigh Farrar's boyish life, might arise before him.

Motion was his only rest.

Besides, the idea haunted him that, could he but once be assured that the dead boy had forgiven him, he could once again be quiet in his thoughts.

He sought out, in his capacity of chemist, the learned men of his profession all over Europe; not only chemists, but alchemists, astronomers, astrologers, the whole army of mediums, spiritualists, theosophists, Buddhists, dreamers.

Having begun life a scientist, he was ending it as a charlatan—a charlatan whose stake was neither money nor notoriety, but the peace of his own condemned soul.

He had built a small belvedere at one end of his garden, and therein had set up the apparatus of his laboratory.

A low bookcase, containing all manner of strange lore, occupied one side of the octagon-shaped room. Above this were strung a row of skulls. Shelves full of sealed jars, vases of distilled spirits, black-letter manuscripts, alembics, crucibles, pans, pots, cabinets of minerals, charts of the heavens and of the sea, were scattered about. The windows looked, through climbing rose-vines, across the shining Neckar to the castle on its wooded slope, and up to the grand Schloss Hotel beside the great forest.

A dusty hour-glass, its red sands run down, stood upon the sill beside a telescope. And always the fire burned upon the hearth, little flickering, leaping flames that seemed to Beatrice Tebay like so many imps dancing for joy at the sorrow of her heart.

The girl had come to regard fire with as much loathing and abhorrence as the Peruvians regarded it with reverence and worship.

In every cabaret—was their stay to be but a single night—the hearth was uncovered and the chips ignited, the warmest night in Summer or the coldest in Winter. For years Beatrice Tebay had watched those same little devilish flames crawl up and over, and sputter and hiss around that brass caldron.

She had listened to a hundred theories of a return from the "other world"; she had seen her father's wrinkled, emaciated, wan face grow young and rosy again by the glow of those little crawling, cruel flames, as he watched, and hoped, and waited, and believed that in another moment of time he should behold Dudleigh Farrar's face looking out at him from the mist of his brewing, in forgiveness or—in wrath!

This was the professor's dream. For this he toiled, he ate, he slept, he arose, he breathed—to create for himself, out of the bitter ashes of his crime, his unrest, his knowledge, his learning, the ghost that would lay his remorse for ever out of his sight and remembrance.

It was the early springtime now, and twilight. A blue film over the river, wrapping itself about the brown sails, and silvering all the wooded heights of the Jettenbühl, and draping with softness all the spans of the old bridge.

Beatrice sat by the window. It was closed; but the door that gave on the garden-path was open, and all the sweet scents of the brown earth and the month of April came blowing in from the south.

Beatrice was absently staring at the fire. It was leaping up the blackened chimney, curling around the brass caldron. She rubbed her eyes. Had she for ten years stared at those same flames wriggling and twisting around that same rounded vessel? Was it possible that ten years ago she had seen her lover struck down before her eyes on a vernal, fragrant night like this? and—ten years—ten years!

The chemist sat by the table. A lamp stood there already lighted, for the Spring twilights were not long. His brown dressing-gown was torn at the bottom, and the sleeve was frayed from a burn. An open book lay before him, and at his side stood a basket filled with ripe wheat and barley, and corn and oats; with fruits, with flowers and sweet-scented shrubs of all kinds.

He rubbed his lean hands together; he smiled as he read. He glanced up at Beatrice and put out his hand for her to draw nearer to him. She came. Her eyelids drooped. She stupidly wondered what new chimera she was to listen to to-night. For weeks she had heard nothing, been asked to do nothing save to provide the grains and the fruits and the blossoms, victims to the lust of the insatiable fire that left lying there every morning but the gray ashes of its prey.

"Well, father?" the girl said, patiently.

"Beatrice, it is to be. After years of unremitting toil, privation, study research, I—nay, not only I, but you, *you*—shall look this night into the face of Dudleigh Farrar, and we shall know—if—if he is satisfied."

The old man sank back with a gasp.

The girl still stared at the fire. She was dead to most things; most dead of all to the tale that she had listened to—how many times before?

"Beatrice, listen. You remember when we were last in the Vatican? you remember the priest with whom I chatted—the Florentine with the cold eyes that seemed to watch as we examined the precious manuscripts? you remember him?"

"Very well, father. I do not think he watched us, though."

"Well, well; and if he did;"—the chemist chuckled to himself "You remember that he was privileged; he had access to the rare parchments of the earliest centuries of the Christian era, he fingered them, he handled them—ah!" The old man's eyes close in rapture at the mere mention of such a privilege.

"He was some famous *savant*, doubtless, father; besides, you know, Pope Leo has been more lenient than his predecessors regarding access to the Vatican treasures."

"I know, I know; some *savant*, as you say; a clever one, a knowing one, a thieving one—eh, Beatrice? My old eyes were sharper than your young ones. Our Florentine, beneath his cloak, hid away a parchment, black, musty, delicious! He tripped upon the staircase, as we followed him out, remember? The parchment fell to the ground. I picked it up—eh, Beatrice?" Her father leaned over her young face, and whispered, in a tone of reverent ecstasy, "It was a manuscript of the third century; the treatise of the learned Denescus, the Greek, on the possible return to this world of the disembodied spirit."

Tebay's light, small eyes glowed with a frantic excitement; his trembling fingers clutched the precious treatise.

Beatrice glanced from the leaping flames of the growing fire to her father's eyes, back and forth. She shuddered. Between the two, she was strangely cold.

"Beatrice, listen!" He untied and unfolded the parchment, and spread it open on the table with loving care. "I will translate it for you: 'The soul turneth in moments of silence to the questioning of the idea of original creation. For the guidance of the wanderer, I, Denescus, the humblest of thy followers—O Saulus, the Egyptian—do venture to write out this poor treatise that followeth: Man was the *Thought* of the Supreme, created in the alembic of the eternal mind from the essences of the grains, the juices of fruits, the perfumes of flowers, the odors of shrubs. To them man shall

GENERAL VIEW OF HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

return, as hath been well said of One whom the Jews, I have heard said, put to death, now some three centuries gone. During the lifetime of man, from these he shall derive his sustenance and his pleasure; thus doth he preserve the ideal of original and integral creation.'"

The chemist paused, his lips feebly muttered, as though tasting the passages to come with a keener relish.

"Now, Beatrice," he whispers, leaning nearer to the lamp, his chin within his palms, his elbows holding down the rolling corners of the manuscript of Denescus, "hear this: 'Of the possible calling back of the departed spirit and flesh of man, it hath been said, by those of a greater wisdom than your humble Denescus, that such may not be. Yet it hath forced itself upon the mind of one who hath spent a long and solitary life of thoughtfulness that the saying is but a rash one. Man himself, by the compounding and combining of his own original component elements, by burning them in the heat of fire, even as the Supreme amalgamated them by the everlasting, unquenchable fire of His omnipresent *Thought*, can—if his will and concentrativeness be thereunto sufficiently educated to their highest capable point—*create!*'"

Tebay's voice was so piercing that the girl started from her seat. He laid his hand upon her arm, and she sank trembling in her chair at his side.

"'Create,'" read the chemist, continuing, "'in a fashion greatly modified. Whereas the Supreme created that which He had never seen, and also that which He had not imagined, man must, in his brain, have his ideal; a being whom in life he has beheld quickened. Hold it not in me, O mighty Saulus, a presumptuous vainglory that I do dare and hazard the propounding and setting forth of these mysteries, but your humble follower, I, Denescus, know whereof I do write. So be it that a man can arrive at such bridling of his will, at the putting of such a curb on his concentration, he may, by the employment of such certain methods as I have above set forth, attain to the beholding with his corporal eye, for a little space, the image of such an one as may have preceded him to the grave. Not, O mighty master, that I would that thou should'st rise up and accuse me of evil teaching. I say not that man can create the soul, that undying spark from the Eternal and Supreme, but that he calleth from the shades for a moment the shadow of his fellow who may tell, by the bearing of his brow, if he be well satisfied with what he hath in that place of the hereafter or no.'"

Tebay ceased. He rolled up the parchment and tied the tape. His hands were feverishly shaking.

"Beatrice," murmured her father, "we shall behold Dudleigh Farrar to-night. All is perfected."

The girl sat still, silent. She watched him going about his anxious task.

He pulled the flaming logs far out upon the earth. He took off the little, hissing brass caldron, and replaced it by a much larger one. This he piled high with the ripe grains, the aromatic shrubs, the fruits, and, at the last, the flowers, lilies, roses, lilacs—all the sweet heraldry of sunshine and dew.

He took up a shovelful of cinders and cast them into the bottom. The grains hissed, crackled, caught, and slowly the incense—smoke of all this mass of sweetness and bloom—rose up and filled the belvedere.

Beatrice looked at her father.

She looked again, affrighted.

It seemed to her that no human face before or since could ever have been or be capable of such a fury of concentrativeness—such a zeal and agony of will.

The smoke filled all the little room; it rose and curled, a blue, scented, thickening film, out at the open door.

Still the professor stood, his flame-lighted face with its magnitude of fixity and purpose, turning, it would seem, into stone.

At last he moved his arm a little toward the door. Beatrice's eyes followed his.

They glowed with a magnificent, increasing amazement, satisfaction, content.

The girl looked.

There, there, amid the film, they saw—father and daughter both—Dudleigh Farrar standing; and he smiled at them.

Beatrice put her hands to her head, to her mouth; she was smothering. The smoke! She rushed out of the door; she followed the shadow down the garden-path to the little gate; she threw out her arms; she caught it to her heart; her lips met its lips.

When the professor found her, she was lying on the path, clasping to her breast a branch of the broken lilac-tree above her; the dewy blossoms lay upon her mouth, and—Beatrice Tebay was dead.

HAMPTON COURT.

By W. Seton.

Hampton Court, although it cannot boast of any very great antiquity, will well repay a visit, and, being only a little distance from London, the pleasantest way to get to it is by coach.

Built partly by Henry VIII., partly by Cardinal Wolsey, and added to by later sovereigns, it is to-day in an excellent state of preservation, and may be called the finest show-place in England.

It contains a thousand rooms, and forty-two lady pensioners are allowed to have a home here. In William III.'s Presence Chamber are the portraits known as the "Hampton Court Beauties." This name was given to them by Queen Mary, who had them painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller and hung in this conspicuous part of the Palace, despite the threat that it would make her exceedingly unpopular, which it did among the other ladies of her court who were not equally honored. But in William III.'s State Bedroom is the still more famous collection called the "Windsor Court Beauties," because they formerly hung at Windsor Castle. They were painted for Charles II. by Sir Peter Lely; and among the numberless works of art at Hampton Court none will better repay your attention than these exquisite female figures. As you gaze on them you may easily imagine yourself carried back to those voluptuous days. It does not need Pepys's Diary to tell what frail, light-hearted creatures they were. The artist has shown them to us with

> "Their nightgowns fastened
> with a single pin."

It is said that on one occasion the youngest of these beauties was reminded by a demure and worthy prelate that she ought to mend her ways. "Remember, my child," he said, "that you are nothing but dust." "True, your lordship," answered the quick-witted damsel; "but what beautiful dust!"

As you leave the State Bedroom and go down the Queen's Great Staircase, you see a narrow door leading to an old and very little used gallery. This is known as the Haunted Gallery, for in it is heard the shrieking ghost of Queen Katharine Howard. Before he sent her to the Tower to be beheaded, Henry VIII. confined her in her own chamber. One morning Katharine escaped, and ran along the Gallery to seek an interview with Henry, who was praying in the Chapel; but just as she reached the door the guards seized her and carried her back, while her stony-hearted husband continued his devotions in spite of her screams, which were heard all over the Palace.

Whoever is fond of architecture will not fail to admire the Great Hall of Hampton Court. It was built by Henry VIII., and is covered by the most splendid Gothic roof in England. The length of the Hall is 106 feet, its width 40 feet, and its height 60 feet. The King's company of actors, of which Shakespeare was a member, gave several performances in this Hall.

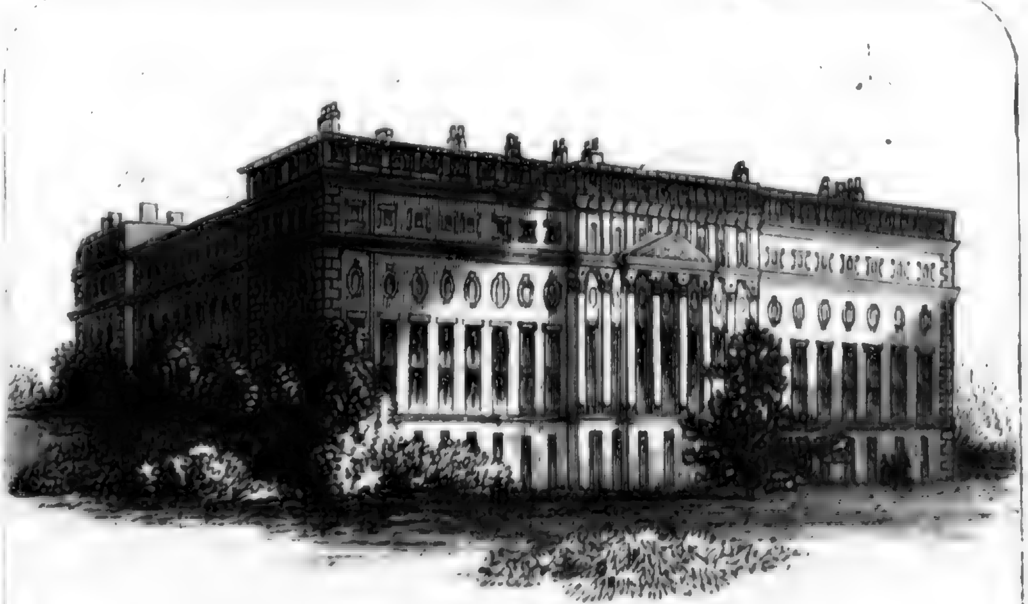
Opposite the public entrance is a doorway, now hidden by tapestry, which leads down a flight of wooden steps into the Great Kitchen, whence—at banquets given to foreign sovereigns or ambassadors—the dishes were brought up to the tables, heralded as they came by the music of the minstrels. In an old romance we read:

> "Fro kechene cam the fyrst cours
> With pipes, and trumps and tabours."

The walls of the body of this Hall are adorned by eight pieces of tapestry, illustrating episodes in the life of Abraham. For richness and splendor these tapestries can scarcely be matched in Europe. They are now, however, much tarnished and can give but a faint idea of their former brilliancy. They were made after designs by the Flemish painter Bernard van Orley.

But magnificent as is the Great Hall, the room known as the Withdrawing Room, filled as it is with an air of Gothic gloom and antiquity, is, perhaps, the most charming part of the Palace.

It was built by Henry VIII. in 1535, and the tapestries here are of a more antique character than those in the Hall. They were worked in 1470, from designs illustrating Petrarch's Triumphs of Love, Chastity, Death, Fame, Time and Divinity.



ROYAL PALACE, HAMPTON, BEFORE THE FIRE OF 1882.

The Astronomical Clock at Hampton Court may perhaps be more interesting to some visitors than even the paintings and tapestries. This clock, the first of its kind in England, was made for King Henry VIII.; but who designed it has long puzzled antiquarians.

It was put up at the time the King was making love in this Palace to Katharine Howard. But the big dial had scarcely completed its first annual revolution when Katharine was carried away from the sound of its voice, to take her trial for high treason.

In the part of the Palace called Fountain Court two perfect human skeletons were discovered in 1871. They were the remains of fullgrown men, and it was evident that they had been hastily buried. It is supposed that they had lain there 250 years, and that they were the victims of some Roundhead villainy during the Great Rebellion. The magnificent terrace of Hampton Court, called the Long Walk, which extends alongside the Thames for half a mile, appears, from a report of Sir Christopher Wren's, to have been begun in 1700. The raising of so enormous a mass of earth cost a very great sum, and it was considered the noblest work of its kind in Europe.

At the end of the Long Walk is an oblong inclosure, formerly the Bowling Green, in each corner of which was a small pavilion. Only the southeastern one now remains. Here the Court resorted on Summer afternoons to play at bowls and to sip coffee.

The gardens of the Palace, although dwarfed by the grandeur of the Long Walk, should not be passed ununnoticed.

In the Privy Garden Henry VIII. strolled in amorous converse with Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Katharine Howard and Catharine Parr. Here Philip and Mary walked together during their gloomy honeymoon ; here Elizabeth had a clandestine meeting with the Earl of Arran.

West of the Privy Garden is the Pond Garden. It includes several little gardens, separated from each other by low walls, and incloses bowers, banks and shady nooks, such as were in vogue in Tudor times.

At the end of the Pond Garden is the vine known as the Great Vine. It is said to be the largest in the world, and was planted in 1768. The grape is of the Black Hamburg variety. The greatest girth of this vine at present is three feet, and its main branch is 114 feet long. Beyond the Pond Garden is the Wilderness. In the Wilderness is the Maze, which seems the chief popular attraction of Hampton Court. Although the space covered by the Maze is barely half an acre, its walks are half a mile long, and three or four false steps on going in are enough to perplex the rambler, and he will not easily find his way out.

The last object to interest us as we emerge from the Wilderness, and bid adieu to Hampton Court, are the Lion Gates, so called from two huge lions of carved stone on the piers. They were put up by Queen Anne, whose initial is carved between the columns.

After passing the Gates we drive away through Bushy Park, along an avenue planned in William III.'s reign. The Park contains a thousand acres, and we might easily imagine, as we gaze upon the majestic oaks and the herds of deer, that we are living in the days of Robin Hood, instead of in the nineteenth century, and only a few miles from London.

It is not low wages alone, but ignorance and incompetency, that produce want and sickness and crime.

CASTLES.

By Sydney Grey.

In far-off days that are no more,
When life and joy went hand in hand,
I used to play beside the shore,
And build upon the sunny sand.
Such lordly structures were upraised
Of pebbles wet with ocean spray;
But often, even while I gazed,
The wavelets washed them all away.

Then childhood faded like a dream,
And youth assumed a sovereign right
To make the mystic future seem
An endless vision of delight.
No longer by the pebbly strand
Rose wall and fort with mimic care:
Instead of on the shifting sand,
I built my castles in the air.

Now youth could give me magic aid,
And tower and turret quickly grew;
And oh! what wondrous scenes we made—
My castles then were fair to view!
With arch and buttress bravely decked—
For Fancy is a workman free—
Ah, never was an architect
More skillful and more bold than he.

Anon, when age and I were linked
Together by swift passing years,
These fairy halls grew indistinct—
Or was it that I looked through tears?
For, even as the sun's bright rays
Oft die in mist ere day is done,
So, slowly, in a gathering haze,
My castles vanished one by one.

Thus youth's sweet promise ends in pain
And earth is still delusive found,
Only that we may form again
A certain hope on surer ground.
If Faith, in place of Fancy, guide,
We need not fear time's rudest shock;
But safely build, whate'er betide,
Upon the Everlasting Rock.

CURIOUS MARRIAGES.

According to some of the novels of the present day, it is only the lovely nymphs of seventeen or eighteen, and the fascinating swains of three or four and twenty, who have any business to think of matrimony. The poor plain ones, or those who have passed the meridian of life, are looked upon as completely shelved ; the hymeneal torch is not to be lit for them, and the little god of Love passes them over with contempt. But is this really the fact ?

On the contrary, there were never more extraordinary contradictions than we find in the history of marriages ; we see women marrying men young enough to be their grandsons ; crabbed Age and Youth often live together in perfect harmony ; and May and December are constantly united with the happiest results. Almost every marriage is a nine-days' wonder, and creates much astonishment, speculation, and lifting up of hands. Quite recently, a Dorsetshire clergyman of eighty years of age electrified his congregation by publishing his own banns in the parish church. It is always necessary to be prepared for these surprises. The blind, deaf, halt and maimed are not exempt from the contagion of matrimony ; and so far from youth and loveliness being the only victims of Hymen, we find some of the loveliest women consigned to single-blessedness ; while their less favored sisters are happy wives and mothers. The par-

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ticulars of many curious marriages are not revealed to the public; but during the last century, less reticence was observed in the matter; the ages of the respective parties were frequently put down without reserve, and the fortunes of the ladies were mentioned with much gusto.

Among these announcements, a few of the more remarkable are worth selecting. Here is one from an old magazine for June, 1778: "A few days ago was married at St. Bridget's Church, in Chester, Mr. George Harding, aged one hundred and seven, to Mrs. Catharine Woodward, aged eighty-three. So singular a union could not fail of exciting the admiration and surprise of a numerous congregation, before whom the ceremony was performed. The bridegroom served in the army thirty-nine years, during the reigns of Queen Anne, George I., and part of George II. He is now particularly hearty, in great spirits, and retains all his faculties to an extraordinary perfection. This is his fifth wife; the last one he married in his one hundred and fifth year; and he is Mrs. Woodward's fourth husband. It is also worthy of observation that the above old man's diet has been, for the last thirty years past, chiefly buttermilk boiled with a little flour, and bread and cheese." As a pendant to this, we come across another announcement a few years later: "Mr. Thomas Dawson, of Northallerton, aged ninety, to Miss Golightly, a bouncing damsel of sixty-four. The anxious bridegroom had been a widower almost six weeks."

As instances of youth and age going together, we may give the case of "Mrs. Horn, an agreeable widow with a genteel fortune, aged seventy-nine, who married William Steptoe, aged about thirty." We are again startled by the following announcement in January, 1805: "At Tynemouth Church, a young man about twenty-three to a woman aged eighty-six, who had been the mother of seventeen children. Notwithstanding the banns had been but twice published the experienced lady repaired to the church, where she was soon joined by her lover, and declared she would not leave without completing her errand. She waited till the forenoon service was over, during which time she was frequently requested to leave the vestry, but all to no effect. She complained bitterly at her negligence in having forgotten to bring her pocket-bottle and tobacco-pipe with her. The bridegroom apologized for not being acquainted with the forms of the church, as he had never been in one since he was christened; and if appearances could be believed, water did not seem to have been upon his face since that period."

We find another very curious marriage announced in the following terms: "Lately, at Newcastle, Mr. Silvertop to Mrs. Pearson. This is the third time that the lady has been before the altar in the character of a bride, and there has been something remarkable in each of her three connubial engagements. Her first husband was a Quaker; her second, a Roman Catholic; and her third is a Protestant of the Established Church. Each husband was twice her age. At sixteen, she married a gentleman of thirty-two; at thirty, she took one of sixty; and now, at forty-two, she is united to a gentleman of eighty-four."

A great sensation was created in the year 1778 by the marriage of the then celebrated female historian, Mrs. Catharine Macaulay, who was far advanced in years, with a surgeon's mate, under age, of the name of Graham. Mrs. Macaulay was quite a literary lioness; and Dr. Wilson, an elderly and learned admirer of her talents, had actually built a house for her, called Albert House; this he presented to her with furniture and a valuable library. He even went so far as to have medals struck in her honor. Great, therefore, was the amazement amongst the literary and fashionable world of Bath when Mrs. Macaulay, who had always been considered a rock of sense by her friends, made this extraordinary match.

In Mr. Cudworth's interesting book, "Round about Bradford," he mentions the low status of the colliers of Wibsey in the year 1851, and says that the humiliating spectacle of the wedding of "Johnny and Betty" is not yet forgotten, nor the collection of oddities and absurdities that passed through the streets of Bradford in that year, on the way to the parish church. On a couple of yards of painted calico, the secret of all this rejoicing was told in the following words:

"At John's and Betty's wedding,
We will merry be,
For Johnny's sixty-five,
And Betty's seventy-three!"

Mr. Cudworth also relates that the incumbent of Wilsden, Mr. Barber, was once called upon to perform a "marriage on trust." There was a person living at Haworth parish known by the name of "Moses o' Lukie." Moses having persuaded a woman to take him "for better, for worse," they appeared at Wilsden Church to be married; but when the knot was tied, the happy couple had no money to pay the fees! Moses promised to pay the reverend gentleman in *besoms;* and honestly kept his word. This reminds us of a couple who, not having the wherewithal to buy a wedding-ring, the large key of the church-door had to be temporarily used for the purpose.

Ireland was not behindhand in the oddity of its marriages; we come across whole clusters of them in Walker's *Hibernian Magazine.* Among them are the following: "Mr. John Hogarty, of Ballymanduff, County Dublin, aged twenty, to Mrs. Flood of said place, aged eighty-six." "The Rev. Athanasius Huring, aged eighty-two, to Miss Carr, aged twenty-two, an agreeable young lady with a fortune of fifteen thousand pounds." "Mr. Richards, gardener, to Miss Mary Roper. The bridegroom is in the sixty-second year of his age, and five feet four inches high; the bride aged twenty-one, and only two feet eleven inches in height."

A match in high life between a certain Dowager Duchess and a handsome Irishman, Mr. Hussey, created a great deal of heartburning and envy. Hanbury Williams, one of the rejected suitors, composed some very spiteful veres on the occasion.

The problem how to unmarry a couple was attempted by a clergyman in the West Riding of Yorkshire in the year 1804. He found out on inquiry that he had married a young man and woman who were brother and sister by marriage (probably a deceased wife's sister). The clergyman, afraid that he might be punished for uniting this couple, attempted to unmarry them by taking the bride's bonnet from her head and placing the church Bible thereon; but the charm was not successful; and the loving pair firmly resisted this innovation of undoing the hymeneal knot.

Some very curious changes of names have taken place in marriage. In Derbyshire, there now lives a woman who has been married three times. Her maiden name was Wildgoose—quite a common one in that locality—she changed it first for that of Fox, then for that of Goodlad, and finally settled down as Mrs. Derbyshire. A Mr. Bacon was once married to a Miss Beans; and a Miss Pane married a Mr. Glass. Abundant instances of the same sort might be multiplied; but enough have been given to show how strangely things sometimes work out in the important matter of matrimony.

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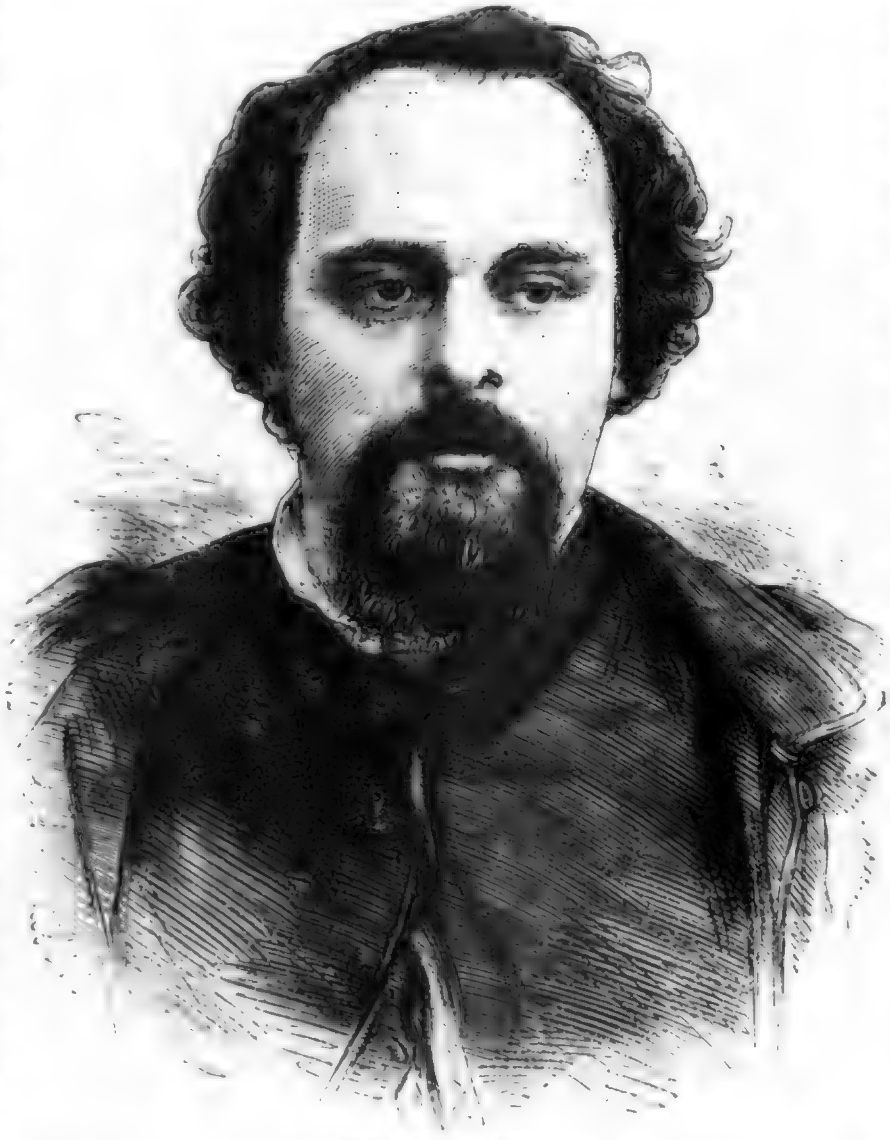
ECCENTRIC RECLUSES.

By Walter Edgar M'Cann.

The philosophers and essayists have written so much about solitude that it might be difficult to develop anything new on the subject. There is a mysterious fascination in the condition of an individual living apart from his fellow-beings, and such a one must be, as Cato thought, either greater or less than a man. To be able to find content in such a condition has been considered to show extraordinary superiority of mind, and it seems indisputable that all great geniuses—the thinkers, the reformers, the mystics—have preferred and sought this isolation.

The motives which have led certain temperaments to seek seclusion from their kind are various. Writers like Zimmermann have endeavored to analyze these impulses, which in some appear rational and in others perverted. The mass of lore gathered is very curious. In early times and later—seldom in our own, except among those who join religious communities—men sought a spiritual retreat. It seemed impossible to save the soul amid the tumult and sin of the world, and hence the many pious hermits who retreated to the deserts. Here they lived in fasting and prayer, offering up the hardships of their experience as expiation for their own sins or those of the world. The lives of these pious men, particularly those who underwent great suffering and deprivations, are too familiar to be recounted; others have abandoned the world from the failure of some cherished ambition, and still others from disappointment in love. The loss of one desired being has made all existence blank. Some, stricken by disease, such as leprosy, have sought or perhaps been driven from human society. In the Middle Ages there were many such, who, living in some cave or other dreary refuge, kept a bell or rattle to warn all loiterers to remain at a distance. There have been many who have fled from their kind to pursue alone a cherished dream or occupation, and of these the alchemists and necromancers are instances, and there have been also men of genius who have secluded themselves from a feeling of superiority over the rest of the world. The last-named would form a list of great length, comprising many of the most illustrious names in literature and art.

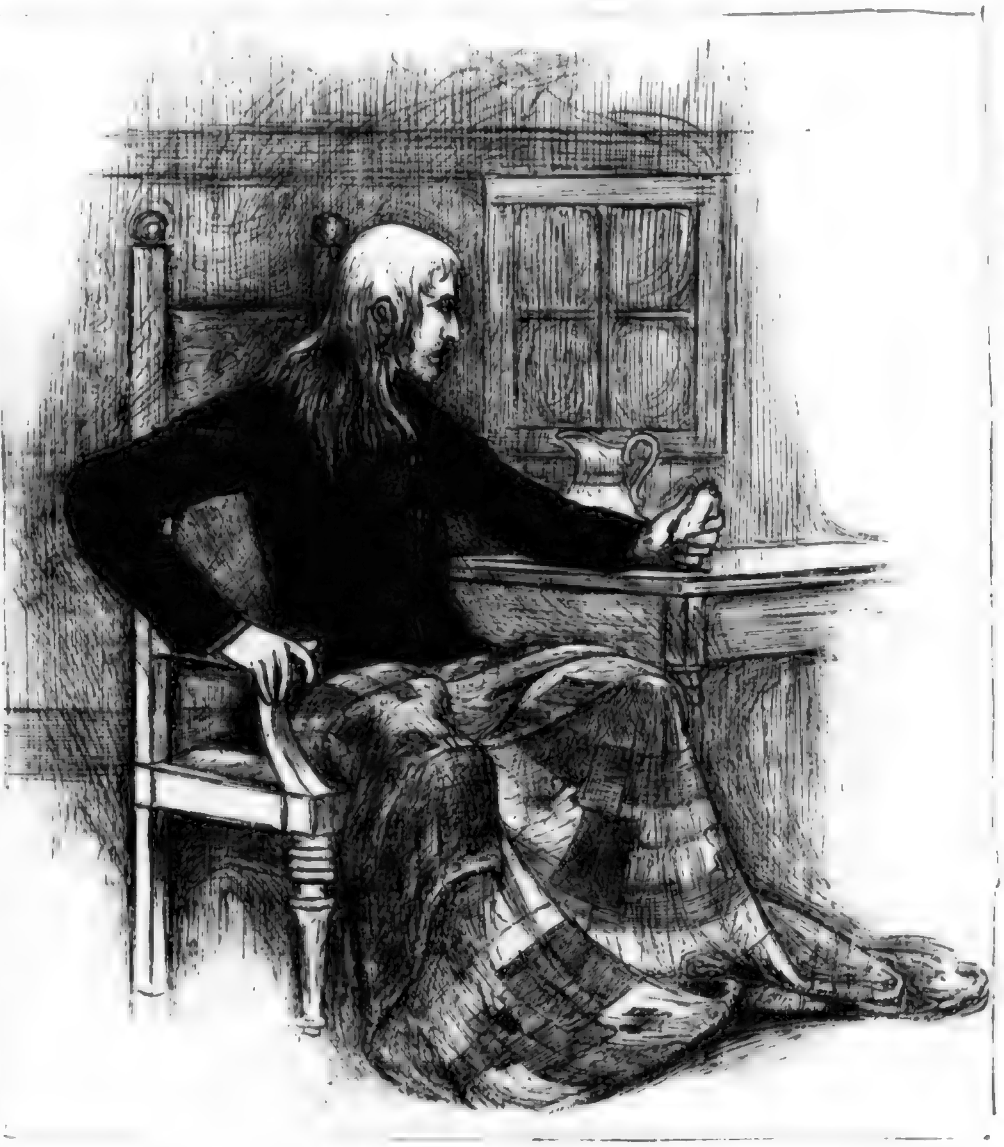


DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

It can scarcely be denied that the root of every impulse of this kind is perverted, and that the desire for solitude proceeds in reality from selfishness. "It is not good for man to be alone," was the axiom long ago laid down, and is there not also the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"? It may be suggested that all human conduct is due to selfish motives; but the choice of a solitary life is a deliberate relinquishment of the natural duties. He who lives apart from his fellows declines his share in the requirements which hold human society together. It is true he may reply that there is no claim upon him because he does not wish to form a part of the human congregation; but by the conditions of his existence, as laid down by the Creator, he really has no option in the matter.

Such is the conclusion of all moralists, philosophers and essayists who have discussed the question. And yet it can be realized how much enjoyment for quiet and introspective minds can be derived from this mode of living. There is, first of all, the perfect liberty that the hermit commands. He is responsible to no one for his time or movements. He has no occasion, unless from the feeling of curiosity, to know the hour or the day of the week. Away from the busy haunts of men he is really not obliged to keep the run of anything. We can see the relish that Thoreau in his cabin at Walden drew from this source—the complete obliteration of the idea of rule and conventionality. Routine, which is so irksome, is no more. There is a feeling of complete indifference to all laws, customs and regulations whatsoever

It is mostly very original minds which have secluded themselves from mankind, and the reason is not always pride, but rather the rarity of sympathy. The great human search is, of course, for happiness. Love for others is founded on the likeness we find in them to ourselves. The most stolid clown, although he may not be aware of it, is constantly studying himself. He enjoys the discoveries he is always making with regard to his own personality. Knowledge with him, as indeed with all, is only what is acquired by his own experiences. Minds of great originality find it difficult to be understood. Their opinions are at variance with those of the world in general, and opposition, even criticism, is irritating. Absorbed in themselves, they are enabled to look with indifference, and even contempt, on those who differ with them. The sustaining thought is that they will be better understood, and perhaps honored, in the future; and hence, like the man who plants trees, they are laboring for posterity.



MR. KEITH, OF CATERHANS COMMON.

Indolence, too, is the motive which directs many to solitude. The perpetual activity of a busy age like the present is irksome to calmer temperaments. Indolence and idleness are not the same. To those of reflective turn there is the charm of complete leisure and freedom for the mind, which is always busy. The brain is a city in which there is incessant traffic and stir. Thoughts are continually arriving and setting off. They are travelers of all climes, complexions and attire. Thus the philosopher of this sort, solitary in situation though he be, is really never alone. His mind to him a kingdom is, and no monarch has such obedient subjects. There is no country whither he may not be transported in an instant, and no act in the drama of history of which he may not be a spectator, without any other cost or trouble than the wish.

The chief charm of this secluded existence is introspection, for we find that, although most of the moralists who have thus dwelt apart, while affecting to study mankind, were in truth occupied with themselves. Montaigne in his castle dwelt on men and manners, but it is of himself and his peculiarities that he is constantly telling us. The artfulness with which this is done is the chief charm of his essays. He is on this account the most interesting character in literature. Without actually obtruding himself he is the most persistent of egotists, and the most delightful. He beguiles us to follow him in all his moods. No one else since has possessed the skill to so great a degree of making trifles of importance. His likes and dislikes, his accomplishments and weaknesses, the character of his appetite, his fancy in the direction of dress, his horsemanship, his ailments, how he treats his servants—all these are chronicled with a minuteness which in others would be tedious enough, but in this garrulous Gascon is of absorbing interest. Montaigne was a man who, as we see, and as he himself tells us, lived very much alone. He had abundance of leisure, and hence his delight in the observation of little things. It is not necessary for a man to travel to store his mind. If fond of worshiping he can find enough about him in the obscurest village to write volumes upon, for every village is in its way an epitome of the great world about it. Some of the wisest books have been made by men who never stirred from the fireside.

The meditative, introspective habit, which is, perhaps, an affliction, draws men into themselves by degrees. There is, of course, the predisposition to melancholy, and a sadness of disposition may be apparent from the earliest years, but we have no note of young hermits. It is experience of the world which brings true seriousness, and a disgust for it when that result follows. Even Rousseau did not retire from mankind until he was forty. The abrupt and passionate withdrawals which proceed from some violent disappointment, as in love, seldom continue. The motive is of pique and resentment, and is therefore fleeting. There is no feeling so unsubstantial or short-lived. It is impossible for youth, the period of activity, not to experience an interest in the doings of the great world from which it is separated. Curiosity is irresistible. Ambition also counts for much.

Hawthorne is often quoted as a recluse, but, like Montaigne, he was one of the most diligent students of

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mankind. Although living in the shadow, he was incessantly watchful of the world about him. Like the crow perched on the solitary bough, although little noticed himself, he saw everything. He was simply a man of shy and retiring habits. He had his wife and family and chosen friends. He read all the new books as they came out, and the newspapers, and kept informed of the events of the day. Anxiety over the Civil War is said to have much to do with his death. His deep interest in the doings of his fellow-men was constantly maintained. Perhaps there never was any one less a misanthropist.

Amid the hum and shock of men—to be in the crowd and not of them—this, according to Byron, is real solitude. The most interesting of recluses, therefore, are those who have lived in large cities, shut up in some lonely room, watching the world from the windows, seeing the processions in the streets, hearing the anthems of triumph or the melancholy funeral marches, and looking upon all with haughty or cynical eye, or the cold aspect of indifference. Such a one was Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the morbid reserve of whose London life makes so strange a chapter in his history. Those who knew him declare that there was no more cordial friend, nor was he averse to making fresh acquaintance. The simplicity and kindliness of his address had a novel and peculiar charm, inasmuch as it so differed from the artificial bearing of men who mingle with the world. A friend describes "his bewitching air of sympathy. On closer intimacy this stately manner would break up into wild fits of mirth, and any sketch of Rossetti would be incomplete that did not describe his loud and infectious laughing." His secluded life in his London house is inexplicable to many—his morbid preference to be alone. He absolutely took no interest in passing events. One day during the French Revolution an acquaintance burst into his studio with the startling news: "Louis Philippe has landed in England!" "Has he?" said Rosetti, calmly. "What has he come for?" He did not even read the newspapers, and political changes were nothing to him. In course of time this melancholy tendency developed into chloral-drinking and its attendant horrors, and then followed shattered health and death.

There are some people, it need not be said, who cannot exist without knowing what is going on. In the country it is not so necessary, but even there the craving arises for news. I remember a kindly soul who, in the dearth of that commodity, was accustomed to send his wife forth to forage through the neighborhood, and those were happy evenings when, by fire and lamp, he sat and listened to her honest gossip. He liked his rural existence, and could not have endured the town; but there was a vacancy in his days when he was not kept informed of the doings of the neighbors—who was ill or dying or getting married. A fresh budget of this sort of intelligence was a necessary stimulant. There was something to talk over for days when it arrived.

A sudden shock has sometimes led to a life of seclusion, and there is the strange case, which has come down to our time, of Henry Welby, the hermit of Grub Street, London, who died in 1636, at the age of eighty-four. When about forty years old Welby came near losing his life through the anger of his brother, who attempted to take his life with a pistol. The weapon fortunately did not explode. Welby was so shocked, so impressed with the uncertainty of life, so grateful for his escape, that he determined thenceforth to live alone. His temperament was both timid and reflective. He was, nevertheless, fond of society, and his resolution was really a great sacrifice. But he carried it out with singular tenacity of purpose. He chose three chambers in his house, communicating with one another, and chose the first as a dining-room, the second for his study, and the third for sleeping purposes. He never allowed his servant to be in the same apartment with him, when the domestic appeared always withdrawing to the next. An old chronicle relates that for forty-four years he never once issued from these chambers till he was borne thence upon men's shoulders; nor in all that time did any human being look upon his face. He had a good library, and devoted himself to prayers and reading. He inquired out objects of charity and sent them relief! He would spy from his window, by a private prospect, any sick, lame or weak passer-by and send comfort and money to them. His hair became so long that, as we are told, at the time of his death he appeared rather like an eremite of the wilderness than an inhabitant of a city. In his case, for once, we find that a solitary life did not produce misanthropy. A man thrown entirely on himself is apt to lose interest in his fellow-beings, and so gradually arises contempt for them and their enterprises. Very few, like Welby, preserve a sympathetic spirit, and he deserves the immortality that attaches to his name.

There have been other instances. At No. 1 Adam Street, London, there is shown, unless it has come down lately, the house where lived for twenty years in total seclusion George Blomire, barrister-at-law. He occupied the first floor. He was a man of eccentric belief, but of sound mind. No one was permitted to enter his rooms, but his meals were left in an antechamber. He was found dead one morning in an armchair in which he was accustomed to sleep. He had perished from exhaustion and neglect, although with a great deal of money. His rooms were filled with books, valuable plate, rare engravings and like treasures.

A year or two ago the London *Morning Post* told the story of Mr. Keith, of Caterhans Common, Surrey, who, like Blomire, and nearly all the tribe of hermits, was one day found dead in his retreat. He was a man of means. After his wife's death he never left his house nor allowed any one to enter it. As its windows were broken he repaired them with boards or stuffed them with rags. The garden was a wilderness. When at length, one day, he failed to indicate his presence by the smoke from his chimney, the door was broken open, and the interior of his mysterious retreat explored. Charles Dickens says that the word hermit is generally a synonym of dirt, and so it certainly proved to be in this case. Nothing had been touched for years. Furniture, clothing, books, newspapers, packets of documents, empty bottles, cooking utensils, ashes and other refuse covered every floor in the house. Undisturbed were found the clothes of Mr. Keith's wife, just as she had left them when she died. The editor of the *Morning Post* remarks that "there was no egotism in Mr. Keith. He hated life, and he showed his hatred of it very consistently. He had, no doubt, conscientious scruples against suicide, for it is difficult to suppose that he could have found existence pleasant or even tolerable."

There was another hermit of the same type of which this newspaper speaks. He preferred city life to the desert, and even mixed with his fellow-beings, although he never spoke to them. He belonged to a large club in Pall Mall, and sometimes went there; but to all intents and purposes he led as solitary a life as Crusoe on his island. It turned out after he was dead that he was worth nearly a million of money. But nobody, not even the hall porter, had the least idea who he was or where he came from, or who, if any, were his relations; and his proposer and seconder had been dead for years. There were no letters or papers to afford the least clew, and his great wealth was all in convertible securities. This man, although spending all his time in the very centre of London life, was as truly a hermit as if he had lived in a hut in the wilderness. He simply existed, and the world could have had no interest for him. But he was not a cynic, for he made no parade of his misanthropy. The editor of the paper which recounts his peculiar story remarks that "misanthropy is the keynote of the hermit's life. He either hates the world, or else is tired of it, or is absolutely indifferent to it. He accepts existence as a bad bargain, and looks upon existence in much the same frame of mind as a fox-hunter looks through the window at a hard frost. It is not at all necessary that he should live in dirt and rags. Many of the hermits of the Middle Ages had very comfortable little places of their own in the desert or on the mountain-side, and were experts in the growth of the melon, the vine and the cucumber. And, we may add, if you can win the confidence of the hermit you will find him, as a rule, a very pleasant and instructive person. There is a deep vein of wisdom in him, and a mellow humor not always bitter and unkindly. It may even be doubted whether hermits, as compared with other people, have not rather the best of life. They shirk its duties and responsibilities, but they avoid its anxieties, and their selfishness has in it no element of malevolence."

It is hard to believe in these stories of the hermits, who seem like beings of romance or another age. There is a house in Baltimore where a most singular specimen resided for many years, and it is curious to note the popular interest in this venerable and dilapidated dwelling. For some time now it has been unoccupied, and naturally has come to possess the reputation of being haunted. I never pass there without looking up at its closed windows, with their green shutters, and at the quaint dormer on the roof and the two toppling chimneys. The wind and rain have done their work upon the paint outside this strange building. The door is hammered up and the bell-pull long ago gone. Here, at 118 Greene Street, as the house is designated, resided for fifteen years the melancholy recluse William H. Israel, a member of one of the oldest families in the city. A miscarriage of the affections is said to have been the secret of this long period of self-imprisonment. No person, except his physician and his attorney, was ever allowed to interrupt his solitude. A colored man brought him his food and it was passed through a window. After Mr. Israel's death, not long ago, it was found that he had lived without any clothing except an old tattered blanket around his shoulders and a few rags dangling from his waist. His hair and beard were unkempt and reached to the middle of his person. His finger-nails were as long as the fingers themselves. How the hermit passed his time in the darkness within can only be conjectured. He was a man of education and in the early part of his life had traveled considerably, and his mind and memory were clear even up to the time of his death, when he had reached the age of seventy. He left a fortune of more than sixty thousand dollars.

A man who has traveled or read much has abundant resources in solitude. Sumner Hartwell, the octogenarian hermit of Shirley, Massachusetts, was a marvel of ignorance. He lived and died in the room where he was born. He passed half his life in a locality where he could hear the whistle of the locomotive daily, yet he never rode in a train or even saw one. He had no idea of the nature of the telegraph instrument, or of the telephone. Horse-cars were known to him only by name. Although living but two miles from the City of Fitchburg and within sight of its steeples, he had never visited it. He had never attended a country cattle-show, or heard of a thousand things familiar to every schoolboy in the land. For forty years he had not attended a church, but his last request was that the bell upon a neighboring Unitarian chapel be tolled for his memory, as it was. All this is said to have followed from an early disappointment in love.

The story of Diogenes living in a tub is supposed by some to have a sort of allegorical meaning; but R. D. Tutts, of Portland, Oregon, actually led an existence of this character, although on a more extended scale than that of the ancient philosopher. His tub was oblong, 10 feet in length, 6 in width and 4 in depth. This habitation had a tin-covered roof, and the space between the top of the staves and the ceiling served the double purpose of ventilation and light. A carpet was laid on the floor and there were pictures on the walls, and the furniture comprised two chairs and a bed, swinging hammock-fashion. Here Mr. Tutts resided for many years, in comfort, according to his ideas, and single-blessedness.

Recluses, as we have seen, may be often men of culture, and a love for solitude by no means always implies indifference to the elegances of life. There was, for instance, the aged Herr Nohl, who died some years ago in Cassel, and whose effects upon his decease were sold at auction. For a long period he occupied two large rooms whose walls were covered with costly paintings which he had inherited from his father and grandfather. He slept on a bed in the middle of one of those chambers and never allowed himself the luxury of a stove, even in the coldest winter. According to his own story, he was never weary of studying his genuine Raphael and his accredited Rubens. The late King of Hanover was very anxious to possess two or three of Nohl's famous pictures, and during his visit to Cassel he sent his chamberlain to the hermit with a splendid offer for them. The owner was at that time so poor and wretched that he consented, after much hesitation, to part with one of the three most valuable. He could not sleep for grief the whole of the following night, and early the next morning he appeared at the chamberlain's door and said, with tears in his eyes: "Herr Baron, I feel as if I had sold one of my children. I have had no peace since the deed was done. The King must have the money again. I could not live if I missed one of my pictures from its place on the wall." The King good-naturedly consented; and, anxious to relieve the old man, proposed that he should settle in Hanover and bring his pictures with him, promising him a pension as *Custos*, with the understanding that he should bequeath the collection to the King on payment of a stipulated sum. Nohl at first agreed to this arrangement, but informed the King that he must continue to sleep in the midst of his pictures as long as he lived. But this point was one the King would not concede. The old man returned to his penury at Cassel, overjoyed at his release. He died, as he had lived, surrounded by his beloved paintings. A while before, the Ober-President of Hesse-Cassel, Von Moller, visited him to ask him if he could render him any service. "Yes," said Nohl, "cut down the vile poplar which darkens my room and obscures my view." Von Moller shrugged his shoulders, but the request was complied with.

Rank does not alway simply satisfaction with the conditions of existence. The penalties of wealth and station may grow irksome, or may be even so, as the expression is, by nature. There was a member of the Byron family

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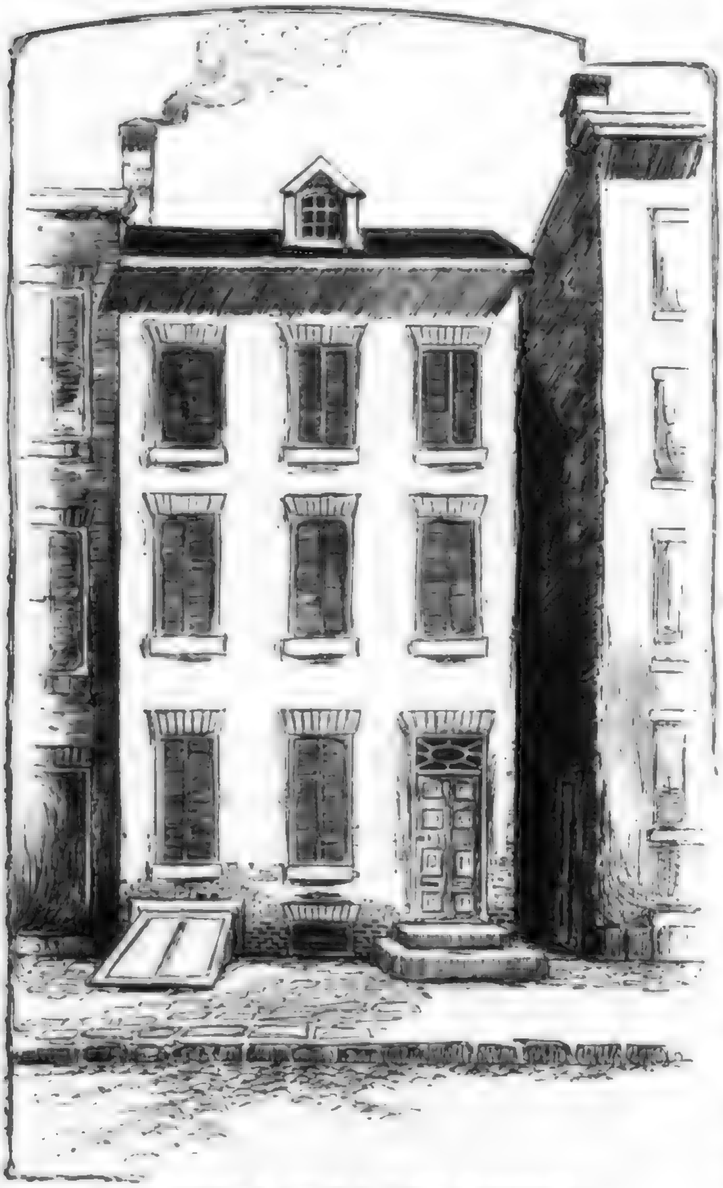


WILLIAM H. ISRAEL'S HOUSE, BALTIMORE.

—a direct descendant of the poet and wearing the title—who went to sea as a common sailor before the mast. Here the curious Byron eccentricity is exhibited, and the natural taste of the family for a lonely, moody existence. It will be remembered that the Lord Byron who shot Mr. Chaworth lived in seclusion, with no companions but crickets, for many years before his death. It is not unlikely that the poet himself would have ended, had he not died so young, by becoming a hermit. He seems to have been gradually withdrawing from the world in his latter years, and he often spoke in his bantering way of entering a monastery.

If rank has its privileges, however, it also has its exactions, and the man of title and wealth who shuts himself up as a hermit commits a species of crime against society. A character of this sort, who was indifferent to the opinions of his neighbors on the subject, and who never saw them, but possessed a morbid dislike to the human race in general, was the late Duke of Portland, so often written about. Welbeck Abbey, where His Grace lived for so many years under ground, will always be famed for its subterranean passages extending for miles, and its wonderful apartments, including a spacious ballroom and suites of chambers of all sorts, in the bosom of the earth. The Duke follows the principle that hermits as a class are men of culture, and generally of literary taste. Not seldom it is the desire to possess, uninterrupted, some favorite speculation or hobby which draws them into seclusion. The Duke of Portland had a mania for art. The large Gothic hall at Welbeck, with its fan-like tracery on the ceiling, the elaborate designs and splendid decorations, was most interesting and striking. Hundreds of paintings adorn the walls throughout the abbey, and it is said that when any work ceased to please its owner he disposed of it by the simple process of casting it into the fire. The lofty and magnificent passages of Welbeck have been often described, and are seen with wonder and admiration by visitors, now admitted freely by the present wearer of the title of Portland. They are brilliantly lighted by means of costly apparatus for attracting the sunlight, and where sunlight cannot be admitted, by gaslights. Here is the famous "riding school," whose like is not to be found in the world. Not a riding school in reality, but a splendid museum of art 180 feet in length. Many pictures are arranged in the gallery, and on the oak floor are thousands of rare books. Four chandeliers, each weighing a ton, furnish the light, and there are over two thousand gas jets. Mirrors adorn its walls, and the decorations are superb. Many years were required to construct this spacious chamber, or rather series of chambers. Another picture gallery, reached by a spiral staircase at one end, and by a subterranean passage at the other, looks like a vast ball-room. The wonderful deep tone of the oaken floor was obtained by washing it regularly with rare old Welbeck ale. The illumination is furnished by twenty-seven octagonal lights, and by night four magnificent crystal chandeliers. On the walls are nearly two hundred grand works by Raphael, Vandyke, Rembrandt, Rubens, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others. There are many other underground chambers, and miles of underground passages, excavated at enormous cost, all splendidly decorated and lighted, and free from draughts. Three persons may walk abreast through the subterranean streets. There lived the old Duke, in such complete solitude that he would not even permit his servants to see him. His aversion to society did not arise from disappointment or any of the other usual causes, but he seems merely to have liked being alone.

The immeasurable resources afforded by books are in no way so well illustrated as in the lives of the recluses. For men to live in solitude without them appears an existence even below that of the beasts. But with them he may people the desert with the finest company in the world. Ranged about him they stand, silent, unobtrusive, yet ever ready with the wisest counsel and most delightful entertainment. Some of the world's solitaries have passed their whole lives in this mute and splendid companionship, so that the word recluse applied to such beings appears, in truth, a misnomer. One of these was Mr. Ryan, the famous old librarian of the Kilkenny Library Society. This worthy scholar made books his idols. He not only denied himself every luxury, but even many of the necessaries, in order to add to his collection, the library of which he was custodian being insufficient to satisfy his literary cravings. He lived in the upper part of the Society's premises, but admitted no one to his room upon any pretense whatever. As happens generally with the brotherhood of hermits, he died suddenly, some ten or twelve years ago. To those who entered his bedroom there was disclosed nothing in the way of furniture but a chair and an old sofa. The latter served for his bed, and upon it for a covering lay a pair of dingy blankets. Everywhere else were heaped piles of books. The adjoining sitting-room was crowded in like manner. The volumes were so numerous that for want of time on the owner's part some of them had not been opened. Yet he was an incessant reader. Even as he ate his frugal meals some treasured author dined with him.

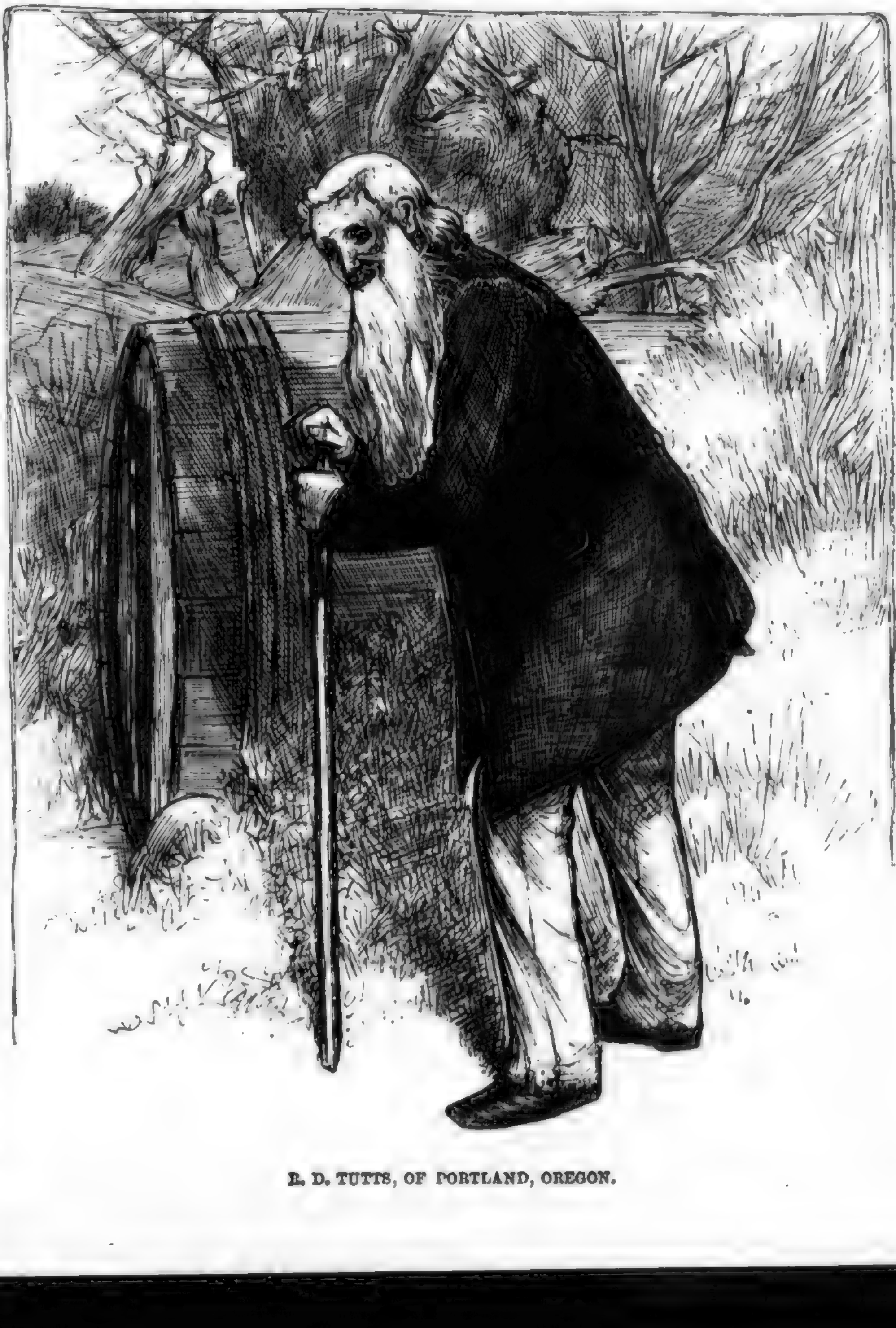
Old Mr. Ryan's case is by no means the only one on record. A few years ago the newspapers contained lengthy and curious accounts of Jacob De Leon, the Delancy Street hermit, who is, I believe, still living and at present confined in an asylum. For fourteen years he lived in the three-story brick house two doors west of Forsyth Street, New York, in complete seclusion. The shutters were always tightly closed, and it was seldom that a light could be seen in any of the rooms. Within, the walls and ceilings of the rooms were covered with cobwebs to the depth of two feet, hiding from view the pictures and other ornaments. De Leon's library was filled with valuable books, some of them of the rarest character.

Quite a singular personage was Legrand Fairman, a bachelor of eighty-one, who died some four or five years ago in his lonely residence, No. 35 East Ninth Street, New York. He was a miser as well as a recluse, and left property worth nearly one hundred thousand dollars. He made use of but one room, but was of more cleanly and decent habits than most of the fraternity. Very nearly his only occupation was reading, and on the morning of his death he was found dressed, sitting in a chair, his head drooped, his eyes closed, and his hands, with a book in them, in peaceful attitude on his lap. His hat was near, as if he was about to go out. He looked like a man who had sat down for a brief rest before starting upon some business. In that composed condition he had set out upon the final journey of all.

It is curious to read of such lives, and yet, after all, they must be considered selfish and miserable. Quiet and retirement is one thing, complete solitude quite another. It certainly was not in the scheme of creation that any man should live entirely apart from his fellow-beings. If such persons escape from many of the cares and responsibilities of existence, they also lose some of its sweetest pleasures. The proof is the fact that most of the recluses who have dissected their own hearts and written out their own experiences—such as Zimmermann, Rousseau, Thoreau and their kind—were plainly very unhappy men. Their works are full of obtrusive egotism, melancholy and discontent. Zimmermann's disposition was full of peevishness and bile, and it was impossible to live with him. Jean Jacques was the vainest of mortals, and, although he affected to prefer seclusion, he could not endure the most agreeable of his retreats any extended length of time, but was continually seeking some new refuge. Even Thoreau remained in his cabin at Walden only two years.

One who has written a thoughtful volume on solitude and sounded the question to its depths thus sums it up: "The happiest of men," he declares, "are the saints and mystics, in whom the social actions of self are lost in a fruition of the sublimest standard; each wave of force goes out and dies in ecstasy on a shoreless good. But the selfish plotter feels each wave of force rise and move inward to die, with egotistic disgust, of extinction in the centre. Whoever would live contented and die happy must not pursue public applause, but must give more than is given him, and love without asking a return."

THE man who threatens the world is always ridiculous; for the world can easily go on without him, and in a short time will cease to miss him.



R. D. TUTTS, OF PORTLAND, OREGON.

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AN ALLEGORY.

By Agnes Potter McGee.

A young girl strayed by a river,
When the shadows grew dusky and long;
When the chimes of the vespers rose slowly,
With the notes of the nightingale's song.

And close where the shining water,
Crept up on the darkening land,
She found a boat in the shadows,
Half buried in glistening sand.

She paused in the June-time sweetness,
And looked at the tempting boat,
At the dancing flow of the water,
And longed to be afloat.

She loosened the rusted moorings,
And parted the glistening sand,
And, sailless and oarless, she drifted,
Far away from the beautiful land.

The prow of her boat cleft the lilies,
And the perfume their crushed hearts shed
Floated out o'er the mystic waters,
Like the last tender words of the dead.

And music, and song, and laughter,
Came over the waters wide,
And white sails gleamed in the distance,
As she floated on with the tide.

She was filled with the nectar of living,
She was drowsed with the joys of the night,
And she trailed her hands through the water,
As the land slowly faded from sight.

And careless, and all unheeding,
Through the twilight, and dusk, and bloom
Her boat still crushing the lilies,
Through the starlight, on into the gloom.

Then a stern voice arose from the stillness,
"O mortal, so careless and free,
You are now all alone on the water,
And your boat is fast drifting to sea!"

Then she tried, with a woman's weakness,
To guide her boat to the land,
But the fury and rush of the current
Were now far beyond her command.

And she thought of the cozy fireside,
And the friends she had left on the shore,
The faces that smiled her a welcome,
That would smile her a welcome no more.

Then she called out their names—oh, so wildly—
And sobbed at the echo she heard;
But the voices of loved ones were silent,
And answered her never a word.

And alone, all alone on the water,
With the seagulls circling o'erhead,
She is doomed to drift sailless and oarless,
Until in her boat she lies dead.

OUR CABMEN.

By Mary Titcomb.

We had heard so much about the impositions practiced by foreign cabmen upon innocent and unsuspecting Americans, that our own experience was a satisfactory surprise. Not that we entirely escaped friction, but having endeavored to acquaint ourselves with fares and fees, and to conform reasonably to the customs of different countries, we were, usually, not only comfortable, but exceedingly happy in our cabmen. It seemed to us both useless and foolish for a traveler, who is generally seeking rest or recreation, to quarrel with the peculiar customs of European countries, or to resolve to follow only those of his native land. Some lose half the enjoyment of a trip by so doing. The giving of gratuities is, in some countries, becoming a more flexible matter; that is, the traveler may feel comfortable to give them only when the service has been really well done. And in those places where an extra fee is invariably expected it is found wiser not to bestow with a too lavish hand.

How many pleasant memories remain of those who drove us from place to place, and showed us the sights of great cities! We had not been long in Rome, when we chanced to find a good-natured cabman who could understand enough French to comprehend simple directions given in that language. This was a boon to us who had been struggling with a few necessary Italian phrases. His stand was on the Piazza di Spagna, and every morning for many days, at nine o'clock promptly, he was before our boarding-house in the Piazza Barberini to take us to the Vatican, or wherever we wished to go. He was not so handsome, perhaps, as some other drivers we had patronized—for many of the poorest Italians look like princes in disguise—but he was respectfully attentive, and always greeted us with a touch of the cap and a genial smile, which widened and broadened when we bestowed a *buono mano* (fee or present). If we wanted to take a long afternoon drive we seldom failed to find him on the Piazza di Spagna, *apparently* on the lookout for us, although it might have been for anybody else.

The day before we left Rome we engaged our cabman to take us to the night train for Paris, for we were going in the sleeping-cars; and we laid special stress upon the necessity of his being on hand at the appointed hour, which he assured us he would be, emphatically repeating the time named. Chancing to wish to do some errands in the afternoon, we sallied forth and scanned the faces of the drivers on the Piazza di Spagna, but failed to find our *cocher*, and, rather regretfully, took another, who, however, we were forced to confess, served us exceedingly well. The hour of our departure came, but not the cabman, who had always before been prompt to the minute. We waited. He would surely come. But no; and after delaying as long as possible, another cab was called. Why did he fail to come? we wondered, as we turned our faces away from the "Eternal City." Was he ill? Cabmen must be ill sometimes. Had some accident befallen him, driving through those narrow, crowded streets? Or, had he found other travelers who were *not* about leaving Rome? It is still an unsolved puzzle why our Italian cabman deserted us at the last.

Change is the chronic condition of Paris; everything seems fleeting and evanescent; so it was not strange that during our three months' residence in the gay city we did not twice have the same *cocher*. The boulevards swarmed with *voitures* and *fiacres* of various kinds, and one was within calling distance on almost any street. Polite—as all Frenchmen are—but quite conscious of their importance, are the drivers. They invariably expect a *pour-boire* (gratuity), and usually assure themselves that it is sufficiently large before returning the customary thanks, which are graded according to the size of the gratuity.

We remember taking a cab once by the hour, when we found the driver disappeared every time we left the vehicle, returning tardily and evidently the worse for drink. It was the only time we saw any one intoxicated while in Paris.

Cabs are driven at such a furious speed through the streets of Paris, as to seriously interfere with the comfort of those in them, as well as the safety of pedestrians. It was often a perilous matter, and always a dexterous feat, to cross one of the wide, crowded boulevards. No policeman ever aided woman or child across the street within our knowledge; and the Jehus of the city swept like whirlwinds through thronged thoroughfares and around unexpected corners, utterly regardless of all on foot. The only safety was in *running* out of danger. And we came to notice that we seldom went out without seeing the wreck of some overturned cab. It seemed to be a matter of course. We were reliably informed that whenever a person was run over in Paris, he was *fined* for being in the way! And, also, that all cabmen belonged to a sort of insurance company, and if they were hurt by a collision, or their horses or vehicles injured, they were compensated for the damage; all of which enlightened our minds concerning the reckless driving we so constantly witnessed.

In no city are the streets kept more refreshingly clean than in Paris, and it seemed a pity that the enjoyment of walking through them should be marred by the fear of being run over, which one inevitably experiences at every crossing.

But why have we forgotten in our retrospect, our Venetian—no, we cannot call that handsome gondolier a *cabman*, though he guided well the only kind of vehicle offered us in that "fair City of the Sea." Tall, pale, with dark eyes and noble bearing, dressed in a suit of navy-blue, with light-blue sash and trimmings, he verily looked like a count in disguise. There was an aspect of suppressed sadness about his face, that aroused a deep interest to know his history. He always saluted us with graceful deference, and the careful respect with which he tendered his assistance in entering or leaving his beautiful gondola, could not have been exceeded had we belonged to some ducal family. What could be more delightfully romantic than gliding over the grand canal in such an easy conveyance, with such a fine-looking guide softly dipping his light oars? From time to time he pointed out noted palaces, churches, or other things of interest, with a few words of explanation, which, in a certain sort of way, we comprehended. Our own pleasure was greatly enhanced by the evident satisfaction he experienced in showing the sights of the city to strangers, to whom everything was new and beautiful. And when we left Venice, it was with real regret that we parted from our attentive and handsome gondolier.

In other European cities, where it was always our custom to obtain general views by driving about the town, the cabmen were invariably courteous, even when language proved a bar to much interchange of words. But we had been told that the London cabmen were overbearing, insolent and exacting. So we were quite disappointed—pleasantly, of course—that no dispute or difference of any kind arose with "our cabmen" during two months of sight-seeing in the great metropolis. True, as we never chanced to have the same one twice, we observed varying degrees of care and civility; but never experienced the slightest rudeness, or any attempt to exact more than the proper fare. Having gained some information, not from Americans, but from the English family with whom we boarded, we adopted the plan of giving no gratuity when we simply took an ordinary short "course," and it seemed wholly satisfactory. But when we took a hansom by the hour for sight-seeing, which gave opportunity for skill, as well as honesty in driving, and courtesy in giving information, we found pleasure in adding to the legal fare, according to the manner in which we had been served, and it was always invariably recognized *as* a gratuity, and politely acknowledged.

It was our custom, however, *before* engaging a vehicle, to have a full understanding in regard to the price. This prevented any questions afterward, for there are sundry variations of price between cabs, hansoms and flies between the first and the second hour, as well as between driving within and without what is known as the "four mile radius" from Charing Cross. Some cabmen ask more for the second hour than for the first, perhaps on the ground that the horse is tired! We remember one who expected so much more the second hour that we jokingly told him it would be better for us to discharge him at the end of the first hour and take another hansom, whereupon he concluded to continue to serve us reasonably. It may not be amiss to add that we usually scanned, in an unobserved way, both cab and cabby before engaging, especially avoiding the establishment whose driver appeared from a neighboring beer-shop wiping his mouth; although not unconscious that probably every cabman drank his beer whenever he could get it.

But it is around our Edinburgh cabman that our most pleasant associations cluster, and to him much of our enjoyment of that beautiful city is due. We were fortunate enough to fall in with him soon after our arrival there, a man quite above his position, apparently, in education and culture. He seemed perfectly familiar not only with the history of everything in and about Edinburgh, but with the general history of Scotland and England. No guide-book was needed when he was with us. He was also well versed in Walter Scott's novels, and unofficiously, yet with quaint familiarity, told the stories connected with the Old Tolbooth or Heart of Midlothian, the spot where David Deans's cottage stood, the rock near which Jeanie Deans met Robinson, St. Anthony's Chapel and well, the curiously marked place where the Marquis of Argyll was executed, the Martyr's Circle in Grassmarket, and scores of Scottish tales, true and traditional. With remarkable discrimination he divined just what we wanted to see, even when we did not know ourselves.

One afternoon, having driven around Salisbury Crags and climbed to the top of Arthur's Seat, the lovely weather tempted us to prolong our drive instead of returning to our hotel. While hesitating where to go, our cabman suggested Craigmillar Castle. And we shall not soon forget that drive, the fine views made doubly interesting by many bits of information, nor the romantic old castle, once a favorite residence of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. Another afternoon we committed ourselves to his guidance. He might take us wherever he pleased, we told him, and leaned back in the carriage, quite sure he would entertain us well without any

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suggestions. Presently he stopped at the door of a plain stone building, and alighting, said:

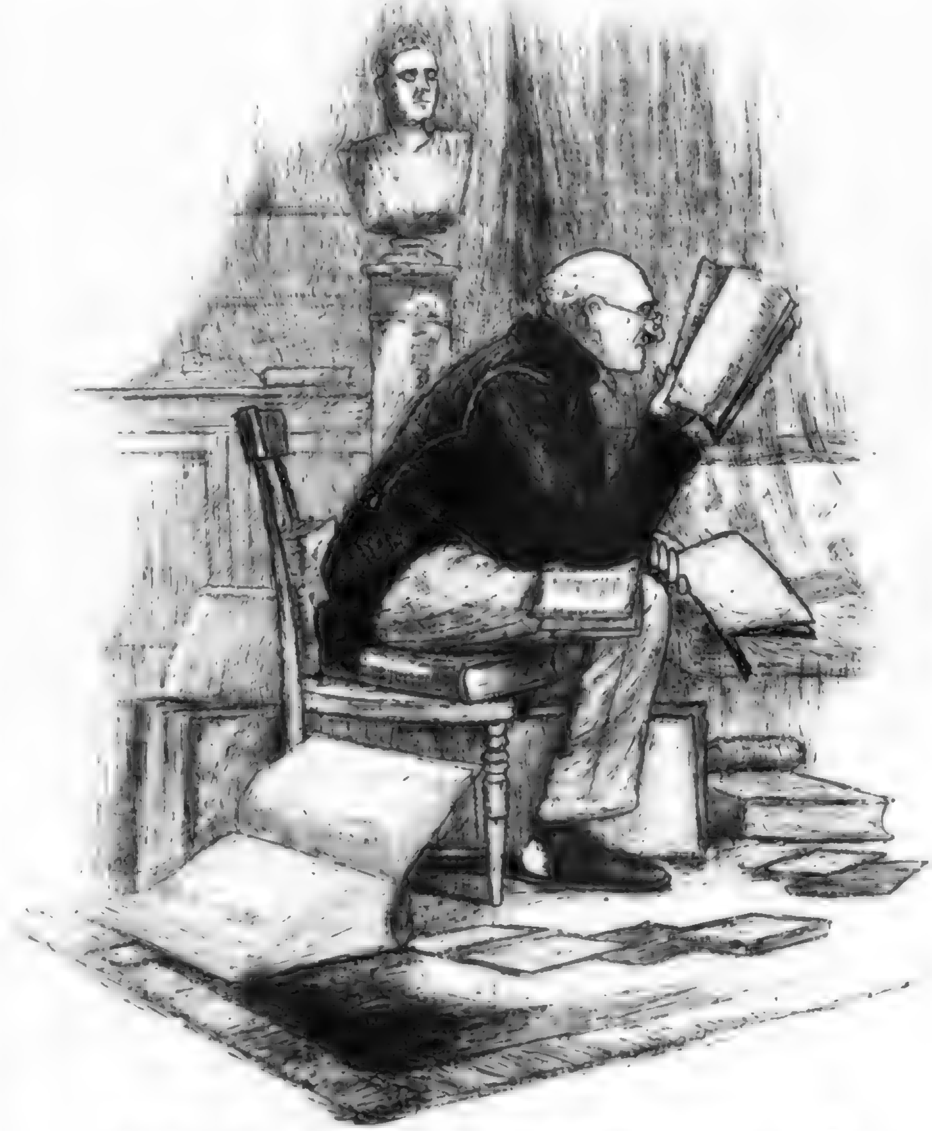
"I thought you would like to come here; but I'll see first if you can be admitted."

Whereupon he rang the bell, and made some inquiry which did not reach our ears. There was a moment's delay, then he came to help us from the carriage.

"But what place *is* this?" asked one of our party, wishing to be enlightened a little before entering.

"Sir John Steel's Studio," replied our driver. "He was knighted by the Queen in 1876."

The servant who admitted us led the way to a long, narrow room containing many casts and sculptures. Immediately from an inner room appeared a most genial-looking elderly gentleman, with long, white flowing hair and beard, and extending his hand, greeted us with great cordiality. What magic words the "cabby" had said we know not, for we had neither letter of introduction nor even visiting cards. But with graceful courtesy and pleasant chat, Sir John Steel took his unexpected visitors through several rooms, showing them his works, even the marble upon which he was then engaged. He was so very social that we could have lingered long and been entertained; but we left with deepened interest in the colossal statue of Walter Scott, the Albert Memorial, the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, Queen Victoria's statue, and other works in Edinburgh sculptured by this artist's hand.



ECCENTRIC RECLUSES.—LIBRARIAN RYAN, OF KILKENNY.—SEE PAGE 696.

Our driver's resources were not exhausted. He showed us, from the high bridge above, the spot where the young architect of the Scott Monument was drowned; pointed out the place where the Porteous mob sacrificed their victim. Let us look from the Grassmarket into the wretched Cowgate; directed our attention to the letters *J. K.*, which mark the spot where John Knox was buried; to the White Horse Close, and to many other things, to which his explanations gave increased interest.

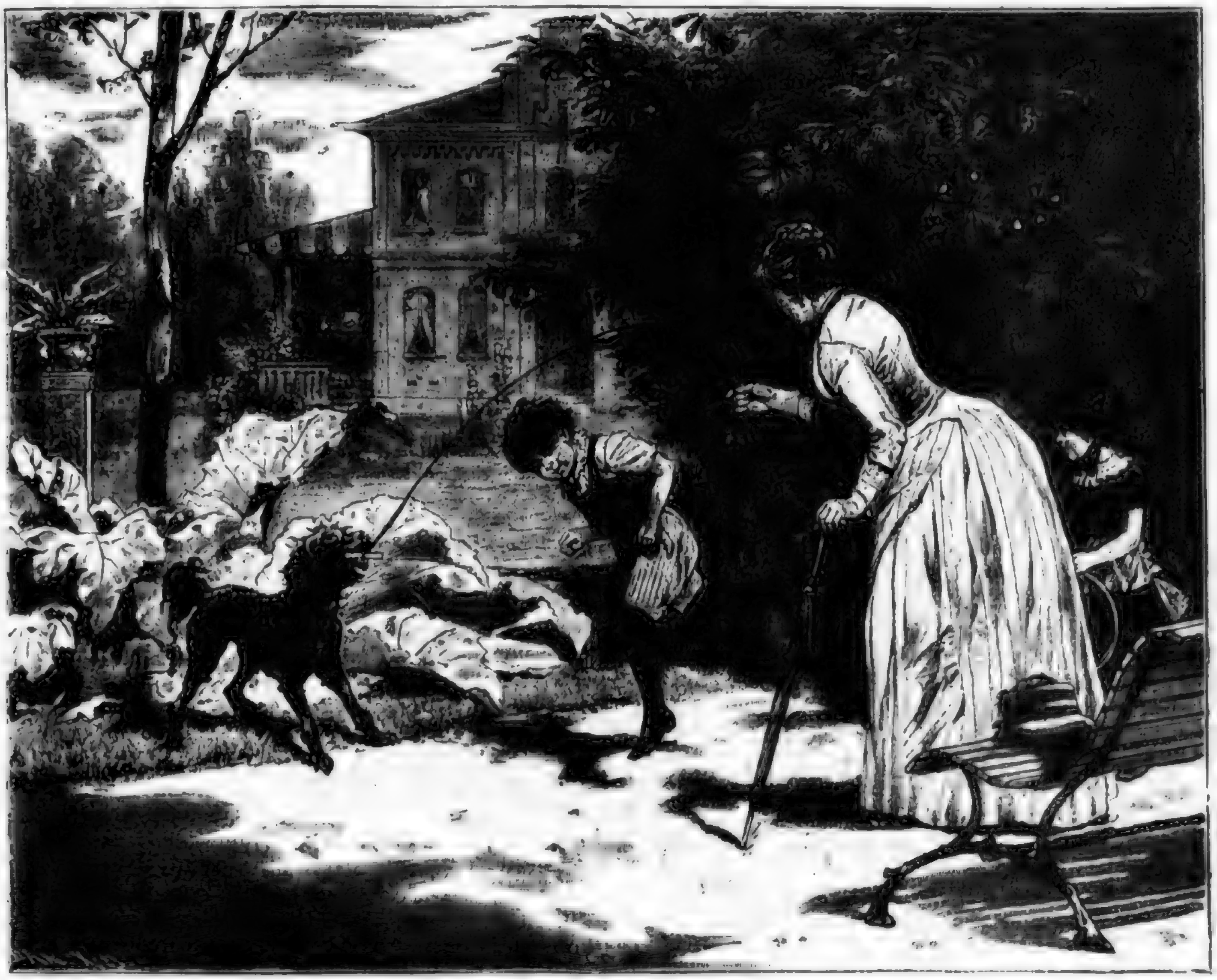
The morning we left Edinburgh our cabman was at the door of our hotel long before the appointed hour. It was but a short distance to the station, and when he had given some voluntary aid to the porter in charge of our luggage, our good Scotch driver turned to us, and touching his cap, said, with simple earnestness:

"I am very sorry you are going. I wish you a good journey; but I hope you will come back to Edinburgh some day."

One afternoon, when in Liverpool, after riding in an omnibus through the docks, from which cabs are excluded, we sought a vehicle in which to drive through the most pleasant parts of the city. Two or three cabmen, evidently noting that we were Americans, demanded nearly double the legal price per hour, and we simply walked on, though they began to offer reduced rates as soon as they found we turned away. Presently we saw a pleasant-faced Englishman standing by his cab, and as he named a right and reasonable sum, we directed him to show us the sights in a quarter of the city where we had not been. Soon we were flying along more swiftly than most cab horses go *by the hour*. That cabman astonished us. No pains did he spare to show us out-of-the-way objects, going up some hard ascents with a cheering word to his nag; jumping down from his seat, times without number, to tell us in detail about various places which he stopped to point out.

It is curious to see how slowly public sentiment rises to the point of demanding a thing simply because it is right and just, and seeks to find every possible reason for right-doing except the one reason from which there can be no appeal.

It is one of the characteristic traits of civilized men and women that people who live in cities always affect to be very fond of the country, and people who live in the country always hanker for the life of towns.



A GOOD PLAYFELLOW.

THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

BY

MRS. J. H. WALWORTH.

CHAPTER XII.— MOLLIE STANDS FIRE WELL.

THE library, reduced to a condition of gloom and rigidity ample enough to satisfy Mollie's most malicious desire, she stood for a moment on the threshold surveying her work of transforming the pretty, homelike apartment into a ghastly receptacle for sheeted and shrouded forms, smiled serenely, and said, in cheerful tones:

"If this room don't give Mistress Moral Courage the shivers when she looks into it, as she's sure to do if she has to steal the keys from the master's desk, she ain't got as much ice water in her veins as I think she have." Upon which Mollie disappeared behind the *portière* once more, and was soon engaged in the same work of transformation in Mrs. Wimple's chamber and dressing-room, accompanying the busy hands and feet lustily with a decidedly nasal rendition of "Oh, to be nothing, nothing!"

Into the gloom of the shrouded library Miss Nelson penetrated soon after, having been admitted by Andrews, the imperturbable butler, who had simply informed her, in answer to her inquiries for Mrs. Wimple, that Mollie was in that lady's apartment then. His face was so impenetrable and his tones so mystery-laden that Nellie went forward somewhat hastily, a trifle anxious about her friend, but in no way prepared for the scene that presented itself as Andrews discreetly opened the library-door just wide enough for her to slip through, and closing it after her, walked softly away on his slippered feet.

"One would think the Wimples had started for Europe on a minute's notice," she said, gazing around in amazement at the ghostly shrouding of the room. "Who is that singing? Not Fanny. It's Mollie, I do believe." She lifted the *portière* and sent her voice along the short corridor that connected the suite. "Fanny, dear!" No Fanny responded to the call. But instead, Mollie, songless now, and with her face elongated enormously, appeared before Miss Nelson, with her apron held in an attitude that plainly declared she had wiped her weeping eyes in order to answer the lady's call decorously. "Mrs. Wimple in, Mollie?" Miss Nelson asked.

"No'm."

Mollie's teeth closed on the word like a steel trap.

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"Didn't I hear her singing," Nellie asked, suddenly, resolving to meet craft with craft.

"That was me singing," said Mollie, curtailing her responses as much as possible.

"Now, Mollie, the idea of your singing 'Oh, to be nothing, nothing,' as if that wasn't just exactly what you are now. I wonder what degree of insignificance would satisfy some people."

Mollie grinned. She was accustomed to Miss Nelson's banter, and they were the best of friends.

"Well, Mollie, I'm waiting to hear something about Mrs. Wimple. Has she gone to Europe without even a good-by ?"

"Who, mum ?"

"Mrs. Wimple."

"There ain't no Mrs. Wimple. At least Mr. Wimple says there ain't none, and I guess he ought to know."

"Yes. One would think so. But men are awfully stupid about some things, Mollie."

"I believe you, miss." With sudden energy Mollie brought the looped-back *portières* together, making the brass rings tinkle on their brass rod, and pinned them together with a huge black crape rosette she had been fashioning while talking. "There !" she said, stepping backward to survey the effect, "I hope that will break his heart every time he looks at it."

"So do I, Mollie. Only it won't. Men's hearts are so awfully tough. Come now, Mollie, don't be selfish."

"About which, miss ?" Mollie asked, with an air of innocence.

"About Fanny. You know I've got as good a right as you have to know all about her. Where is she ?"

"How should I know, miss ?" said Mollie, applying her apron to a pair of very dry eyes.

"Mollie ! what will the priest say to you ? You awful girl ! Didn't I hear you singing when I came in here ? And do you suppose I believe you could sing if Fanny had gone where you couldn't find her ? I love her as much as you do, Mollie, you abominably selfish creature."

"If you please, miss, I don't want to seem impolite, but I'm waiting to lock these doors. Mrs. Prior will be coming to see if I've done the shrouding proper next. There ain't no Mrs. Wimple, I tell you, Miss Nellie. Mr. Wimple told me so with his own lips this morning."

Finding that Mollie was resolved on keeping all her knowledge to herself, Miss Nelson rose reluctantly from the divan on which she had seated herself uninvited, exclaiming petulantly :

"Mercy, what has come over this house !"

"What, indeed !"

The words were echoed from the open door behind her. Nellie turned and found herself confronted by a young man, whose countenance reflected all the surprise she had been expressing.

"It's Mr. Dick, Mrs. Wimple's brother," said Mollie, by way of clumsy introduction, and then slipped away, resolved not to subject herself to any more questioning that she could avoid.

Miss Nelson swept forward with that easy grace of manner that gave her such pre-eminence as a social leader.

"Mr. Raymond, I believe, my dear Fanny's brother." She held out one little gloved hand with winning grace.

"This, then, I suppose, is Miss Nelson. I have heard of you as my sister's dearest friend. I had just stepped in here to get your address from the girl Mollie. I received a most excited telegram from Mrs. Prior this morning with the few words : 'Your sister has disappeared most mysteriously.' I have been with Mrs. Prior for a few moments. She suggested your name as the only person who would be likely to be able to throw any light on this matter. I thought you might put me in the way of finding her, or, at least, give me some tidings of her."

"Tidings ! Do you mean to tell me that Fanny is lost ?"

"Lost ! You choose your word well. Yes, she is lost. Lost to her husband, lost to her brother, lost to honor ! I mean nothing less disgraceful. But she is my sister, and she was the darling of my father's heart. If I can find her she shall be taken back to my own home."

Nellie flushed indignantly, and looked handsomer than ever as she assumed the championship of her friend.

"Really, Mr. Raymond, you speak as if you would be doing quite a creditable thing in taking care of that dear girl if you could find her. Your words embody a distrust of Fanny that you can scarcely find a warrant for in the circumstances."

"Perhaps I have spoken brutally where I had best not have spoken at all. Differently I could not speak," Dick answered, looking down on her from his superior altitude, with eyes so full of patient pain that Nellie's tender heart smote her. "When the heart is wrung with anguish," he added, "one is not apt to be choice about words. If you can give me no information concerning my sister, I am only wasting my time and yours, too."

"Pardon me, rather," said Nellie, passing from flashing indignation to sweet humility at a bound. "I have taken too small account of the pain this state of affairs in your sister's happy home must have cost you. But I know Fanny Wimple, I love her, and I believe in her."

"And are harboring her ?" Dick questioned, eagerly.

"No, poor dear, I would have been only too glad to have given her safe harborage in my home and heart. Had you not better question Mollie ? I can extract nothing from her. But, stop ; why do you think she is hiding and not—not——"

"Dead !" you would say."

"Yes." Nellie repeated the word in a horrified undertone : "De-ad !"

"Because Mrs. Prior tells me a small framed picture of Mr. Wimple was missing from its place on the wall this morning."

Nellie sniffed with scorn as she said, with a contemptuous upward curve of her pretty lips :

"This picture ! I'm sure after a man had done all he could to craze me, small consolation I would find in his picture."

"It is evident," said Dick, fastening his great honest eyes somewhat sternly on her face, "that you know something of my sister's trouble."

"Of course I do," said Nellie, growing suddenly deeply concerned about the lacing of her glove. "I know all about it. I know that three men, all calling themselves gentlemen, have been the means of destroying the happiness of an angel."

"Three men ?"

Dick mechanically followed the motions of the little right hand that was skillfully criss-crossing the silken cord over its gilt buttons.

"Yes," said Nellie, hotly, flashing a brilliant pair of eyes suddenly up at him, "three men, not one of whom is worthy to breathe the same air with her."

"May I ask Mrs. Wimple's advocate to mention the three men," Dick said, with a degree of haughtiness which frightened Miss Nelson from her fierce attitude, even at the moment when she mentally avowed that "he was just grand. And if she had a husband that looked that way when he was mad she'd keep him at white heat all the time." She swept him a sudden mocking curtesy.

"The three men who have wrought this mischief, one from wickedness, the other from stupidity, and the other from ignorance, are respectively known as Mr. Frederic Steinray, Mr. Horace Wimple and Mr. Richard Raymond."

"Steinray! Steinray! I haven't heard that name for years. He was a puppy whom Fanny punished in hoyden fashion for a piece of impudence, instead of waiting until I got back to punish him."

"Yes. He is the wicked one of the trio."

"And the stupid one?"

"Is her husband."

"And the ignorant one?"

"Is her brother."

"Enlighten his ignorance, please."

He folded his arms and looked at her in determined silence.

Nellie, conscious of growing admiration of this handsome, stalwart farmer, glanced furtively at him from the corner of her eye.

"I shall be tempted to throw something at him," she said to herself, "if he will persist in playing *Othello* to my *Desdemona*. He is positively tragic."

Her long deliberation opened Dick's resolute lips again.

"I am in justice compelled to say that Mr. Wimple has not forfeited my respect. Only yesterday my unhappy sister defended him from all censure. Mrs. Prior tells me he is determined to take no steps to find her. Her return, he says, quite properly, must be as voluntary as was her departure. I shall do all that I can to discover her whereabouts, when I will take her to the old farm and care for her until either she or I am laid to rest in the old family burying-ground."

"Oh! Please don't be in such a desperate hurry to bury everybody. If Fanny's happiness is what you desire, I will tell you how to secure it."

"Then tell me. I place myself as a clumsy tool in your most clever hands."

He extended his hand, which Nellie clasped cordially and retained while she said:

"Now, then, we are allies. You are to come to my house at ten o'clock day after to-morrow morning, and I will have some comfort for you. I do not know where Fanny is, but I mean to find her. Mollie is not nearly wretched enough." "She took one of her visiting-cards from her card-case, and extending it, added, sweetly: "Our acquaintance has begun rather queerly, but I hope it will prove none the less genuine because unconventional."

"It has been born in the shade, may it ripen in the sunshine," said Dick, drawing his parallels from nature, which was all he knew of the world, and bowing low over the little hand once more held out to him, he turned away with a much lighter heart than he had brought into his sister's deserted home.

"My viking is a poet," said Nellie, under her breath, following the strong, graceful form with admiring eyes. "We don't rear such men between brick walls."

There was nothing for her to linger any longer for. She was convinced by Mollie's demeanor that to find her friend she must have recourse to strategy, and she turned homeward, resolved that she would match Mollie in guile and craft, nor take any rest for herself until Fanny was within reach of her loving reproaches.

CHAPTER XIII.

RUN TO EARTH.

But Dick Raymond kept that first appointment and another, and still another, before Miss Nelson was in position to do more than talk over "darling Fanny's" disappearance, and condole with him and keep alive the dying embers of faith and hope in his breast.

Dick Raymond was possessed of an uncompromisingly honest nature. Right was right, and straight was straight with him, and no amount of cajoling or argument could make him see wrong as right, or crooked as straight. Fanny was altogether wrong and crooked at present.

Mrs. Wimple's whereabouts remained a profound secret to all her friends, and how to go about tracing her became daily more problematical to Nellie, the only one who was making the effort. So far as she could discover to the contrary, Mollie was as devoted in her position as first housemaid at the Wimples' as ever. She was always there when Miss Nelson came to inquire for tidings, as she did very frequently, and Dick reported her as equally constant when he presented himself.

But there finally came a Saturday afternoon when Mollie was off duty. It was the afternoon—once a month—when even Mrs. Prior's rigid discipline relaxed in view of years of faithful servitude sufficiently to permit Mollie to go home to the mother who was at once the terror and the idol of Mollie's honest heart.

Mollie's mother lived in that terribly plebeian part of the great City of New York known as Tompkins Square. It was fresh and breezy and airy around about the great open space, but the tenants of the houses that walled it in on four sides were, while respectable, so far removed from the sphere of life in which Mrs. Wimple and Miss Nelson belonged, that it was not without serious apprehensions that Nellie found herself, on this same Saturday afternoon, actually following Mollie along the southern boundary of the square, keeping anxiously near enough to her to call out in case of emergency of any sort.

She was plainly dressed and so closely vailed that had Mollie turned around she never would have suspected that demure-looking pedestrian of being her mistress's dashing friend and the leader of one of the most exclusive social sets in the city. But Mollie did not turn round, even when she stopped before the low stoop of one of the most humble houses in the long row, and, as she mounted the well-worn steps, Nellie quickened her pace and laid a detaining hand on her arm, fearful of losing sight of her.

"Where is she, Mollie?"

Mollie was genuinely startled. She knew the voice, but she had certainly never expected to hear it there, on her mother's stoop, in Tompkins Square.

"Where is who? And who is you?" she asked, more to gain time than because she stood in need of enlightenment.

Nellie lifted her vail and showed a very determined face.

"I am Miss Nelson, your mistress's best friend. I want to see her, Mollie, and I will!"

"Ay; I knew you from the first, miss, but what makes you keep botherin' after me for the poor, lost darling? How shall I be knowing anything about her?"

"Ah, ah, Mollie! It's not necessary to play a part with me. I've been watching you ever since your mistress disappeared. You're not half unhappy enough, Mollie. If you did not know where Fanny was, you would be as miserable as you are making me. And, then—oh, Mollie, what are you doing with violets?"

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"Violets ?—who says I've got any violets ?" Mollie asks, combatively, as she draws her shawl still closer about her ample form and glares at Miss Nelson.

Nellie lifted a corner of the shawl, daringly, disarming Mollie's wrath the meanwhile by one of those flashing smiles that the beaux of her set valued so highly and won so rarely.

"My nose says it ! And you're taking them to her, poor dear ! You're a good girl, Mollie, but you mustn't be selfish. I have as good a right to take care of her as you have. She's in this house, Mollie, so lead on, for I assure you if you don't let me walk in peaceably by your side, I'll go in accompanied by a policeman. And how would our dear Fanny like that, Mollie ?"

"Bless my soul, Miss Nelson, you're too much for me," says Mollie, secretly rejoicing in this persistence of her mistress's friend. "You ought to be put on the detective force of this city. You really ought."

"I am on it, Mollie. That's what brought me here this evening," Nellie answered, with a little triumphant laugh.

"But I wasn't to let you know. She mentioned you 'special," says Mollie, anxiously, still delaying the opening of the door.

"Did she say why ?" Miss Nelson asked.

"Yes'm, she did. She said as how you was petted and made much of in your circle, and when her story got out, all wrong as it must, it wouldn't do your name no good to get mixed up with hers. So you wasn't to know. And she'll be that mad with me."

"Poor, dear Fanny, that's just exactly like her. Every thought for others, none for herself. But take me to her, Mollie. I'm dying to put my arms around her and show her that I am no fair weather friend."

Then Mollie surrendered unconditionally, glad enough to have some one with whom to share the tremendous responsibility circumstances had imposed on her.

"Well, she needs you, miss, there ain't no mistake about that." Then she opened the door, and piloting Miss Nelson through the dark and narrow hall, ushered her into the best rooms in the house, the two parlors, which had been yielded up for Mrs. Wimple's use. A mature edition of Mollie was setting a tea-table in the back parlor, with what seemed to Miss Nelson's aristocratic ears a very disproportioned amount of clatter. She turned a very cross-looking face toward them as they entered. "Where's the mistress, mother ?" Mollie asked, not thinking a formal introduction of her mistress's friend essential.

"Gone to take her lesson, child ; but it's late, and she ought to be gettin' indoors. She's too handsome to knock 'bout this part of town after gaslight alone. Evening, miss. I hope you're a friend of hers. I begin to feel the responsibility Mollie put on me as most too heavy."

Mollie's mother looked and spoke her very crossest, and then sighed profoundly.

"I'm sure she pays you like a lady for all you do, mother," says Molly, tartly. Then in anxious tones to Nellie : "If you won't mind, miss, I'll go to meet her. I don't like her to be in the street late without me. She's a long sight too purty for comfort."

"Yes, yes, go," said Nellie, catching the infection of Mollie's anxiety. "I will wait for her, but don't tell her I am here."

"Not I, miss ! A round scolding I'd get for bringing you, which I didn't do. You'll find some books of hers to amuse yourself with."

Mollie's exit left her quite alone. The mother had gone before, evidently offended at her daughter's tart championship of her mistress. Nellie glanced curiously around the forlorn-looking room, with its threadbare and downtrodden carpet, its hideous make-believe bronze ornaments on the mantel shelf—which was painted green, or had been, and now looked as if dripping with verdigris—with its rickety chairs, and tables so various in style and size that one felt sure the very best in the house had been culled for Mrs. Wimple's comfort. And a pathetic tribute it was.

"And this is Fanny Wimple's room ! She actually sleeps and eats and breathes here ! The lovely, dainty, wealthy Mrs. Horace Wimple !" Nellie walked slowly about the room, examining it and its contents. "She certainly must be a 'little off,' as people say. I shall take her away from here immediately. Tender-hearted simpleton."

She picked up two or three yellow-backed pamphlets from a table just as Mollie's mother re-entered the room.

"Them's her lessin books," she sniffed, scornfully, "thou' I mus' say they don't look nothin' like the old blue backed speller I used to have such a hard tussle with in my schoolin' days."

"Her lesson books ?" Nellie repeated, examining the pamphlets with more interest.

"Yes, miss ; leastwise, she's always a-studyin' out of 'em, and a-walkin' up and down with one of 'em a-sayin' it out loud, like chillum does when they gets hold of a extry hard knot."

"I know what it means. I know just exactly what it means," said Nellie, excitedly, but rather to herself than to Mollie's mother.

"Oh ! you do, do you? I'm glad somebody can see through this grindstone."

But Miss Nelson was turning the leaves of the yellow pamphlets and talking to herself.

"Our elocution-teacher used to tell Fanny that if the time ever came when she felt called upon to support herself, she must go on the stage. She was wonderfully dramatic in those days. And that's what the silly child is working at now. Let me see." She took up the pamphlets, reading aloud the title of each. 'The Almighty Dollar'; she ought to give her husband a *rôle* in that play. 'Led Astray'; that's what she has tried to do to Dick and me. 'School for Scandal'; we're all playing in that. Dear me, why don't she come ?"

She laid the books back on the table, and, raising her eyes, became conscious that Mollie's mother was standing by the table, the perfect embodiment of irate dignity.

"Young woman, did I understand you to say you was a play-actor."

Miss Nelson's keen sense of the ludicrous found vent in a merry laugh.

"My good woman," she asked, evasively, "how can I tell what you understand ?"

"But did you say you was ?"

"It is not probable that I did, seeing that I am not."

"Is your friend one ?"

"What if I should say, 'Yes' ?"

"Then I should be after askin' her to find another boardin'-house. I've been a respected and a respectable woman all my life, and before——"

But Nellie interrupted her, commandingly.

"You need have no fear that you will lose your respectability through this lady. When she comes——"

But Mollie just here rushed in upon them, her face pale with anxiety and her voice shrill with excitement.

"Not in yet ? They told me yonder she left the house an hour ago."

"Oh, don't tell me she's lost to me again, just as I was about to lay my hand on her and shelter and love her!" Nellie exclaimed, ready for tears.

But Fanny herself answered this appeal. The door opened to admit her, pale and trembling, but eager of step and voice.

"I am watched! I am shadowed! Oh, Nellie, Nellie! you here?—you, best of friends? I did not know how I longed for you!" The two women were once more clasped in each other's arms. It was many seconds before any other sound than their sobbing was heard in the room. Then Fanny, holding her friend at arm's length, said, wistfully, "You did not blame me?"

IN MISCHIEF.

"I do; most emphatically. There is not a grain of common sense in anything you have done!"

"You don't know all."

"I do; I know all, and——"

Mrs. Wimple's face was turned toward the front window. It suddenly grew ghastly white, and she clutched at Nellie's arm in a frenzy of nervousness.

Nellie turned suddenly about to discover the cause of this agitation. A man's hat was just disappearing from the unshuttered window.

"Who is it?—what is it?" she asked, eagerly, drawing Fanny's head, soothingly, to her breast.

"It was Frederic Steinray. I saw his blazing eyes, and that hideous scar plastered for a second against the sash. I have seen him three times this afternoon. Oh, what shall I do?"

"You shall come home with me," said Nellie, soothingly; "just as soon as Mollie can find a carriage for us. There is where you should have come in the first place. This is no place even to discuss your foolishness in."

"Mollie, call a carriage for us, please." This much done toward rescuing her friend from the result of her own folly, Nellie drew Mrs. Wimple toward the decrepit sofa, plastered cautiously against the wall, and said, reproachfully, "How could you treat me so, Fanny? How could you treat Dick so?"

"Dick! Have you seen him? Do you like him? My poor, dear, clumsy old Dick!"

A rosy flush spread all over Miss Nelson's face.

"Do I like him? I am afraid I am in a fair way to adore him. He has been my comforter, and I have been his since you treated us so shabbily."

"You have not told him what I told you about Frederic Steinray?" Mrs. Wimple asked, nervously.

"No. I have just told him enough to make him utterly miserable and keep him in need of a comforter," said Nellie, with a flashing smile. "I have promised him, though, that you will tell him all, and prove to him what a lot of wretches they all are."

The lights of Tompkins Square were all ablaze now, though the room they sat in was still in darkness. Through the unshuttered window they saw a carriage draw up to the door. Nellie sprang up immediately. It was impossible to get Fanny away from this horrid spot any too soon.

"There's the carriage we sent Mollie for. Now then, no packing up. Mollie can bring your things to my

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house to-morrow. They are safe enough with her mother until then."

Too worn and sick at heart to make any resistance, Mrs. Wimple rose.

"I will go with you for to-night, Nellie, for if that man has found my hiding-place it is no longer safe for me here. But I do not intend to involve you in my troubles."

She had not taken off her bonnet. Leaning on, or rather clinging to, Nellie's arm, she passed out through the narrow, unlighted hall, only delaying long enough to say good-by to Mollie's mother and leave a message for Mollie.

It was quite night now, and as the two women stood on the stoop for a second, Miss Nelson discovered that she had left her purse in her handbag in the room they had just vacated.

"Get in the carriage. Don't stand here in this chill night. I'll run back for it and find it by the time you are in the hack."

Fanny descended the steps alone, entered the carriage, and was startled to hear the door slammed violently to, while a man sprang to the seat by the driver, and the horses were lashed into a quick gallop. She was alone in the vehicle. What it meant, or whither she was being driven, she had no means of divining. That Frederic Steinray was at the bottom of it she made no doubt. How he had accomplished it was the mystery to her. Faint and sick with terror she sank back among the cushions in a semi-unconscious state.

Quickly returning with her bag, but not so quickly as she had promised, for a match had to be struck and the gas turned on in the now dark room before the bag could be found, Nellie was just in time to see Mollie climbing awkwardly down from a carriage at the door.

"Here I am at last, Miss Nellie," she said; "but either that man's a fool or he's drunk. When I first told him where I wanted him to come to, he said glib enough he knew where it was, and I declare to goodness it seems like he's been driving me everywhere but here."

"But where's the other carriage?" Nellie asked, staring at her in blank amazement as she delivered this apology and mounted the steps simultaneously.

"What other carriage?" Mollie asked, bewildered in her turn.

"Why, the carriage that Fanny got into!"

"Miss Fanny got into! Had there been another carriage here! My saints, I sees into it now!"

Mollie's hands went up, and a wail of agony broke from her lips. Nellie could have shaken her in her anxious impatience to know what it all meant.

"Don't waste time blubbering now, Mollie! Tell me what you see into now."

"Why, I see this," said Mollie, talking and sobbing at once. "All the way from this house to the cab stand I sorter fancied I was followed. Then I says to myself, 'Mollie Harris, you're a beautiful one to be followed by a man, and him looking like a gentleman, too.' So I went in 'bout my business and picked out my hack, and told the fellow where he was to drive me to. and after I got in, sorter slow like, for I ain't used to steppin' into carriages without I'm goin' to a funeral and gettin' a free ride, I sees another hack startin' out from the same stand, and the driver of that one drove tolerable close up to mine. And there was two men on the box. And one of 'em says something to my fellar, and he answers 'All right.' But I thought he was askin' me if I was all right, and I says, 'Yes, drive on,' and he drove on. But I thought they must be snails he'd harnessed up instead of horses, he drove so mortal slow. And that's all I know. What it means you know as well as I do."

"I know a little better," said Miss Nelson, with tightly compressed lips, as she descended the steps and seated herself in the carriage. She wanted to get home and send for Dick. She was completely bewildered by the turn events had taken. The thing had assumed dimensions beyond her power to grapple with. That Frederic Steinray had abducted Horace Wimple's wife from the usual motives of villainy, she did not believe. This was simply a part of his plan of revenge. "Better his hate than his love, poor Fanny!"

And Fanny was saying the same thing to herself, as she lay back in the carriage that was driving her she knew not where, stunned almost beyond the power of thinking at all—grasping but one idea, and that was, that for motives of his own, Frederic Steinray had forcibly separated her from her friends. She must arouse herself. She must be on the alert. When the carriage-door was opened she would once more test that fleetness of foot for which in her hoydenish, girlish days she had been noted.

CHAPTER XIV.

BAFFLED.

The evening was wearing on toward midnight when Frederic Steinray, presenting any suggestion rather than that of a conqueror, once more entered his own apartments—elegant bachelor apartments—where was everything that money could buy, but—nothing else.

Whenever he was aroused to an unusual pitch of excitement, that ugly scar on his cheek always gleamed redly. It was lurid now. Taking a decanter of wine from a cabinet in the wall, and placing his cigar-box by his side, he seated himself to find solace, if possible, in those two unfailing sources of animal comfort, for the keen chagrin that had overtaken him was hard to bear. The night had been full of adventure for him. He had plotted and planned for one issue, and, behold! quite another had come about. Taking out his pocket-diary, he made a long entry under the day's date, writing with fierce rapidity, as if he would work off at his finger-tips the excitement which neither smoke nor wine served to allay on this particular occasion. This is what he wrote:

> "Baffled again! Balked, and by a lot of petticoats! Bah! if ever a man had sufficient provocation for shaving his head and turning monk, I am that man."

Here he stopped, poured himself out a glass of wine, drained it, and resumed his pencil.

> "But to the devil with regrets! Long since, I discovered that all my money could not bring me one kiss of pure affection! All my accomplishments could not secure me one hour of sympathetic companionship. Women turn in disgust from this marred and hideous face, and I hate the whole sex for the act of one girl! What sweet morsel does life hold for me, but the hope of seeing her writhe under her husband's disgrace? She staid my descending blow by going into hiding. She knew that my revenge would be tasteless, flavorless, if I could not witness her anguish. It was hard work to trace her, but I did it. I thought the hour of my triumph had come. To-morrow, Wimple is to be here. I had planned it that she should see him arrested before her very eyes! Like a deerhound slipping its leash, she escaped by one door of the carriage as I opened the opposite one. The infernal darkness of the streets favored her flight. I am where I was before securing her. I must bide my time before exposing Wimple. I once thought I loved that woman well enough to risk my soul's salvation for her. I now know that I hate her worse than the devil. Bah! I gush! Gush is such dem'd bad form. It is rumored her poor devil of a husband has never allowed her name mentioned in his presence since her flight. Fudge! the softness of some men where women are concerned, sickens me!"

A sullen quietude, the best substitute for repose he might ever hope to find, finally settled down upon the wrathful and disappointed man, and enabled him to smoke his cigars and drink himself into oblivion without any more violent and audible outbreaks. Of that sullen reverie a plan was formed by which he hoped to wring afresh the heart of the woman who was the object of his most undying enmity.

At the appointed hour next day, Horace Wimple, visibly worn by his great grief, but stern, cold and self-collected, entered the broker's private office.

"My dear fellow," said Steinray, extending a hand, rather unsteady from the excesses of the night before, "what a model of punctuality you are!" His voice was mocking. He retained his visitor's hand, looking him in the face, sympathetically, while he added: "Only half an hour late. But I suppose that should be overlooked in consideration of—— My dear boy, sit down."

"In consideration of what?" Wimple, asked, frigidly. "I recognize no excuse for unpunctuality in this appointment, unless, indeed, our watches differ."

He took out his, as he spoke.

"In consideration of the fact, my dear fellow, that it must be very difficult for you to give your business the proper amount of attention under the circumstances," Mr. Steinray said, bustling officiously to place the easiest chair in his office at Mr. Wimple's disposal, as though to assure him such consolation as could be found in upholstery he should have the benefit of.

Mr. Wimple fastened his eyes coldly upon his host, as he pressed him toward plainer utterance.

"Under what circumstances, sir?"

"'Pon honor, Wimple, you carry it off coolly," Steinray answered, his own voice showing a trifling access of nervousness. At heart the man was a coward.

"Carry off what coolly, sir?"

"Oh, the devil! nothing. Are you ready to settle that little matter between us?"

"That is what I am here for?"

"Well, then, let us be about it." He seated himself before his open desk, and, as he leaned forward to select some papers from a pigeon-hole, remarked, in a voice of absolute unconcern, "I am glad to see Mrs. Wimple looking so well."

There was a moment of soundless expectation on his part; of surging fury on Horace Wimple's, who rose, walked over to the water-cooler and gulped down a glass of ice-water before he could control his voice at all. Frederic Steinray misread this silence, or else he never would have ventured, as he did the next second, with his head still bent over the papers he was selecting, to add:

"I take it, she has gone into philanthropy as a pastime. Nothing but the Christian activity of society belles ever carries them over to Tompkins Square. The devil!"

He gasped and sprang to his feet. A glassful of ice-water had been sent deliberately into his face from the corner where Horace Wimple now stood quietly wiping his hands on his pockethandkerchief, his blazing eyes glued to the stockbroker's face.

Steinray, foaming with rage, started toward him.

"What do you mean, sir? I——"

But Wimple waved him back, and faced him with folded arms, as he said:

"Stand back, Steinray. I am not armed, and I do not presume that you are. If you should have recourse to draymen's weapons, our fists, you know, as well as I do, who would get the worst of it. I came here purely as a matter of dollars and cents. We had best settle that calmly and accurately. My arrangements were all made to start for Europe to-night, but if you desire to dispose of this fresh issue between us by a formal encounter, I shall delay my departure to give you satisfaction. One thing at a time."

"One thing at a time!" Steinray looked at him savagely a second, and repeated, "One thing at a time! I have a little matter between us that we will discuss as soon as your note is disposed of. After which, the European plan shall receive due attention. I suppose," he continued—falling back into that sneering composure which was habitual with him—"that you could dispose of your ticket in case you had occasion to alter your plans?"

"Confound your impertinence! Confine yourself to the matter in hand, or I shall be compelled to repeat the lesson I tried to teach you just now."

The scar stood out in hideous relief, but Steinray's eyes dropped. Perhaps it was possible to go too far. He had no desire to goad the man any further.

For half an hour the rustling of papers and a calm-voiced discussion of the business that had brought them together, occupied the two men, when Steinray, leaning back in his chair, said, with a leer of triumph:

"I believe that settles the financial part of our interview for to-day. When your next note falls due, should you——"

"Should I conclude to remain abroad that length of time," said Wimple, taking the words out of his mouth, "I shall leave the matter in the hands of my lawyer."

He was standing ready to go, and evidently anxious to terminate the interview.

"Be seated again, if you please, Mr. Wimple. I have a little matter on my mind that I had intended holding in abeyance until the present pressure on you was somewhat removed; but this morning's occurrences (I allude of course, to your own ruffianism), has decided me to hasten the hour of your just punishment."

He turned toward another pigeon-hole.

"My just punishment!" Wimple repeated in his haughtiest voice. "By heavens, what do you mean, sir? It is hard to keep my hands off you long enough for you to explain."

"I believe we are agreed not to use draymen's weapons," said Steinray, unfolding a paper as he spoke. "This is what I mean, sir. I have here in my possession two documents that will prove Mr. Horace Wimple to be a bribe-taker and a defaulter! Papers that will brand him as a felon and secure him a berth in Auburn State Prison!"

Horace Wimple's face turned ghastly. He looked at the papers held aloft by the man on the other side of the desk with eyes that fairly blazed with wrath. There was no guilt in his eyes nor fear in his heart.

"You stole those papers!" he said, in a choked voice. "Stole them from my house! By Heaven! I see it now!"

"They might have been given to me," said Steinray, with a fiendish laugh; "but how they came into my possession is neither here nor there. Are you prepared to deny their authenticity, or, rather, are you prepared to prove them forgeries?"

"No!'

"Are you prepared to meet the issues their production in court will bring on you?"

A profound silence fell between the two men, and then a look of absolute defeat swept over Horace Wimple's handsome face. Should he explain to this man? Could he explain? Should he ask for time? Should he cringe and fawn to get possession of the papers, which were

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false, with all the mercilessness of circumstantial evidence to crush him and convict him in any court in the land? He could not think connectedly in presence of that sneering devil behind the desk. Surely there must be some way out of this snarl. He would go home and try to think up the way. He was stifling for a breath of fresh air.

In the meantime, Steinray was bitterly deploring his own hot-headed disclosure of the secret he had been holding in reserve to crush this man's wife with, rather than his own guilty self. He spoke in tones he meant to be of consideration.

"You are responsible for this thing being sprung on you. I lost my temper. Go home, and stay there until you hear from me. I want time to think over it myself. I think you won't go to Europe to-night, however."

Insolent as the words and tones were, Horace Wimple, conscious of being for the time absolutely in the power of the man whom he had grossly insulted, turned silently away, and, picking up his hat, walked toward the door. There he turned and said:

"For a little while victory seems to be with you. Life means too little to me for me to excite myself over this new sling of Fate, until I am in a position to put you where you belong. Rest assured that time will come, and very soon. Until then, enjoy your supposed triumph. We will have a long score to settle, when settling day does come. I take it for granted I will be under surveillance?"

"Of the strictest sort," said Steinray, coolly scratching a match on his boot-heel and applying it to the cigar he had been fiercely chewing upon during this interview. "Of—the—strictest—sort," he repeated, between puffs.

Wimple went out, closing the office-door quietly behind him, and walked down-stairs with the slow heaviness of an old man.

CHAPTER XV.

DICK THROWS SOME LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

With the rush of fresh air that greeted him as he emerged from the steam-heated office, his powers of reflection came back to him in full, if only temporary, force. Up-stairs, yonder, facing that sneering, scarred face, bewildered and dismayed at finding in Steinray's possession papers which were calculated to damage himself irreparably, he had not been able to formulate any plan of action in any adequate response. It was different now, and he saw clearly that there was but one course open to him; that was to avoid an issue with this man until he was in position to hoist him on his own petard.

All the collected mental effort he had been capable of since his wife's mysterious disappearance had been expended in trying to discover the whereabout of the man who had written the letters now in Frederic Steinray's possession. It came back to him with sickening force, as he walked rapidly homeward, how devilish this man had looked when he said, "Perhaps they were given to me!" Who could have given them to him but Fanny? And why should she have done it? What connection was there with the fact that these papers had disappeared just as the marvelous and incomprehensible change had come over his wife and his home?

His sister had hinted mysteriously at having seen Fanny furtively placing some papers in her own desk, and seeming to be much confused at finding herself observed. That was why he had so insolently invaded the privacy of his wife's desk. But what hold had Steinray upon her that could cause her to jeopardize the safety of the husband who adored her? Great drops of agony stood out on his forehead as this most bewildering question forced itself upon his mind for consideration. He could not answer it. His brain was all on fire again. He reeled like a drunken man by the time he reached his own door, and it was with a drunken man's difficulty that he finally fitted his latch-key into the door and admitted himself into the desolate home that he hated now and shunned as much as possible. It was nothing but the tomb of his dead happiness. It was with no small amount of surprise that he found Dick Raymond seated in his study, apparently waiting for him. They had not met in all this time of trouble.

"You here, Richard!"

He advanced eagerly. Perhaps Dick had brought some antidote for the horrible pain that was eating his heart out.

The two men shook hands and looked sorrowfully into each other's faces. It would have been so much better for them both if Fanny had died and they could have clasped hands over the coffin and let their commingling tears drop upon her unresponsive, but innocent, face, was what Dick was thinking. As it was—ah, well!—as it was, an audible groan of anguish was wrung from the husband's writhing lips, and Dick, putting his hand on his brother-in-law's shoulder, said, in a voice of tenderest pity:

"Poor Horace! Man, my heart aches with yours!"

Mr. Wimple waved him to a seat, and, finding voice at last, asked, abruptly:

"Have you any news for me?"

"None that will give you much comfort. She was found and is lost again."

"Found by whom?"

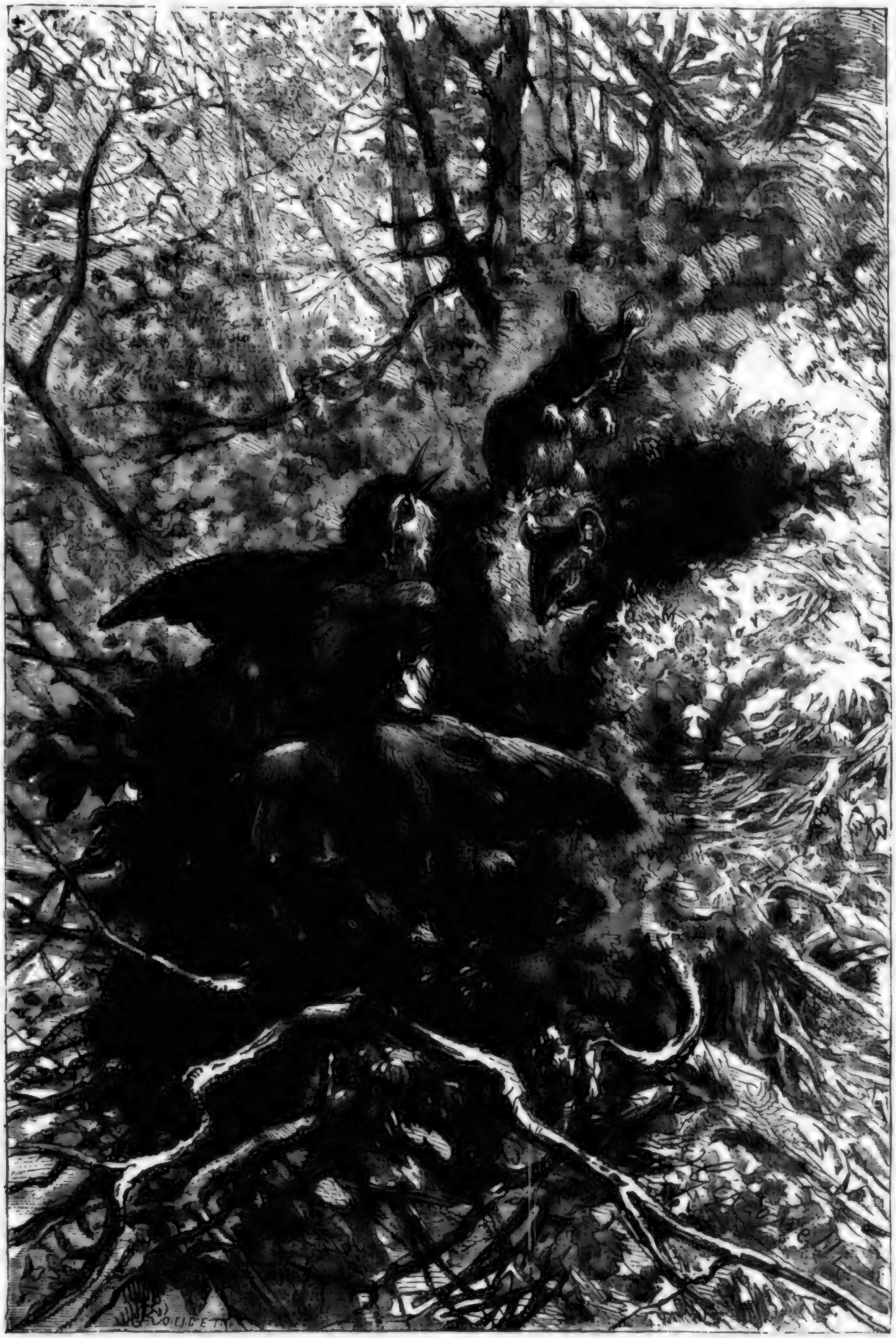
"Her friend Miss Nelson, who believes in her innocence and declares she has been driven to this insane course by you, by me, and by Frederic Steinray."

Horace Wimple bounded to his feet, with an oath.

"Frederic Steinray? What has he to do with it? What did he know about her? In God's name, boy, make your meaning clearer?"

He sank back in physical exhaustion.

"I will," said Dick. "I mean that the scarred and skulking villain known as Frederic Steinray, once loved your wife and tried to force her to consent to a secret marriage with him because the farmer's daughter (he was a Summer boarder at our house) was not quite high enough in the social scale to be admitted to his ancestral halls so long as his lady-mother presided there. He tried to embrace her. He carries her answer on his face. I was away from home, or he would have carried back to the city more than that one scar. He has hated her with a black and bitter hatred ever since. Miss Nelson, the only one in whom the poor child dared to confide, tells me that he has planned your destruction in order to stab your wife through her love for you. Fanny told her friend that Steinray had gotten hold of some papers of yours which would ruin you. He told her of his devilish plans to prolong her torture, I suppose. How he got possession of those papers I do not know. I do know that he told her if she breathed of this matter to you, or of their former acquaintance, no power on earth would save you from the clutches of the law. The poor little thing thought money was all that was needed. She thought you had defaulted, and if she could replace the money you would be all right. What with her fear of Steinray and her determination not to belittle you to me, she's gotten things into a pretty muss for herself and us, too. We might have trusted her, Wimple. Both you



A FIGHT FOR LIFE.—BY GIACOMELLI.

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and I—dogs not worthy to lick the dust from her feet—both tried to crush the truth out of her, and flight was her only alternative."

While he had been talking Horace Wimple's face had undergone a series of violent changes. One of relief (oh, such blessed relief, to know that Fanny, his well-beloved Fanny, was not in league with that fiend to ruin him), was the first sensation that came with Dick's strange explanation. How insane the thought had been! But then women—sometimes women who were loved and trusted just as his wife had been loved and trusted—had given their hearts to monsters of even worse shape than Frederic Steinray. But when he came to think of her flight, of her secrecy, of her wild indiscretion, resentment surged back upon him, and he was once more the unforgiving, relentless judge, the injured husband, "the selfish man."

"Your story is a strange one, a very strange one; even improbable in some respects. At best, it does not exonerate your sister from the charge of weakness that is almost criminal. If she will return to her home I will——"

"Hold up there, Wimple! Don't prepare to be magnanimous. It will be more than I can stand just at present. I do not know where my sister is. Her friend, Miss Nelson, found her, only to see her slip through her fingers. I was foolish enough to hope she might have communicated with you. But I see she has not."

"No!" His face was distorted with pain. "She has put herself almost beyond the reach of my pardon. Her secretiveness concerning any previous acquaintance with Steinray, her allowing me to introduce them as entire strangers, her holding interviews with him concerning my private affairs, all, all stamp her as——"

"Stop!" Dick fairly roared the word into his face. "Women, frightened women—women who have been terrified through their affections, don't calculate and reason and sift things with the confounded coolness of some men. Fanny was always as timid as a hare. I'm not begging for her. She don't need that I should. I hoped you could give me some comfort."

"You come to a poor source for comfort," Wimple answered, bitterly. "I had just come from an interview with this man Steinray myself. That he has gotten the upper hand of me temporarily there's no denying. The letters which he holds were written with the view of casting upon me suspicion for frauds and crimes, which it is scarcely necessary to say I did not commit. The man who wrote them was the real criminal, and he wrote them to shield himself. I came into possession of those letters through the manœuvring of a friend. They have mysteriously enough fallen into an enemy's hands. I was on the eve of departure for Europe to confront the man who wrote them, and to force him to a written avowal of the falsity of the charges they contain. I was to sail to-night, but——" He stopped, wiped the great drops of moisture from his forehead, and with his head dropped on his breast, sat silent.

"Well!" said Dick, by way of giving him a fresh impetus

"The devil seems inclined to see Steinray safely through with his plans," said Horace. "He informed me this morning that, should I attempt to sail to-night, he would have an arrest served upon me. These papers, brought into court, would be enough to land me in State's Prison, and no power on earth could save me. Circumstantial evidence carries tremendous force."

"Then we must fight the devil with his own weapons," said Dick, his great strong face beaming with pity for the suffering man before him.

"And these weapons?"

"Trickery! Deceit! Manœuvring!"

"I don't understand you."

"You say you are on the track of the real rogue that is at the bottom of this mess?"

"Yes."

"You say that those papers in Steinray's possession are enough to land you in State's Prison."

"Yes. I could not prove the charges false."

"If you get off to-night, then, the trouble will be warded off?"

"Yes."

"Then, by George," said Dick, decidedly, "you've got to get off."

"I can't." Wimple got up, walked over to the front window, looked out, and beckoned Dick cautiously near.

"The house is already under surveillance. He said it should be. I seem to have lost my grip. I can't plan anything, not even a way out of this trap. If Steinray finds revenge sweet, its abundance ought to cloy on him."

"That fellow over there can't know you personally," said Dick, turning from the window and scanning his brother-in-law closely.

"No. I presume he has been given a general description of my appearance and wearing apparel and such details. That's the way 'suspects' are identified."

"Long beard, mustache, dark clothes," says Dick, calmly, taking an inventory of Horace's appearance. "What time does your ship sail."

"Seven o'clock to-morrow morning."

"You could board her from the Jersey shore just as well as here, couldn't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Well, suppose you just step up-stairs now. I'm going out for a barber. Will be back in twenty minutes. Hold on! Watch, when I go out, and see if that fellow over yonder pays me any particular attention."

Before Mr. Wimple had fairly grasped the meaning of this manœuvre, Dick's ringing footfall was heard on the stone steps outside, and then on the broad flag. The man on the opposite side of the street quickly drew a pocket diary from his pocket, scanned Dick curiously as he walked off in long, swinging strides, with his arms swaying in unison, seemed satisfied that he was of no importance in the eyes of the law, and carelessly turned his back upon him.

"Well?"

It was Dick who used this monosyllable as an interrogative, some twenty minutes later, as he once more stood before Mr. Wimple.

"He examined you pretty closely," Mr. Wimple answered.

"Close enough to know me again?" Dick asked, eagerly.

"I should say yes."

"We're all right, then, provided, after you've shaved your face clean, you put on these big plaids of mine in place of your navy-blues, my slouch hat for your tall one, and take one or two turns round the library to give your legs and arms the real country swing. You will look like me instead of yourself."

"This is a bitter humiliation, Richard," Wimple said, surveying his metamorphosed self in the glass, later on, when he had been shaven clean and had arrayed himself in Dick's rather pronounced cassimere suit, and donned his soft-brimmed felt.

"Pretty tough!" said Dick; "but State's Prison would be tougher. And, I suppose, if they once fastened this fraud on you, nobody would take the trouble to unearth the real criminal?"

"Nobody can unearth him but myself," said Horace.

"Then there is nothing for it but for you to sail for Europe to-night?"

Night had fairly set in when Horace Wimple left his own door and started down the street with as good an imitation of Dick's walk and his swaying arms as he could contrive in such short practice. The man on watch glanced casually at him. It was evidently the same smooth-faced, big-plaided fellow who had been coming and going all day. He did not answer, in any one particular, to the written description of Horace Wimple which he was carrying about in his pocket. He passed unchallenged, and before eight o'clock the next day Horace Wimple was outward bound for Europe.

The two men had talked long and confidentially together the evening before. When the moment of parting had come, Horace Wimple had said, in a voice that trembled and broke:

"Find her for me, Dick. Find my darling, and take her home with you until I come for her. Tell her she has wellnigh broken my heart. Tell her I cannot acquit her of weakness and rashness, but if she will come back to me and say, with her dear eyes looking honestly into mine, 'Horace, I'm worthy to rest on your bosom!' I'll ask nothing more of her, or of Heaven! Find her, Dick, and shelter her until I come for her. Tell her, for both our sakes, I had to go, to make this seeming crime of mine clear before all men."

And Dick had promised to do all that he had asked of him.

CHAPTER XVI.

FANNY'S REFUGE.

It was not by sense of sight that Fanny Wimple had known that the man who sprang to the driver's side so nimbly and gave his orders so inaudibly, was Frederic Steinray. There was small likeness between this man with his coarse coachman's coat on, and the lithe, graceful form of the man from whom she had so much to dread. She knew it was he, simply because it could be no one else. Not in this way would Horace, her beloved, have reclaimed his wandering wife. It seemed to her hours from the moment when she had unsuspectingly walked into the trap prepared for her to the one when the carriage suddenly came to a halt in front of a gloomy looking building in a street which, even by gaslight, she felt quite sure she had never seen. The man in the heavy overcoat got down from the box and approached the door. As he laid his hand on its handle, with fierce energy she wrenched open the opposite one, and the second of surprise, which kept the man on the other side of the vehicle motionless at her fleet flight, was sufficient to give her the shelter of the nearest corner.

With the speed of a hunted deer, she sped on and on, making as many windings and turning as many curves as her unreasoning instincts led her to take. It was only after half an hour of this aimless wandering that she became keenly alive to a sense of physical pain. Then she remembered that, in springing from the hack, her foot had turned under her, and the agony of a sprained ankle was now added to all else that she had to bear there, in the darkness and loneliness and desertion that seemed to blot out for her all faith in God and man, by whom she seemed forsaken.

"What have I done? What have I done, that I should suffer all this?" she moaned, leaning against a lamp-post to gain a moment of time for reflection.

A policeman stopped and glanced curiously at her. She was plainly enough dressed to pass unquestioned as a working-woman going home at rather a late hour. But his experienced eye told him this was no working-woman. He came a little nearer, scanned her more closely, then said, gruffly, but not unkindly:

"What ails you, anyways?"

"I have sprained my ankle and can scarcely walk. I want to go to a hospital. Can you take me to one?"

Poor Fanny! A city hospital just then suggested itself to her as a place of safe refuge—a haven of rest!

"I can pay for accommodation," she said, nervously, noting the man's hesitation and misinterpreting it.

"I warn't thinking of that. I've got nothing to do with that. I was studyin' out where was best to take you. There's a Catholic concern nearer to here than any city hospital. The Sisters of Mercy, I believe they calls themselves."

"Take me to the Sisters of Mercy, quick, quick!" She staggered toward him. The light of the lamp just above her showed the officer a face deathly in its pallor. Her hands went out wildly, her eyes closed. The pain had overcome her, and it was a fainting woman whom the officer, hailing a passing cab, gently laid upon the cushions with a pitying comment. Mounting the box, he ordered the driver to proceed quickly to the Sisters of Mercy, where he stated her case before taking her out of the cab.

Of course they took her in, unquestioningly, only knowing that suffering humanity had made one more demand on their exhaustless tenderness, only anxious to soothe the pain and smooth the way for the poor helpless thing whom the burly policeman brought in and laid before them, looking more like a broken and crushed lily than a determined and self-sacrificing wife.

And, of course, they kept her and cared for her. For it was not the mere physical pain of a sprained ankle to which Mrs. Wimple had finally succumbed, it was the culmination of all the terror and anxiety and grief and perplexity of the past month that swept over her with crushing force in the moment of her extremity, and nature refused to carry the load any longer.

From a slow fever, superinduced by exposure to the night-air and the pain of her ankle, she fell into a typhoid condition. Her weakened system was ripe for it, and during the next three weeks, while Dick was, through all the papers, at first cautiously, then more recklessly, imploring "F. W. to communicate with her remorseful brother"; while Nellie Nelson was spending her time in cruel self-reproaches for having lost sight of her for a second, finding her only consolation in Dick's visits; while Mollie mourned openly, refusing to be comforted, vowing, noisily, that "between them all, they'd driven the poor darling to suicide"; while Mrs. Prior walked and worked about the home she had been so largely instrumental in rendering desolate with a spirit ill-at-ease, despite her constantly assuring herself that she had done nothing but her duty; while Frederic Steinray, chagrined beyond measure at Horace Wimple's successfully eluding his grasp, turned with fresh accession of disgust from a world from which he extracted nothing but bitterness and disappointment; while Horace Wimple, within whose bosom hope was springing afresh, "dogged" his traducer from spot to spot over the Continent of Europe with the patience and determination of a sleuth-hound—Fanny lay helpless, hovering between life and death, in the retreat of the Sisters

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of Mercy, too ill to think, to care or to suffer; dimly conscious only of a sense of repose and security, which was inexpressibly sweet and healing to her shattered nerves; missing all the urgence of Dick's advertisements; all the pathos of Nellie's self-reproach; all the noisy vehemence of Mollie's grief; shut in from envy, hatred and malice, hovered over by the spirits of love and mercy and truth.

When the day came that she was permitted to use a pen, she wrote and dispatched the following note to her friend Miss Nelson, but she carefully avoided giving any clew to her address:

> "MY DARLING NELLIE—You deserve better at my hands than to be kept any longer in ignorance of my whereabout. I am in good hands. I am sheltered by the saints who sometimes choose to remain in this world instead of going to one where they would feel more at home. You know why I have gone into hiding. To you I must intrust the delicate mission of discovering when my husband is safe out of the hands of his would-be destroyer. When you know that he has secured those fatal papers, insert an advertisement to read, this way: 'Safe. Return. N.' I will watch for it—oh, so anxiously! If I do not let you know where I am in the meantime, it is because I am determined you shall not become involved in the shadow that envelops me."

But Horace Wimple still lingered abroad, and the fatal papers still reposed in Frederic Steinray's keeping, and his power for evil had received no checks; so, wistfully as she scanned the papers day after day, no advertisement appeared, and her wan face grew no less wan, her sad eyes grew no more joyous, for hope deferred was making her heart very sick, and she began seriously to question within herself whether she had not simply blundered where she had aimed to remedy.

CHAPTER XVII.

A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

IT had come to be considered an understood thing between Nellie Nelson and Dick Raymond that, should there be any developments in the "case," as they had come to talk of the trouble in the Wimple family, whosoever should first learn of it was to communicate it to the other.

They had come to be stanch friends, these two, so differently reared, so differently situated, and yet with so much that was common to them both in the way of the first characteristics of poor human nature.

"I could love her," Dick said, with passionate regret, calling up her memory, after he went back to the sordid drudgery of the farm, "and cherish her and make her happy, if she'd been reared anywhere else than in that social hot-bed that would make her loathe the very sight of these poor bare walls."

And, for the first time in all his honest, straightforward, simple life, Dick Raymond was consciously dissatisfied with himself and his surroundings, and his dissatisfaction culminated in a fierce denunciation of himself as a clumsy, presumptuous boor.

"I love him, this grand, honest, true-hearted Dick," Nellie Nelson said, softly, to herself, watching him, as he strode away from her on their last interview, "but he sees nothing in me but a frivolous, empty-headed, callous-hearted woman of society, not fit to help him carry the burden of his life, not worthy to be the mother of his children."

So while Dick, out on the farm yonder, superintending his stock-minders, cradling his wheat, pruning his orchards, imbibing in every fibre of his strong, healthy being nature's sweetest subtleties, went about with a well-defined longing in his great, tender heart, putting down with a strong will all the fancy pictures hope would persist in weaving about the future, Nellie, in her luxurious chamber, in her overcrowded parlors, or at the more crowded social receptions, where she was always a central figure, was conscious of an ever-present longing for a fuller life; a life with more healthy realities in it, with broader horizon, freer scope; a life with a strong flavor of love and honesty and simplicity; a life—shared with Dick.

It was the old, old story.

Coming in one morning for his early noonday dinner, Dick found on his desk a letter. He had never received a letter from Nellie, but that big, square envelope, of thick satiny texture, with its subtle odor, could be from no hand but hers. He took it up reverently. How big and brown and clumsy his hand looked underneath it! He was not conscious of any special desire to know its contents. Since Fanny had assured them, through that one note to Nellie, that she was in good hands, his anxiety on that score had been materially lessened. He would rather things should remain as they were until Wimple's return from Europe. Perhaps this was to inform him he had returned. Strange the fellow had not written himself! Carefully cutting the envelope open, so as to avoid mutilating so precious a possession as far as possible, Dick finally got to the interior of the missive, and read as follows:

> "MY DEAR MR. RAYMOND—Mollie came to me this morning in great grief and excitement. Mr. Wimple got home late last night; was brought to the house by a traveling companion. She reports him as being very ill and entirely out of his mind. Whether this is simply the delirium of fever or something worse, I have no means of knowing, only I thought you ought to know at once, and I think, perhaps, you ought to come at once."

It was quite enough to carry Dick back to the city as soon as he could possibly make arrangements for the carrying on of his farm affairs for an indefinite period.

To Nellie first, where he gleaned very little in addition to what she had written, but where they had both had the ineffable joy of once more looking into each other's eyes, hearing each other's voices and clasping lingering hands; then to the home, where he found his brother-in-law, lying dangerously ill, muttering, ceaselessly and unintelligibly, about his troubles. One sentence was iterated and reiterated. He said it to every one in the same slow, bewildered fashion. He did not recognize Dick when he stood by his bedside, but to him he repeated it over and over again:

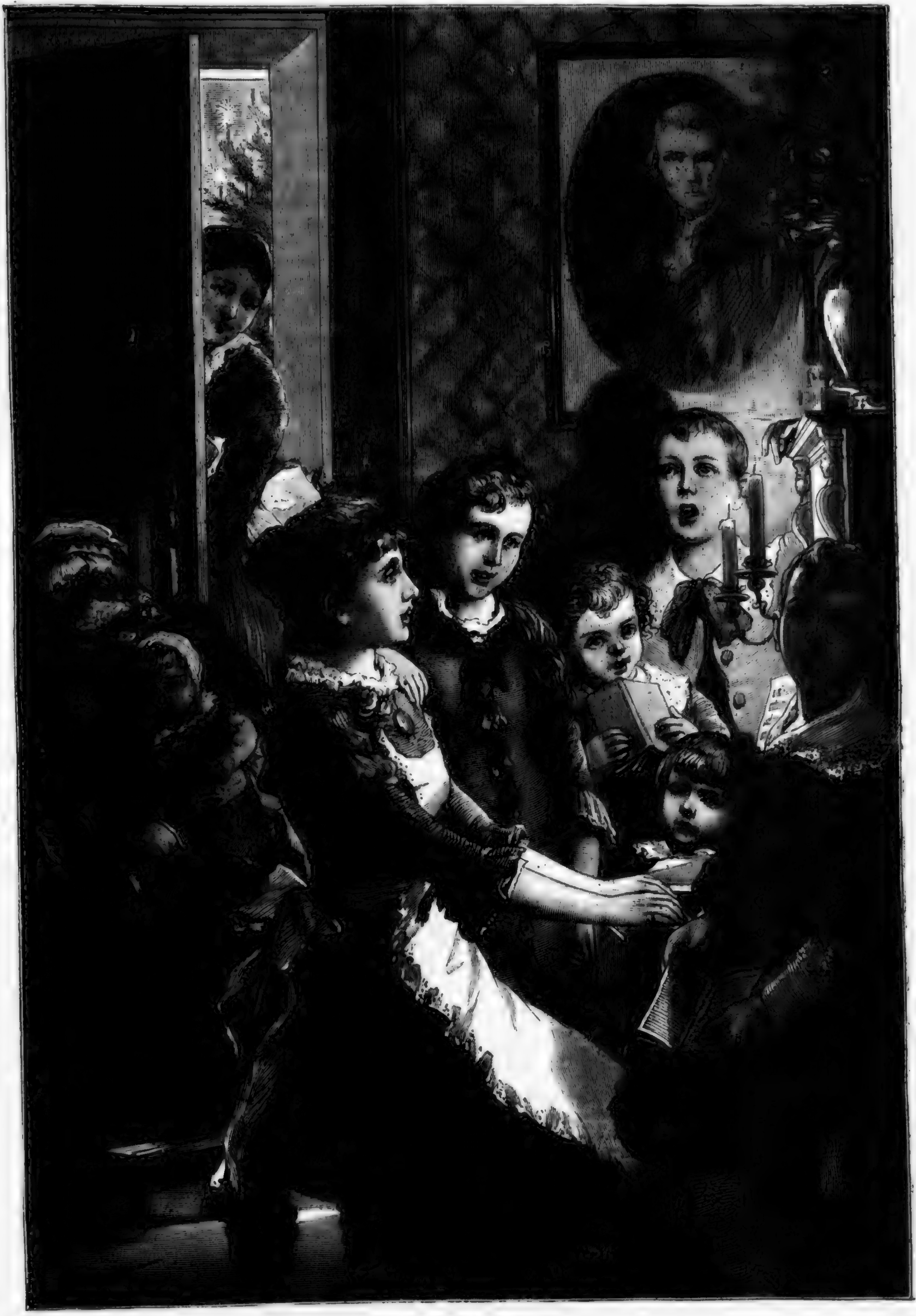
"Tell Dick to get those papers. Steinray has them. Cox is dead! Tell Dick to get those papers!"

Over and over. No one had a clew until Dick came, and, furtively as Mrs. Prior watched his face when he first heard them, she could glean no hint of their hidden meaning.

"You will sit up with the poor dear to-night, Mr. Raymond, of course?" says Mrs. Prior, with but a poor imitation of her former dictatorial voice and manner.

"Perhaps not to-night," said Dick, who had already resolved to interview Frederic Steinray before he slept; "but after to-night I shall be at his disposal;" and very soon thereafter he took his departure, affording Mrs. Prior another opportunity to inveigh against the coarseness and hardness of the family into which her poor dear Horace had married, so very much against her expressed wishes.

It was into Mr. Frederic Steinray's private apartments that Dick penetrated that evening, having first assured himself of finding that gentleman at home and alone. He was seated before a table, upon which was strewn any



THE HOME CONCERT.

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number of legal-looking documents, in the midst of which a wine-bottle and a single goblet nestled sociably. It was not Dick's intention to waste any ceremony on this man. He had panted for the opportunity of meeting him face to face, but in that long last talk he and Horace had held together, on the eve of his departure for Europe, Mr. Wimple had strictly forbidden his interference during his absence. Now that Horace had come home disabled for fight, Dick was only too willing to take up the cudgels himself.

In the long weeks of retrospection and reflection that had been afforded by this enforced passivity, his strong, clear brain had fastened upon one point which, in his manifold distresses and excitements, had escaped Horace Wimple's own observation. Dick had questioned him very minutely about the one visit paid by Frederic Steinray to his sister's home. It was only after his brother-in-law's departure for Europe that it had flashed upon him with the force of conviction that Steinray had stolen those papers when Horace had left him alone in the library.

"If I had to deal with a gentleman," said Dick to himself, as the elevator slowly bore him upward to Mr. Steinray's apartments, "I might have some qualms about my proposed method of dealing with him, but as it is——" As it was, he followed his own knock almost instantaneously into the broker's presence. "My name is Raymond, Mr. Steinray," he said, quite abruptly, looking at the woman-hater across the paper-strewn table, with eyes that knew no fear.

The broker's face flushed slightly at the suddenness of this arrival, but he rose with a good semblance of civility, and placed a chair for his self-constituted guest.

"Be seated, Mr. Raymond. I presume I have the honor of addressing Mr. Horace Wimple's brother-in-law."

He bowed with mock deference, but a malevolent smile curled his thin lips as the thought came to him of his power to crush both these men with one blow.

"Exactly," said Dick, declining the proffered chair, but leaning slightly against it, as he regarded the broker coolly.

"And your business with me, sir?" Steinray asked, perceiving the utter inutility of applying the ordinary rules of civility to this extraordinary interview.

"Is to procure, by fair means, if possible, a sight of some papers said to be in your possession which concern my brother-in-law, Mr. Wimple."

"Mr. Wimple has returned to the city, I believe," said Steinray, fingering with nervous hands the papers before him.

"Yes, sir," Dick answers, laconically.

"He is not well, I understand."

"He is dangerously ill,"

"That's a pity," said Steinray, with a sneer in his voice. "It will retard matters again."

"What matters?" Dick asked.

"A little settlement between us," Steinray says, looking down at the table and not at the calm-eyed young stalwart who was regarding him with folded arms.

"There is no use of any fencing, Mr. Steinray," says Dick, with sudden directness. "I am here to-night as Mr. Wimple's representative. I am just from him. I insist upon a sight of those papers thought to be so damaging to my brother-in-law."

"Thought to be," Steinray echoed, with a sneer. "He evidently found them sufficiently discomposing to make him sneak out of the country to avoid facing the consequences of them."

"He was not in position then," said Dick, daringly emphasizing the *then* to prove how utterly clear he was of the charges they laid at his door. "You will let me see those papers, if you please."

He amused himself doubling and undoubling a small rattan cane he had provided himself with before seeking this interview. The motion was not lost on the man on the opposite side of the table.

"With perfect willingness, Mr. Raymond." His smile conveyed less malevolence simply because it was so utterly feeble an attempt at a smile. "I had gotten them out for Mr. Wimple's consideration to-morrow. As it is all in the family, I suppose he will not object."

"I am here to represent him, I believe I told you," said Dick, extending his hand for the papers.

He put his cane under his arm and placidly read aloud:

> "MR. HORACE WIMPLE—The three thousand dollars which you demand for the little service required at your hands is somewhat exorbitant, but as I know of no man who has the ability to doctor my accounts as successfully as yourself, I submit to the extortion. Call for the check to-night. "LEONARD COX."

"Charming bit of reading," said Dick, folding one paper and opening another. "Let us see what number two has to say:

> "You have bungled, or you have sinned, which is the worst sort of bungling. I leave to-night. Look out for yourself. You are six thousand dollars short."

Folding the papers up, Dick laid them down on the table before Frederic Steinray.

"What do they mean?" he asked, abruptly.

"They mean," said Steinray, breathing more freely at this sign of weakening on Dick's part, "that the infallible Mr. Horace Wimple was as deep in the mire as Leonard Cox, the defaulting cashier of the —— Bank, was in the mire. They were accomplices in the crime that Cox has gotten all the credit for."

"Cox is dead, you know?" said Dick, indifferently.

"No!"

A flash of absolute joy passed over Frederic Steinray's scarred face.

"Yes," Dick went on, in a matter-of-fact way, "it was to find him that Wimple crossed the ocean. He put me in full possession of the facts before he left. When Cox found himself on the eve of discovery he made one frantic effort to implicate an innocent man in his guilt. Those letters were written ostensibly to Horace Wimple. They were purposely allowed to fall into the hands of a man whom Cox thought was an enemy of my brother-in-law. He was not friendly with him, but he chanced *not* to be a rogue, and he sent the letters to Wimple. Wimple was holding on to them to bring Cox to confession with them. They were among his private papers up at his residence. I have one question to ask: How did those papers come into your possession, sir?"

The evident signs of uneasiness which showed themselves in Steinray's restless movements convinced Dick that his own worst suspicions were correct.

"I decline to answer that question," Steinray said, sullenly; "it is sufficient for my purposes that they are in my possession."

"But not for mine," says Dick, resolutely. He took the supple rattan from its place under his arm, and toying with it lightly, said, calmly and slowly, "You stole those papers, Mr. Steinray! You stole them from among Horace Wimple's papers at his house. Now you can take your choice of handing them to me, giving them to me as my property, or you can take the consequences."

Steinray's face grew pallid! His lips trembled with rage, but they emitted no sound.

"It's a pretty rough proposition, I admit," said Dick, in a coolly argumentative voice, "but you've done enough mischief already, and by the Eternal I'll not leave this office until it's out of your power to do any more. In your heart, you know that Horace Wimple is not a rogue. Entangled, embarrassed, cramped, yes, foolish, if you will, but never dishonest. By a trick worthy of a street-sweeper, you got hold of some papers that could damage him. There's but one way to prevent the catastrophe you have planned with such devilish intentions. I am prepared to take that one way."

Steinray sat white and immovable. The papers lay within Dick's reach. It would have been easy enough for him to stretch out his hand, pick them up and walk out with them. He did not propose to secure them in that fashion. Steinray should give them to him. There was a long and sullen silence to be broken.

"Well!" he said, significantly.

"Curse it all! There are the papers," said Steinray, glaring at him. "I'm not physically able to cope with a stall-fed ox."

"Don't get personal, Mr. Steinray," said Dick. "I'm waiting for you to put those papers in my hands voluntarily."

Conscious that refusal to do so would only prolong a scene already painfully disgraceful, Steinray reached over, took the papers and extended them to Dick without a word.

"Thanks! Now I must trouble you to sign a paper for me." Coolly leaning over, he possessed himself of the letter-pad immediately under Steinray's hand, and, dipping a pen in ink, wrote a few lines, which he read aloud, and then extended for the broker's signature. This is what he wrote:

> "This is to avow my belief that the letters written by Leonard Cox to Horace Wimple were simply the device of a detected criminal to cast suspicion on an innocent man, and have no other significance."

To this, with trembling hand, Frederic Steinray affixed his signature. Dick look at it, pressed the blotting-pad carefully upon it, folded it neatly and placed it among the papers in his pocketbook.

"As for these," he said, straightening himself up and looking with flashing disdain at the letters he had recovered, "it gives me a contempt for human nature to think what an element of woe such flimsy cowardice could prove. Cox wrote them in a desperate attempt to shield himself; Wimple kept them with a quixotic determination to make him retract in public; you stole them with the diabolical desire to crush an innocent heart and desolate a happy home. It goes hard with me to leave you unpunished. But as it is, I suppose I must content myself with having drawn your fangs."

Saying which, Dick tore the letters which had cost them all so dearly into a thousand small bits, dropping them into the waste-basket at his feet. He did not care to hurry. If Steinray had any plan of resentment to express, or any satisfaction to demand, he would give him ample opportunity. But Steinray had nothing to say. He was conscious of being totally vanquished, and while he accepted defeat in sullen quietness, Dick walked deliberately out of his presence, swaying the rattan which had been such an important factor in the victory just achieved in a loose and graceful curve.

(To be continued.)

A ROYAL FUND.

At the time of the Comte de Chambord's death there existed in London a fund, amounting to 5,000,000 francs, subscribed by the Legitimists of France to promote the restoration of the ancient monarchy. The idea of creating this fund did not originate with Henri Cinq himself, but with some of the leading champions of the cause, who insisted on the necessity of providing the sinews of war, and having them ready for use when the decisive hour arrived. The Comte de Chambord accepted the offer on condition that he alone should have the entire disposal of the fund. It was, however, wisely agreed that the money should not be applied to support the Monarchical newspapers, for a subsidized press, and not in France only, is a rotten institution. The money, for safety's sake—for Radicals in power are chartered libertines in regard to the funds of those who are not Radicals—was transferred from a Paris bank to London.

As another instance of the Comtesse de Chambord's aversion to, and distrust of the Orleans princes, I may mention the strange circumstance that, on the death of Henri Cinq, she refused to allow this fund to pass into the hands of the legitimate representative of the Monarchy, the Comte de Paris; and ordered, in spite of the urgent representations of the leading Legitimists of France, the money to be returned to the subscribers. But very little of the fund has been employed by the Comte de Chambord, for 4,500,000 francs remained untouched. About 500,000 francs, it is now no indiscretion to state, were expended in the preparations which Henri Cinq made when, at the suggestion of the General Assembly at Bordeaux, he came to Paris for the purpose of being proclaimed king. The plan was frustrated by the hesitation of the Orleans princes to accompany the Comte de Chambord and his armed followers to the Hotel de Ville, where they would have been supported by the army under the command of Marshal MacMahon, a devoted partisan of the Orleans Princes.

ALUMINIUM.

An article in a late number of *Engineering* discusses the efforts making to produce aluminium cheaply, and points out the amazing effect it would have upon engineering not only, but in all directions, since it is tough and yet only one-third as heavy as iron. The qualities of strength and lightness are not all that this metal has to recommend it, however. It has a low melting point, about 1,000 degrees, and not only can be cast with facility, but it works well under the hammer. It will not oxidize even at a red heat, and will resist all acids except hydrochloric. It will alloy with most metals, and in so doing lends them a large share of characteristics. It is a capital conductor of electricity, and, indeed, seems to combine in itself all the good qualities of all other metals. As a conductor of electricity it would replace galvanized wire at once, and in all culinary and domestic purposes it would be cheaper and better than either tin or copper. It is impossible to run through the entire list of purposes to which aluminium is applicable, but two which suggest themselves most naturally are torpedo boats and dirigible balloons. In the former every ounce of weight is considered, and cost is of no moment compared with speed. What change would be wrought in the design and construction of those vessels if the weight of the engines, boilers, hull or fittings could be reduced by two-thirds! As to balloons, no one would dare to speak

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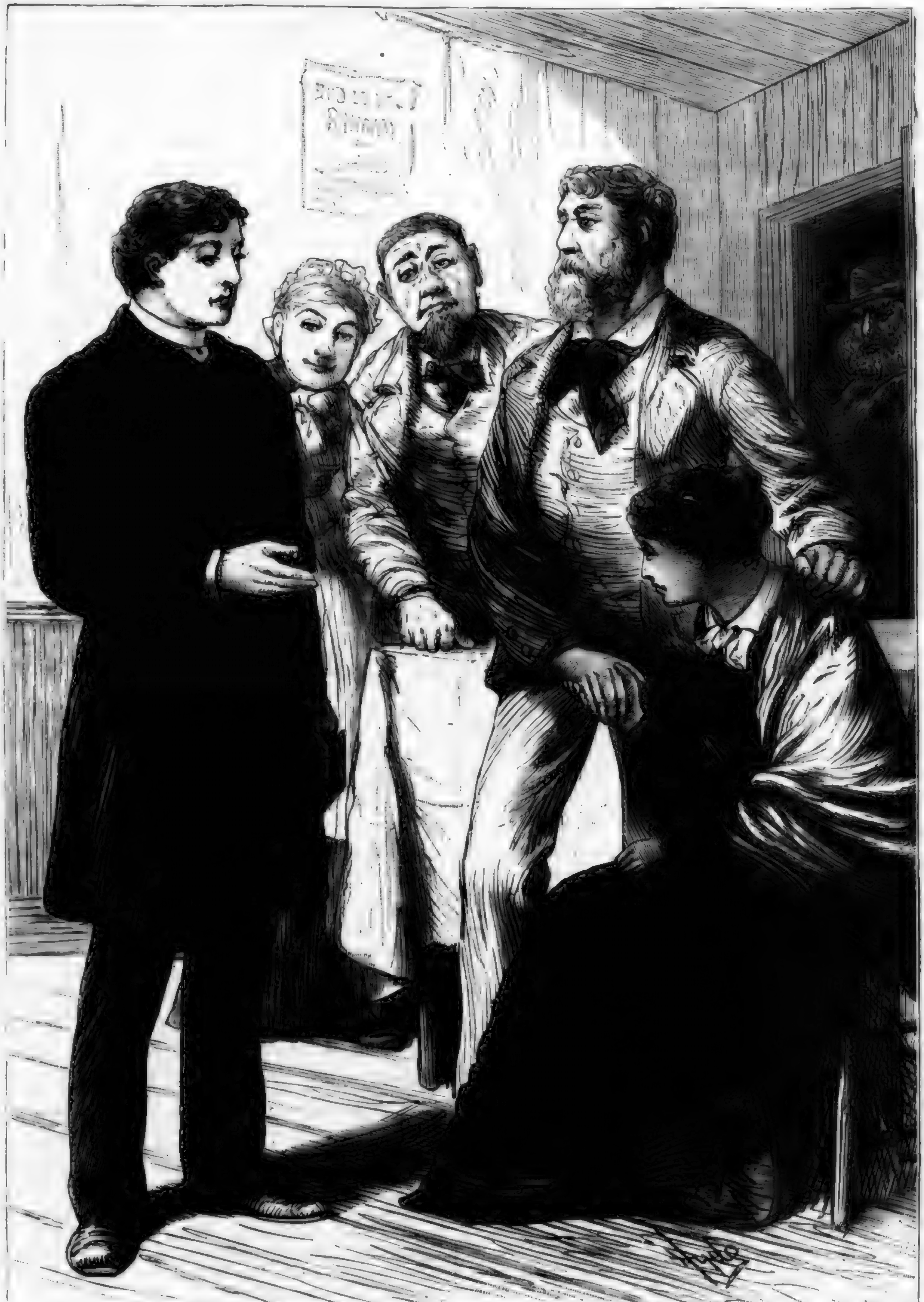
confidently, but if the problem of aerial flight is ever to be solved, it is probable that the introduction of aluminium will be the chief agent in the matter.

POETRY.

"POETRY is acknowledged to be an art, ranking, like music, with the fine arts—painting, sculpture and architecture. It is acknowledged, also, that the peculiar characteristic of all these arts is that they have what is termed *form* (from the Latin *forma*, an external appearance). This form, moreover, is æsthetic (from the Greek, perceived by the senses); and it is presented in such a way as to address the senses through the agency of an artist, who, in order to attain his end, represents the sounds or sights of Nature. All these arts, therefore, in a broad sense of the term, are representative. What they represent is partly the phenomena of Nature, and partly the thoughts of man; partly that which is imitated from things perceived in the world without, and partly that which is conceived in the mind of him who, in order to express his conception, produces the imitation. Both of these factors are present in all artistic forms, and cause them to be what they are. That painting and sculpture represent, is recognized by all: that music and architecture do the same, needs to be proved to most men. As for poetry, all perceive that it contains certain representative elements; but few are aware to what an extent these determine everything in it that is distinctive and excellent."

DESPAIR.

IT is supposed that Hymen is represented with a torch to indicate that marriage throws light on those little imperfections which are not seen during the days of courtship.



WITHIN ONE HOUR.—"HIRAM, TAKING HIS STAND BESIDE THE CHAIR, SAID, 'DOLLY CAN KEEP HER SEAT, IF IT'S ALL THE SAME; SHE IS SO TIRED.' 'THERE IS NO OBJECTION,' REPLIED MR. CARTER."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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THE CHESTNUTS.

THEY two were kneeling by the Christmas fire,
A cheery, well-built pile, whose ruddy glow
Touched lightly on the girl's sweet, laughing face,
As carefully, and with a dainty grace,
She ranged the shining chestnuts in a row.

He wished to help her, wished to do *his* part,
Which was but fair, as every one will own!
But she, not willing, shook her pretty head,
And with a saucy smile, half-mocking, said:
"That she could manage very well alone!"

Grieved at her words, he drew back, hurt and proud,
While she—unkind as women sometimes are—
Turned o'er the chestnuts slowly, one by one,
Hummed a gay waltz—then, finding they were done,
Stooped down to draw them from the topmost bar.

She touched the first, but dropped it with a cry,
Looked at her hand with pained and puckered brow,
Called him to see where it had burnt her so;
Then, slyly glancing up, she whispered low:
"I'm sorry I was cross! I want you—*now!*"

Of course he came, and side by side they knelt,
Only this time he held her hand, while she
Leant trustful on his breast, and, strange to say,
The chestnuts scorched and blackened where they lay,
For both were far too occupied to see.

WITHIN ONE HOUR.

By LISLE LESTER.

IN the very early days of California a company of young people emigrated from Ohio to the "Golden State," *via* the Isthmus. They were young men of various trades and professions, two young married couples, and a young minister fresh from his theological *Alma Mater*. They made a compact among themselves to settle in the same locality, if possible, in the new El Dorado—an agreement they found it impossible to ratify.

* * * * * *

Six years later.

Violent rains and hurricane winds had swept the streets of the pretty mountain town of Mokelumne Hill for several days; all the creeks were pouring headlong down the rocky cañons, as if bent on a frolic and a good time generally; the sluice-boxes were overflowing with golden sands; miners had worked knee-deep in yellow running water until the storm finally drove them into town, where they had no trouble in "getting out of dust" in a very short time.

The quaint hotel was crowded with the extra rush. The Stockton stage had been late several nights, and on the night when the storm raged its worst did not reach the Hill at all.

Early the next morning it arrived at the hotel-steps in a deplorable condition, the mustangs looked worse than the thorough-brace itself; their tails had been blown the wrong way, until every hair was caught in the buckles and rings of the harness; their manes were snarled and knotted with rain and sleet, and stood up straight in the wind, while the poor beasts trembled from head to feet with cold and exposure.

"About sundown," as time was calculated in the mining days, Rev. Duncan Carter, the minister of the place, and the principal of the school as well, entered the hotel saloon, to the surprise of a long line of long-haired miners, drinking and idling at the bar. Every man wheeled quickly around, leaving his glass on the counter, while a few took off their hats; the man behind the bar, with a profusion of white toweling around his rotundity, and a ten-dollar nugget on his shirt-bosom, left his place and hurried around to the minister, who stood shaking the sleet from his hat, saying briskly:

"Good-evening, Mr. Carter! Anything in my line, sir? Bad night out."

"Yes, very bad. I am looking for Hiram Dudley, from Deadeye Gulch. Have you seen him to-day?"

Mr. Carter did not appear ill at ease in the saloon among the rougher men, who delayed their drinking and checked up their tongues as he quietly made his inquiry.

"Oh! Hy Dudley? Yes, he was in here not five minutes ago. Take a seat, sir, in the back room—no one playing now—and I'll send out for Dudley."

The bartender motioned the way to the empty gaming-room in the rear with as much flourish as if he were inviting a nobleman into a palace.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Carter. "I will sit down and wait, for I *must* see Dudley before the stage goes out."

With that he passed through the open doorway of a cloth partition and seated himself at a card-table, throwing off his heavy coat and shaking the water from his umbrella.

At the same moment a Chinese waiter entered and set a glass of hot lemonade and half a dozen cigars on the table before him, saying, with the proverbial "countenance child-like and bland":

"You likee, you takee, allee same, no pay; blenty good!"

"Thank you," said the minister, lighting one of the cigars at once.

A few seconds only had passed, when the noise of the wind rushing in through a suddenly opened door, and a commotion attendant upon a fresh arrival, were emphasized by a cheerful, manly, brusque voice asking, noisily:

"Who wants *me*, boys?"

"Gentleman in back room. Hy — Mr. Carter," said the barkeeper, with a dash of deference in his voice, as he pulled a cork from a champagne-bottle at the same time.

"Why, hello, Duncan! *You* here this infernal bad night? How are you, old fellow, anyway?"

The two men shook hands with pointed cordiality, Dudley standing up erect like a mountain cedar beside the more slender physique of Mr. Carter.

"Yes, Hiram, I wanted to see you very much; heard you were in town, and have been the rounds to find you. Sit down and take a cigar."

"Haven't set eyes on you in a month or two, Duncan. How do things pan out? Preaching pay?"

With this very terse question Dudley took a chair, and then stretched himself out from it to remarkable length.

"Not alone, Hiram. My school is the better lead, financially; but altogether I've no cause for complaint. I have just returned from the Bay, and stopped over a couple of days in Stockton."

Both men were sending wreaths and columns of smoke into the corners and ceilings of the miniature room with an industry apparently enjoyable to themselves at least.

As Mr. Carter mentioned Stockton, Dudley's puff of smoke suddenly mounted higher than all his previous efforts; he started suddenly, then pulled himself together again, quickly asking:

"See any of our old friends down there?'

"Yes. By-the-way, we are pretty well scattered since we left Ohio, Hiram, considering we calculated to keep together."

And Mr. Carter poised his cigar in his fingers with a thoughtful expression on his fine face that was cousin, at least, to sadness.

"What a blamed set of fools we were, Duncan! You and I have managed to keep within gunshot of each other. Did you say you saw some of the Ohio folks?"

"Yes; I saw Thomas Banks."

"Why didn't you shoot the lazy cuss? I'm ashamed to know he came from Ohio. Excuse me, Duncan; I forgot you are a parson."

"I know what you mean, Hiram. I wish you would answer a question without taking offense at my asking."

"Offense, old friend—offense?" and Hiram Dudley laid his great hand on the minister's arm. "When did you ever know me to get up and blow about anything you have to say?"

"Never, Hiram, never! But it's a delicate question, and perhaps you'll think it's none of my business."

"Well, for old acquaintance sake, I'll give you leave to fire into me anyway you please. Will you have a glass of wine, Duncan?"

"No; I'm well fixed now," said Mr. Carter, striking the ashes from his cigar, and draining off the lemonade.

"Well, Hiram, I'd like to know if you ever cared particularly for that little wife of Thomas Banks's before he married her? There, it is all out."

Dudley threw a dense puff of smoke directly toward the minister's face. As it cleared away, he slapped his big fist heavily upon the table, saying:

"Duncan, blame it, you've struck my best rein! It's no use lying to you, and, to be square, I may as well own up that a thought of Dolly Sanborn always gets the best of me, inside and out. I've been tempted, more than that dough-headed Adam in your Bible was ever tempted, to shoot Tom Banks forty times. I wish to Heaven I'd blazed into him when he was up here begging last year!"

"I should have no regrets in hearing he was dead; his own misdeeds curse him enough already. I met him on the street in Stockton, drunk and ragged, and I followed him into a low den to inquire about his wife."

"Did you? You're a trump, Duncan. Blast me, but I like your sort of religion. What did the scoundrel say?"

"He was too much in liquor to say anything, except swear at every one who looked at him, and call the crowd out for a fight. Another party directed me to a friend of Dolly's, and I called upon her after getting the address."

Hiram had stopped smoking, and sat with his head resting in his open palms, his elbows on the table, looking straight into the eyes of his friend, with a face full of manliness and tenderness, despite the shaggy yellow hair that fell over his ears.

"How did you find her, Duncan? Rip it out, good or bad!"

"I found her 'down below pay dirt,' as you say. It seems Tom has left her several times, months at a time, and she helps herself by sewing. When she gets a little ahead of starvation, he goes back home, eats and drinks her out of everything, and abuses her shamefully, until she flies to the neighbors for protection."

"Duncan, why didn't you kill the dirty pup?" roared Dudley, jumping to his feet in a fury of passion.

"Sit down, Hiram; this is not a case of temper or murder. Hear me out; I need you, and you may need your common sense."

"All right, Duncan," and he went down into his chair like a restive elephant, saying, "and you know where to find me, and I'm your man about this thing. Fire away, Duncan."

"She has buried two babies, and about six months ago, through the kindness of friends, she got a divorce from Banks."

"She did? Hooray! She's a brick! I knew she was——"

"Wait, Hiram."

Mr. Carter again took hold of Hiram's arm and made him sit down, just as he was about to send off three cheers for Mrs. Banks.

"Yes, she obtained her divorce, but she is in bad health; and the third baby will be here shortly, to die like the rest, and she, too, unless something is done for her. She is absolutely living on the charity of friends, Hiram."

Dudley's reply was to jump to his feet and kick a chair across the room; then, thrusting both hands to the depths of very unfathomable pockets, he dropped his bearded chin upon his breast in a whirl of emotion he could not express.

Mr. Carter approached him and asked him to sit down, laying at the same time a sort of caressive clasp upon his broad shoulders.

"Sit down!" thundered Hiram. "Do you suppose a white man can hear that about a woman he would sell his eyes for, and sit down? Hang it, Duncan, I must swear, if you are a parson; and don't expect me to simmer down quietly like a tallow candle, either!"

"Well, swear if you must, but try to keep cool long enough to understand what I want of you. Your heart's all right, my friend—none knows better than I. I gave Mrs. Banks——"

"Thunder and lightning! don't call her *that* again if you expect me to keep cool!"

"All right, Hiram; I don't like to. I gave her all the money I had about me, and borrowed more on my watch, and left that for her——"

"Bully for you, old fellow!" and Hiram appeared for the minute as if he was about to gather Mr. Carter up in his arms. "I say, Duncan, never mind what I said just now; that was snappish. Hang me! I won't swear again in your hearing. Here"—pulling a heavy bag of gold dust out of his pocket—"just help yourself to your pay, interest and all."

"No, Hiram, never mind that *now*. I told her she should hear from me as soon as I could find some way for her to help herself. The first thing is to get her out of Stockton, away from Banks."

"Cuss him!" muttered Dudley.

"I am puzzled what to do with her, Hiram."

Dudley was lost in thought for a few seconds, then a thought struck him with torpedo emphasis.

"Old boy Duncan—never mind—I mean—hang me if I can keep on my company manners!—but I'll tell you square and plump now, if Dolly could think half as much of me as she once did, I'd marry her to-night, if she'd have me, and the devil take the odds! There!"

With that emphatic avowal Hiram walked around the table, and sat down again as if he intended to test the strength of the chair.

"You would not have to go far to find a minister to perform *that* ceremony."

With a grave and earnest face, now quite the opposite of his previous manner, Dudley asked:

"What's to be done?"

"I propose you take the next stage for Stockton, and go after her; while you are away, I'll find some suitable

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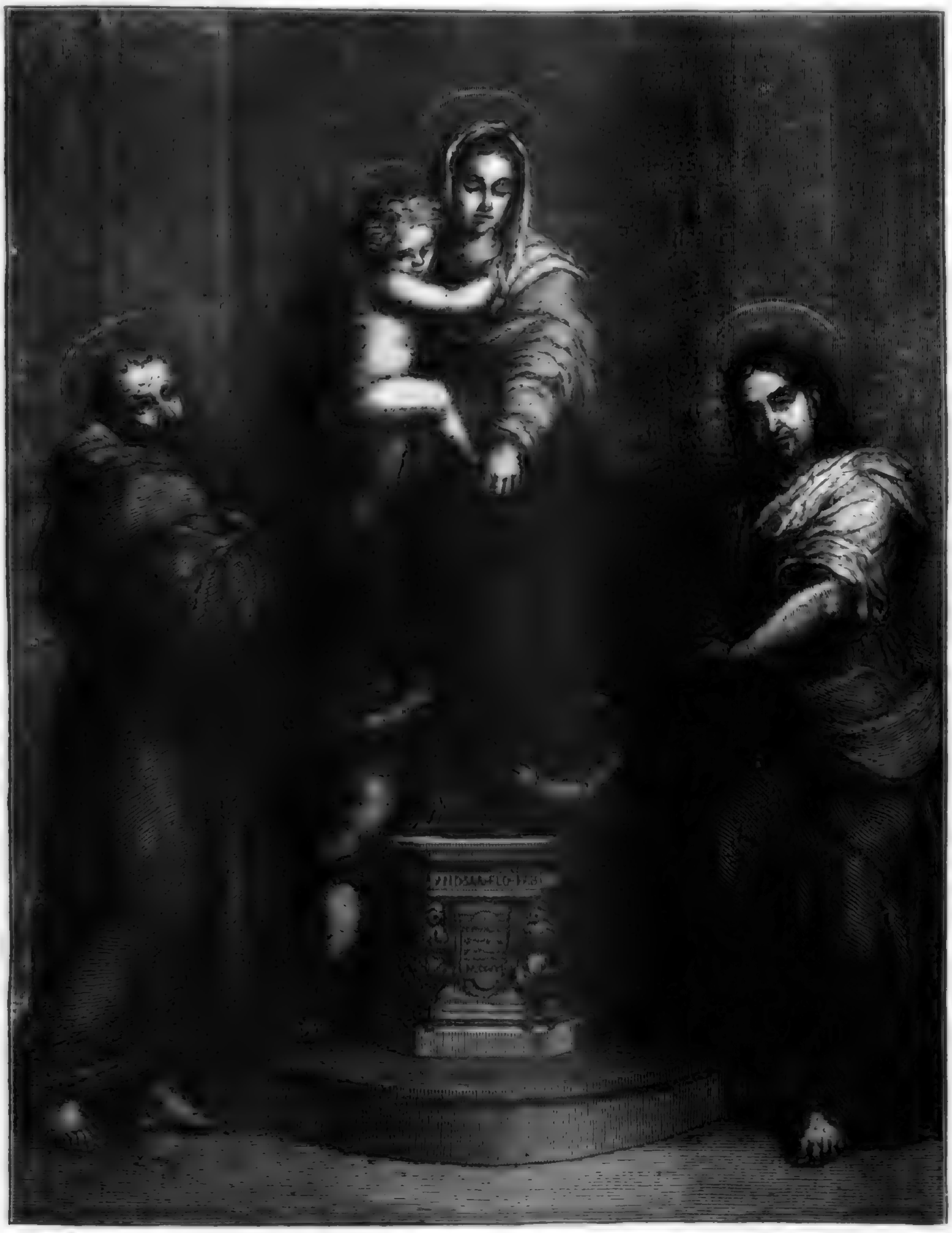
boarding-place for her, until she can take the girls' class in my school, or until she marries you, if that should transpire."



RAPHAEL'S MADONNA OF THE TRIBUNE.

"By Jupiter, you won't wait long! But see here, Duncan"—and Hiram's voice fell to a semi-whisper—"is it just the right color for me to go? Won't the townsfolk get up a dust about it? And if I should see Tom Banks, I'd knock him into a cocked hat, so help me John Rogers! Of course I am not in for a row, to disgrace her or myself either."

"You are right in that," said Mr. Carter. "Perhaps it is not just the thing for you to go——"

Dudley interrupted him by seizing one of his hands, and jumping to his feet excitedly.

"I've struck it! You go! Your white necktie is the ticket that'll set everything square! I'll pay all the expenses and something to boot. You can tell Dolly my intentions, too, just in your taking way. Yes, that's the color of it! Go and pack your valise; I'll get your seat! Hooray!. While you are gone, I'll brush up, and look more like a white man! Hooray, Duncan! it's panning out jest right!"

Mr. Carter laughed heartily at Hiram's impromptu burst of joy, and some of the idlers in the saloon looked in to see "what had set Hy Dudley up so."

After a little pause, Mr. Carter said:

"Well, Hiram, I'll go. It's a rough trip right back again in the storm, but I am not afraid of a little discomfort. I'll go."

"Bully for you!"

"Old friend, see here. I do not propose to do your lovemaking for you," remarked Mr. Carter.

"Duncan, I was just going to caution you not to do any for yourself, and rob me of Dolly——"

"Hiram, stop there. I am going expressly for you and Dolly; my heart has had its own. Besides that, don't expect to see her as she was, before sorrow and sickness and abuse crushed out her young beauty. Women who are tired out, sick and poor, do not possess many of the attractions of their youth."

"Well, I say, Duncan, she looks as well as I do, don't she?"

"I don't know but she looks a little better," responded Mr. Carter, smiling.

"Then I'll be hanged if she hasn't the best of it! She is Dolly Sanborn, after all, and I'll marry her if there is enough left of her to hold her soul!"

"Amen!" and Mr. Carter grasped Hiram warmly by the hand. "Sit down and write her a letter. You have no time to waste, either. I'll return here and take the stage."

"All right, Duncan. Everything shall be fixed."

Suddenly whirling around, upsetting the card-table in his awkward eagerness, he called out to the barkeeper:

"Cap'n! cap'n!"

The "cap'n" made an immediate appearance, and Hiram, in a tone intended for confidential purposes, said:

"Cap'n, put up a bottle of something before the stage leaves—something nice—for Mr. Carter. He is going right back to Stockton. Something mild and genteel, you know, cap'n, suitable for a parson—you understand—and a box of cigars."

"Yes, I know. I'll do it up right." And before Mr. Carter could interfere, Hiram had gradually pushed the cap'n through the open door.

"Now write your letter, Dudley," said he, "while I go home and get ready."

"The Ohio boy is square every time," said Hiram, as he walked to the door with Mr. Carter and saw him out.

As the door closed behind the minister, Dudley, metamorphosed into a boy, threw up his hat, calling out to everybody in the room:

"Friends, walk up, it's my treat. Bring out your best, cap'n. Don't ask any questions, but I've struck pay dirt, and Duncan Carter's the man that spotted the claim for me! Three cheers and long life, boys, to the minister; he's the best man among us, and let's give him a bumper on Christmas!"

No one asked the cause of Dudley's enthusiasm, but the glasses clinked loudly, and the cloth-lined house shook with three hearty rounds for the minister.

Hiram Dudley was thoroughly respected by the whole town; his word was his bond, and Duncan Carter was a favorite with all classes, church people or otherwise. That he had done some unusually good thing was guaranteed by Dudley, and the rough, generous California miners, although standing at the bar of a saloon, gave an expression of appreciation that was honest and genuine.

* * * * * *

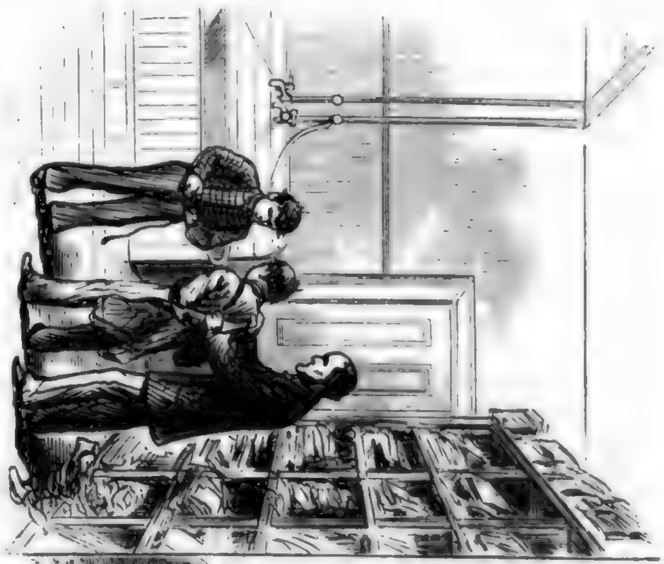
The storm continued its violence all the week.

The distant mountain peaks looked like so many Galateas against the leaden sky, in their snowy drapery.

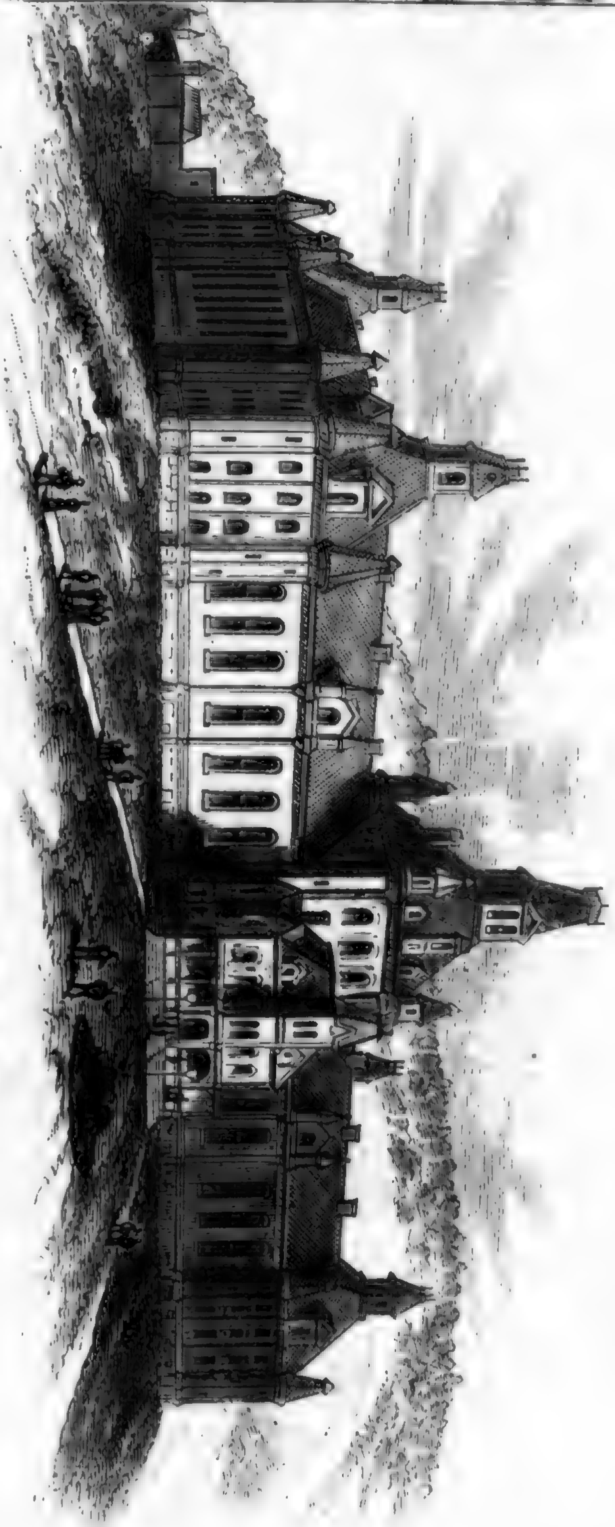
Hiram Dudley had been an enigma to the entire popution of Mokelumne Hill, and to his Chinese cook from Deadeye Gulch, who wondered "what for Melican man Dudley, allee same blenty gentleman."

Some one said "he had never been the same since the parson got after him in the saloon."

He had given the barber a job, and when he left the tonsorial chair very few would have recognized him.



RECEPTION OF INMATES.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ELMIRA REFORMATORY.—SEE PAGE 727.

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"He had got himself into store clothes and a boiled shirt," the sheriff said.

He had spoken for the best room in the hotel, and confound the expense.

His old chums believed "he oughter speak to the doctor, for he 'peared like he might have mountain fever hanging round him."

He didn't smoke nor drink as much as he used to, but he stood treat for the boys more liberally than ever.

After two days' delay the stage arrived. All the town, nearly, stood around the Exchange as it drew up at the steps.

A dissipated-looking customer, rolled up in a gray blanket, tumbled clumsily down from the driver's seat as that functionary threw the lines to the stableman, exclaiming:

"I'm glad he's off—he's about the meanest cub I ever took over the road!"

Hiram Dudley, in his store clothes, pushed his way to the door of the stage as Duncan Carter stepped out, assisting a mite of a lady to do the same, who was immediately gathered up in Dudley's strong arms and carried through the crowd into the hotel.

Every man gave way respectfully, and several endeavored to show their interest by assisting Mr. Carter with the baskets and blankets.

Supper was served immediately in the room Hiram had engaged, which had been put in "apple-pie order," as he said; and as he sat by the side of the tired-out, sad-eyed little woman, his face grew ten years younger with hope and happiness.

Only a few low words passed between them—it appeared to be a matter very easily settled.

As supper was announced "all ready," Hiram tenderly wrapped a shawl around her fragile shoulders, and wheeled her chair to the table with a grace few had ever discerned in him.

The travelers were just human enough to be hungry, and as Hiram appointed himself host, he dealt out the viands bountifully, while Mr. Carter gave him all the details of the trip.

As soon as the hearty, cheerful meal was finished, the minister said to Hiram:

"Dudley, as the marriage is mutually agreed upon, the ceremony had better be performed now. Shall I call in our landlord and wife as witnesses?"

Hiram bent over the *petite* form in the chair by his side and whispered a few words in her ear, then he nodded to Mr. Carter that it was agreeable.

The landlord and his good wife came in at once, having known for several days they would be invited to do so.

"Duncan," said Hiram, taking his stand beside the chair, "Dolly can keep her seat, if it's all the same; she is so tired."

"There is no objection," replied Mr. Carter, and he proceeded at once with the regular form of marriage service.

As the final words were spoken that made them man and wife, the door burst suddenly open, and the ruffian who had arrived on the outside of the stage—being none other than Thomas Banks—rushed into the room, revolver in hand, exclaiming, as he leveled it at Hiram Dudley:

"Oh, I've trapped you at last! Curse you, Hy Dudley—take that!" firing at the same moment.

A cartridge crashed into Dudley's shoulder as he stepped in front of Dolly.

"Duncan, take care of her!" and he fell to the floor.

The poor little woman uttered one piteous moan and fainted, while the landlord seized the madman, and Mr. Carter stepped to the door, calling for help.

It was ready, for the report of the revolver had brought the crowd from the hotel office and saloon into the hall.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Carter, "take care of that man. He has shot Hiram Dudley."

The men did not wait to hear another word. Out into the darkness and storm that body of impromptu lawmakers and executors took Thomas Banks. In less than fifteen minutes his limp and lifeless body was swinging by the neck from a neighboring tree.

In the meantime it was found that Hiram Dudley's wound was not fatal, and inside the hour a tiny stranger arrived in Dolly's room, and was immediately named Duncan Dudley. All of the climaxes of life culminated within that one hour for the *personnel* of this sketch, and were not considered, at the time, very much out of the general order of things either.

QUEER SUPERSTITIONS.

The following superstitions, handed down by tradition, are yet fervently believed in many parts of America. The majority of them, though of British origin, are almost extinct in England:

White specks on the nails mean luck.

Whoever reads epitaphs loses his memory.

To rock the cradle when empty is injurious to the child.

When a mouse gnaws a gown, some misfortune may be apprehended.

He who has teeth wide asunder must seek his fortune in some distant land.

Whoever finds a four-leaf trefoil—shamrock—should wear it for good luck.

Beggars' bread should be given to children who are slow in learning to speak.

If a child less than twelve months old be brought into a cellar he becomes timid.

When children play soldiers on the roadside it forebodes the approach of war.

A child grows proud if suffered to look into a mirror while less than twelve months old.

He who proposes moving into a new house must send in beforehand bread and a new broom.

Whoever sneezes at an early hour either hears some news or receives some present the same day.

The first tooth cast by a child should be swallowed by the mother, to insure a new growth of teeth.

Buttoning a coat awry, or drawing on a stocking inside out, causes matters to go wrong during the day.

Women who sow flaxseed should, during the process, tell some good round lies, otherwise the yarn will never bleach white.

When a stranger enters a room he should be obliged to seat himself, if only for a moment, as he otherwise takes away the child's sleep with him.

CURIOUS ANACHRONISMS OF ARTISTS.

According to Lucas Van Leyden, a celebrated Dutch painter, who died in 1535, Jael, the patriotic wife of Heber, wore a bonnet when she drove the nail through Sisera's temples. Van Leyden does not, in fact, appear to have paid much attention to the study of ancient costumes, but in this respect he was no worse than many of

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his more renowned brethren of the brush and palette. Thus, for instance, Albert Dürer introduced a tent-bedstead, a commodious cooking-range, and modern-shaped candles into his "Birth of the Virgin"; Vandyck gives us one of the apostles in sea-boots in his picture of "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes"; and Paul Veronese has painted several Italian peasants in felt hats and feathers looking on at the Adoration of the Magi. In one of Raphael's finest works the Transfiguration occupies the upper portion of the canvas, while the lower part represents the "Healing of the Man Possessed with an Evil Spirit"; and in a Flemish picture several corpulent Hollanders are depicted gazing with their pipes in their mouths at David, who is carrying the head of Goliath. In another picture by a Spanish artist, Abraham is about to shoot Isaac with a pistol!

Many anachronisms are to be found in the works of Claude, who died in 1680. In his well-known "Embarkation of St. Ursula," in the National Gallery, are ships such as were in use in 1650, and in his "Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba" are ships of the same kind, Italian architecture, and a bridge of stone built on strictly modern principles. The same painter, in his "Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca" has introduced a wide river and a waterfall which might almost vie with that of Niagara.

In Martin Schoen's "Death of the Virgin," we have houses such as were built in the fifteenth century; in a Magdalen of Henrik de Bles, who died in 1550, we have an illuminated missal, and in Bono of Ferrara's "Jerome in the Desert," we have a comfortable modern church, at a distance, apparently, of about one hundred yards from the saint.

Boccaccio Boccaccino gives us a very glaring mistake, although it is not an anachronism, in his picture of "The Procession to Calvary," in which he introduces a fine river and shipping. As far as we are aware, however, nothing that can be called a river exists in the neighborhood of the scene of our Saviour's death.

It appears to have been a favorite idea with the painters of the fifteenth and sixteen centuries that guitars and violins were in vogue at the time when the Virgin was alive. Cosimo Tura, Jean Berlin, and many other artists, give us illustrations of this. F. Chello della Huera treats us to a madonna pouring out coffee from a richly chased coffee-pot; Luigi Cigoli gives us a picture of the aged Simeon at the Circumcision in spectacles, regardless of the fact that spectacles were not invented until the year 1299; and Brughel, in his "Adoration of the Magi," depicts an Ethiopian king wearing boots and spurs and dressed in a surplice, presenting a model of a comparatively modern ship to the infant Jesus.

In one of the churches at Bruges is a representation of the marriage of Christ with St. Catherine of Sienna. St. Dominic is performing the ceremony, and King David is looking on and playing the harp. Pietri di Cortono painted a picture of the reconciliation of Jacob and Laban in the mountains of Mesopotamia, which is now in Paris, but he forgot himself so far as to insert a church-steeple peering through the trees. N. Poussin's "Deluge" with boats, and St. Jerome with a clock, are well known; and the boiled lobsters in the sea listening to St. Anthony of Padua, who is preaching, are scarcely less celebrated. Anachronisms of architecture are exceedingly common. In Paul Veronese's "Family of Darius before Alexander after the Battle of Issus," Italian architecture is introduced; and the same may be said of Crivelli's "Annunciation"; of Baldassare Peruzzi's "Adoration of the Magi," and of very many others. In Carlo Marrati's "Annunciation" the artist has introduced a pair of scissors; and in one of the engravings in the Cotton MS. we find Adam digging with a heart-shaped spade, such as is used by some of our laborers in the present day.

In a prayer-book published in the reign of William and Mary there is an illustration to our Lord's parable of the mote and the beam. From the eye of one man a huge log of wood is protruding, and in that of the other is a very fine cascade. As may be imagined, the effect of this bull is highly amusing.

THE TREATMENT OF CRIMINALS,

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE REFORMATORY AT ELMIRA, N. Y.—ITS HISTORY AND SYSTEM.

By Ausburn Towner.

The old idea of punishment for criminal offenses, that involved something of physical injury or hurt, seems very crude and inhuman to the present generation. The whipping-posts, pillories and stocks, the cages, deprivation of food and dark dungeons, certainly made a criminal suffer, but they neither disposed him to mend his ways when he was again free, nor did they deter others from committing like offenses. It is within the compass of any one's ability who is able to obtain an encyclopædia, to ascertain that in those days, not so very long ago, when, as the water-poet Taylor says—

> "In London, and within a mile I ween,
> There are of jails or prisons full eighteen;
> And sixty whipping-posts and stocks and cages."

there was more crime and vice in proportion to the population than there are now. John Howard and Elizabeth Fry, only about one hundred years ago, set about, and successfully, to improve the condition of the prisons of England and Europe; but their efforts did not reach forward in the direction of improving the prisoners themselves. Their remarkable work led, however, other equally as earnest men and women to endeavor not only to ameliorate the condition of prisoners, but so to lead and guide them that they would hereafter keep out of prison. Eminent physicians, who have made a study of the criminal classes, have almost arrived at the well-defined, if not thoroughly proven, notion that a tendency to crime is like insanity, and deserves treatment like any other disease; that it is inherited and inheritable like any other family idiosyncracy. Like any other disease, too, if allowed to continue its course, it becomes chronic and incurable; but if taken in time may be overcome and eradicated.

As to insane persons, the contrast of the treatment they receive now and that which was meted out to them when it was foolishly believed that some devil possessed them, is as remarkable as are the results obtained. One cannot help but shudder at the chains and bars, the strait-waistcoats and scourges, that were the lot of the pitiable wretches whose minds were awry. They lived in wretchedness and died in agony. Such appliances

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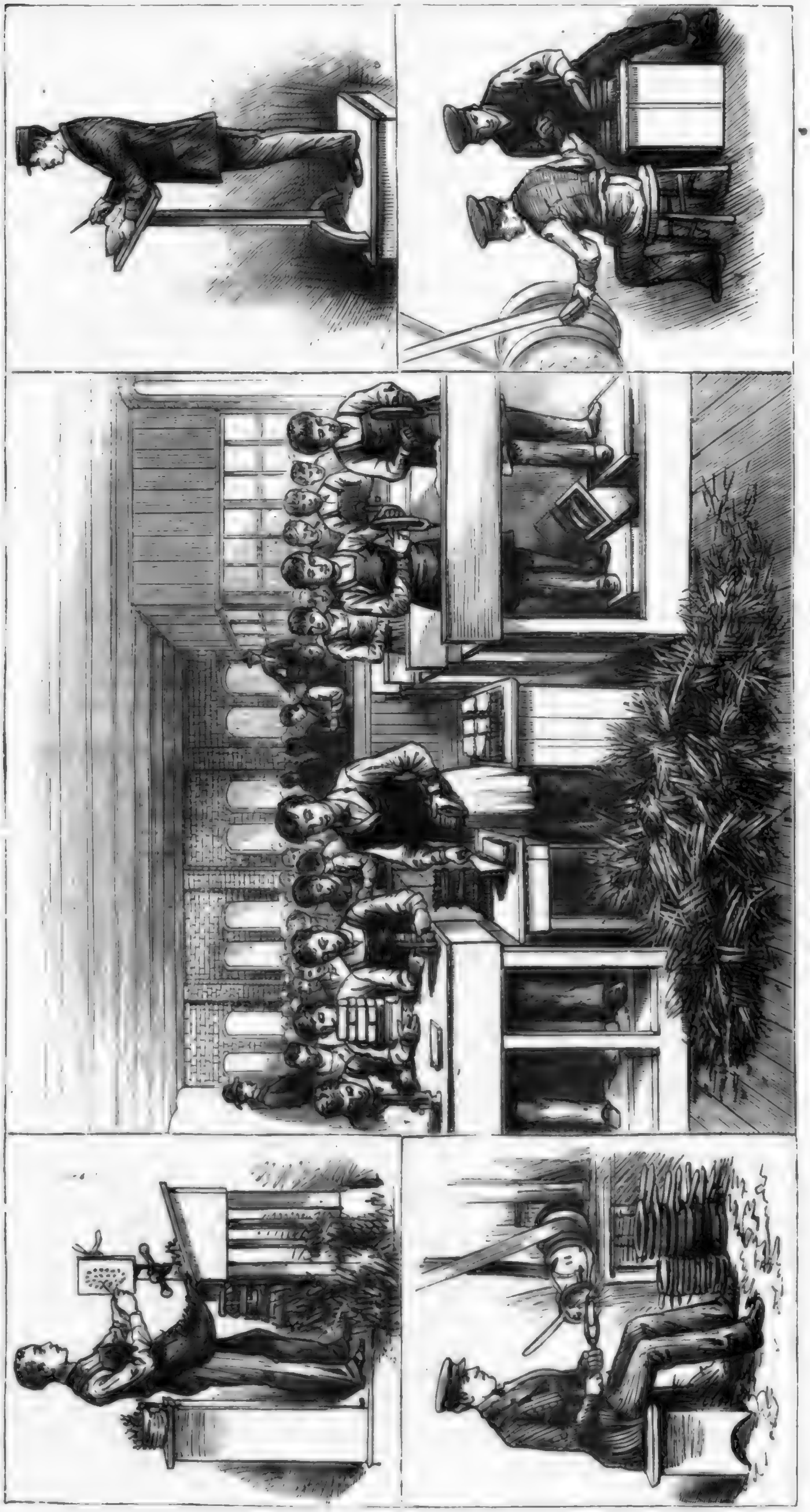


IN THE WORKSHOP OF THE ELMIRA REFORMATORY.

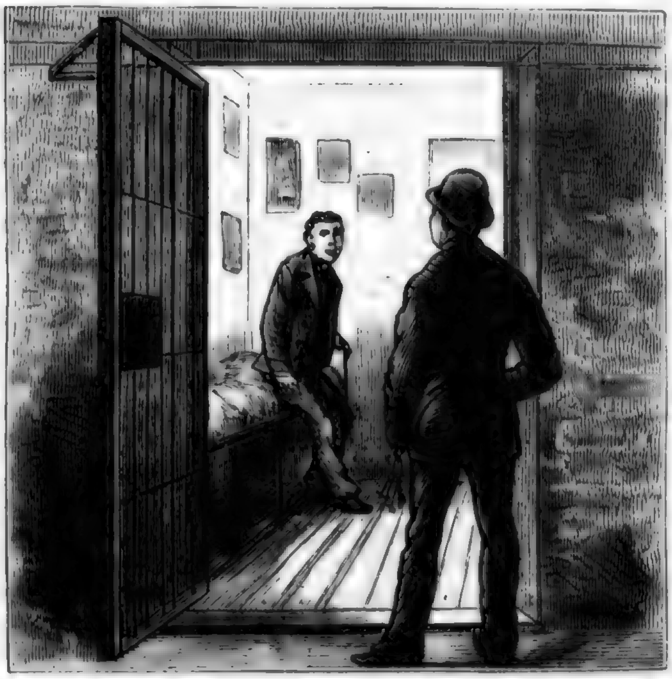
are infrequent in asylums now, if they are ever in use, and even the most unfortunate wretches are kept under control rather by a stronger will or influences of love and kindness than they are by fear of torture, or by a remembrance of some former physical agony.

As to the criminal classes, no such extended experiments in regard to the theory of their reformation or cure have been possible, nor have they been undertaken until lately, or within the last fifteen or sixteen years. There are places or prisons for youths who have become unmanageable at home, or who have committed some slight offense indicating a likelihood of going wrong. But in none of these are the conditions such as to show that there is anything in the idea of reformation or rebuilding of the moral nature of the culprit. The sentences to these places are of brief duration. The inmates are simply put to work at some manual labor, and the whole training is a purely physical one. They are merely penitentiaries in miniature, where the prisoners are lads or youth instead of men.

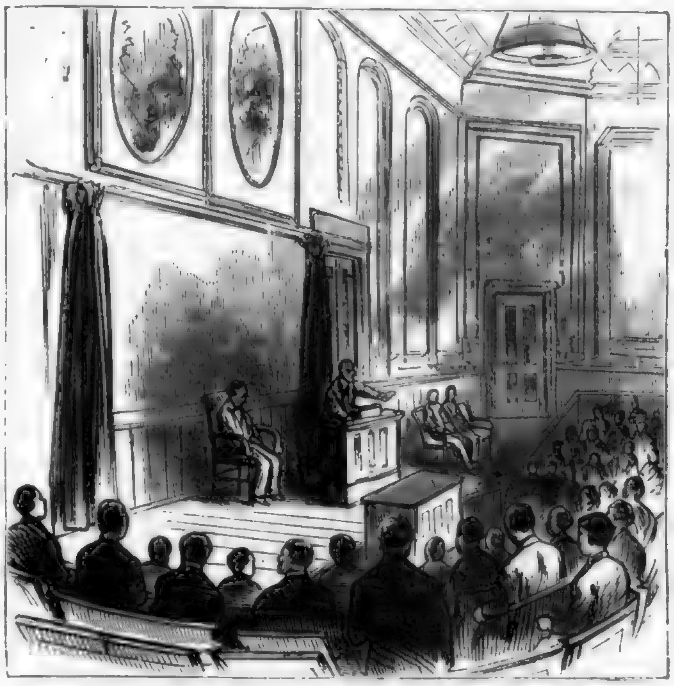
There has been in existence now just ten years—for it was open for the admission of inmates in July, 1876—an institution created to carry out to the full the idea of reformation or remaking. It can scarcely, at this date, be called an experiment, for, a decade in operation, the results obtained entitle it to be called more than measurably successful.

Reference is made to the State Reformatory at Elmira, N.Y. Since the plan was first broached, in 1870, or about that time, the project and the system to be developed have excited wide attention among thoughtful men, but it has been sadly misunderstood by what might be called the great mass of the people. But little has been published in journals that circulate widely throughout the country, and what has been so published has either been full of sentimental theorizing or ignorant abuse of the system in operation.

From the inception of the undertaking it was under a cloud. The Legislature of the State of New York was with difficulty prevailed upon to pass an appropriation to carry out an idea which they thought seemed to be so visionary. One of them deemed it bad enough to pay out so much money for the public schools without appropriating large sums as a college for criminals. Yet, when the money came, it came so generously, not to say lavishly, that a prominent officer of the State remarked that it was only given to institute an enormous job for the benefit of the Southern tier. That seems to have been the prevailing sentiment throughout the State during the erection of the buildings. With some reason, perhaps, for from the latter part of 1870 until May, 1876, there had been $895,000 expended, and there was nothing to show for it, except a hill partly graded, an unfinished wing of a proposed building of magnificent proportions, thirteen acres of land, partly inclosed by a wall twenty-five feet in height and three feet thick, and an extensive office in the central portion of the City of Elmira, furnished with the most elaborate and costly chairs, tables, carpets and wardrobes.



A CELL.



THE CHAPEL.

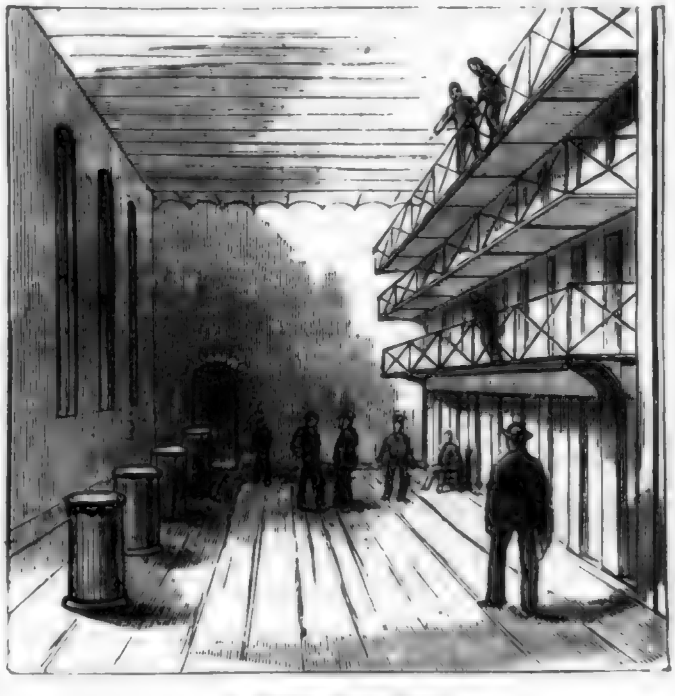
At the last date named, a new Commission took charge of the affairs of the Reformatory. On their investigation, they reported that there had been, so far as they could ascertain, no misappropriation of the funds of the State; they suggested, also, that brick instead of stone should be used in the construction of the building, and that the original plan of a costly mansard roof should be abandoned, and that one of a simpler construction be substituted therefor.

Since that time almost as much more has been expended on the buildings and grounds, in completing the prison proper; the several large shops and numerous outhouses; in entirely inclosing the grounds with a wall, partly of brick, partly of stone; in fencing and preparing a large vegetable garden, with its hothouses and conservatories, and in putting into good order the grounds inside and outside the inclosure. So that in getting ready for the experiment, a round $1,500,000 was laid out.

Some extensions have been added to the original buildings, but most of the labor in putting them up has been performed by the "inmates." This past Summer a very large extension has been added to the north wing.

From the start, then, there was in the neighborhood a financial prejudice existing against the institution, which spread to adjoining counties throughout the State. It seems there has never been an entire recovery from it.

The institution was opened for operations in July,



SLEEPING-CORRIDOR.

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1876, receiving in that month 194 "inmates"; ten from the courts and the remainder from Auburn and Sing Sing. In the ten years' existence of the Reformatory, the average number of its inmates has been about five hundred, although during the present year the number has somewhat exceeded seven hundred. In selecting a site for the Reformatory, the Commission, having in view healthful surroundings, chose a plateau about seventy feet above the general level of the Chemung Valley, northwest of the City of Elmira, and about a half-mile from the corporate limits. It stands in conspicuous view of the passing traveler on the railroads, and gives one the impression of being anything else than a prison. A high, densely wooded hill rises behind it to the west, on which has been built a reservoir capable of storing a year's supply of water for the institution. The grounds comprise 280 acres, of which thirteen are inclosed. The buildings are of a mixed order of architecture, rather sombre in character, the Norman predominating, with high, pointed towers in every angle. The central building, hexagonal in shape, faces the east and stands immediately behind the residence of the Superintendent and the offices of the institution. It is three stories in height, each of the two upper ones having a ceiling of thirty feet. In the basement, is the steam apparatus used for heating the entire building; the first or ground floor is the dining-room for the inmates of the second grade; the second story is the reading-room, where are kept a file of newspapers and magazines, and the guard-room and offices, where the records of the "inmates" are kept. In the third story is the chapel.

This chapel is a peculiar place, and well illustrates the use and purposes of the Reformatory. It is, in size, 56x75 feet, and has seating arrangements for 700 persons. The inmates reach it by long iron stairways that come winding up from the wings, north and south of the central building; visitors come up by means of an elevator in one corner that is run by steam. On entering the room, all notions of being within prison walls vanish entirely. It is very elaborately finished in black walnut and cherry, and bears a strong resemblance to the church of a well-to-do parish. The seats are arranged in amphitheatre order, and are so constructed that they can be converted into desks, resembling those of a schoolroom. A cabinet organ occupies a conspicuous position in front of the speaker's platform, just beneath the pulpit-stand. All of the work in the room, the frescoing and lettering on the walls and the carving in the wood, was done by the inmates of the Reformatory. It is lighted in the evening by 150 gas jets, the gas being manufactured on the grounds. High on the wall, opposite the speaker's platform, in the very plainest text, are these words, that seem to formulate well the system on which the institution is conducted:

> "Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present time, for it is thine. Then shalt thou be prepared to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart. For all may have, if they dare choose, a glorious life or grave."

On the wall behind and above the pulpit are these words:

> "Next to sincerity, remember still, thou must resolve upon integrity. God will have all thou hast—thy mind, thy will, thy thoughts, thy words, thy works."

And on the wall to the left of the pulpit, this couplet:

> "Oh! what a tangled web we weave,
> When first we practice to deceive."

The chapel is in use every day or evening in the week. On Sunday afternoons there are religious exercises, presided over by some clergyman, not often the same one on two consecutive Sundays. Many of the most eminent clergymen of the country have preached in the chapel, drawn to it by the peculiar character of the system of the institution, and curious to see its workings. They could tell of an experience before an audience that was alert and active-minded; one quick to tell the difference between a sham and sincerity, and lively to respond in approval or disapproval. It is rather unhappy for a man to get up before those 700 inmates unless he really has something to say to them. Of course they are not permitted to make any violent demonstration one way or the other, but a speaker very quickly knows the state of mind of his hearers, and if unfavorable to him, he might as well, for his own comfort, cover himself with a wet blanket.

All the inmates are required to be present at these religious exercises unless they are in the hospital.

The exercises of the other evenings of the week are varied. Sometimes, at regular intervals, the Roman Catholic chaplain holds a catechetical class for the inmates of that faith. Then there is a general school that all attend and recite lessons as far as they may have progressed. Some of these classes are taught by experienced men not connected with the institution otherwise, who are paid for their services, and other classes are conducted by inmates. That which is taught has a wide range, running from the beginnings of learning up to the higher branches of instruction.

Recently a professor of the Elmira Female College gave a series of lectures on physical geography, and it was the intention to have them continued.

On other evenings in the week there is a writing school for those just beginning in this branch. It may be somewhat judged how ignorance is allied to criminal intent, that, on an average, there are about one-third of the inmates in this class. Some evenings as many as three different branches of instruction are in progress at the same time, as stenography and drawing, and the practicing of the choir that sings on Sundays at the services. No studying is permitted in the chapel, it being required that all the lessons shall be learned in the cells or "rooms," as the narrow places where the inmates sleep are carefully called by all who have to do with the institution.

There are several words that are as carefully adhered to. The persons confined there are never alluded to as "prisoners" or "convicts," but as "inmates." Then the custom of numbering those confined, as is adopted in other prisons, finds no following in the Reformatory. Each person is known by his own name. It is one of the means taken to build up the individuality and responsibility of the new character being formed.

Outside and beyond the chapel the Reformatory loses its aspect of being a large school, and puts on in reality the appearance of a prison. Running north and south of the central building are two wings, and from them, west, two "L's." In these wings and "L's" are the blocks of cells of the inmates, three stories in height. There are wide corridors between these blocks and the outer walls of the building, and a guard standing in the second story of the central building—there being no walls to impede the sight—has a clear view of both the entire wings.

To give one some notion of the extent of the institution, it might be said that the whole eastern front has a length of 650 feet, the southern "L" the same, and the northern "L" nearly 300 feet.

To know only as much as has thus far been given of the Reformatory might indeed lead one to suppose that the popular notion regarding it, that it was a place where those sent there were coddled and petted; given an education or a trade at the expense of the State; allowed to roam about pretty much as they choose, and had any feeling of confinement or punishment as nearly as possible obliterated from their minds, had some, if not a great deal, of truth in it. It is scarcely so. There is a severe, and, to some, a bitter side to the story.

By statute, a male person between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, convicted of a felony, may be sent to the Reformatory. He is not sentenced for any definite period, but at the time that he enters he has charged up against him the full time prescribed by law as the penalty for the crime of which he has been adjudged guilty, less the commutation he could have earned in other prisons by good behavior. As, being sentenced for burglary, for which ten years is the maximum punishment, and he could have earned a commutation of a year and a half, he would be charged up with eight and a half years. Under any circumstances, however, he cannot be held beyond the utmost limit prescribed by the law for his offense. An officer of the Reformatory conducts the offender from the place where he has been convicted to the prison. All the information concerning him that it is possible to gather is collected; his parentage; if possible his ancestry; his former mode of life, disposition, education, mental and physical condition. All this is entered in a record-book, where are also kept his marks. The superintendent takes pains to become as intimately acquainted with the prisoner as he is with himself, if not more so. He diagnoses his moral nature as a physician would diagnose the physical nature of a sick patient, to ascertain the true source of the disease, for which he is called upon to find a cure. There is the starting point of the whole system on which and for which the Reformatory was erected. It is believed that there is in every youth who has fallen into evil ways some point upon which, however slender, if it can be reached, you can begin to build the work of reformation; some chord which, if struck, will make the whole moral nature respond. Say pride in one; ambition in another; love of approbation in another; hope in another. Whatever it may be, the element is sought for, and, as is shown by the result, is seldom missed.

The inmate on entering is put into the second grade, and is in the way "to work out his own redemption." He has no distinguishing marks of a prisoner; no uniform, except a Scotch cap; no number—nothing but confinement and work to show his position. His going up or down in grade depends upon himself. He is put into classes in the school such as his former education fits him for, and at such work as he is capable of, always having in view his peculiarities of character and disposition. His work, whether in the shoe shop, the hollow-ware shop, in the offices of the building, or wherever he may be sent, is hard and continuous, eight hours every week day. His meals come to him in his cell. He marches to his work under the command of a sergeant chosen from the first grade. At five o'clock in the afternoon he is locked in his cell, and may perhaps be released at seven o'clock in the evening for his school duties. There are three things which he must look out for sharply—his labor, school and conduct. His release depends on these. If in each one of these he gets three marks a month, and so succeeds in doing for six consecutive months, he goes up into the first grade. The marks as to labor are given as he shows diligence, willingness and attention; in conduct, as to his obedience to the many rules of the institution, and in school progress according to his capacity and mental calibre.

Arrived at the first grade, the inmate has a light blue uniform with a military-looking cap, and has a number of privileges accorded to him. Some of the most trusted and trustworthy ones are sometimes permitted to visit the city to execute commissions for persons connected with the institution, and in the ten years of its existence this trust has never been betrayed.

The cells of the inmates of the first grade are in the "L" running west from the north wing. They are 8x10 on the floor, and have a grated window and a grated door. They are twice the size of the most comfortable cells in the other prisons of the State. They are situated in regard to the outer walls as are the cells of the second grade, being in a block in the centre of the buildings, entirely detached from the walls. At the western extremity of the "L" is a pavilion of three stories, connected with the corridors of the first grade men by a high and wide iron door. On the ground floor is the dining-room of the first grade inmates. It is roomy, light, well-ventilated and neatly furnished with tables and chairs and other appointments for their meals. The bill of fare is in advance of that of the second grade, a variety of vegetables in their season, and berries and fruits, being furnished. These are all grown on the grounds of the institution, their cultivation being in the hands of the inmates. The kitchen and laundry of the first grade are also in this building, separate from those of the other grades.

In the second story there is the library and reading-room of the first grade men, into which they are privileged to enter at almost any hour when their duties do not require their presence elsewhere. In the third story is the chapel of the first grade.

Those who have earned this position, on arriving at it, enter a distinct community, surrounded by so many privileges and benefits that those in the lower grades are eager to achieve it, and strive with all their nature to enter it.

"It is one of the most interesting studies imaginable," the superintendent said, "to watch the gradual unfolding of the characters of some of these poor fellows that are sent here. It is for all the world like a flower. You can see one leaf unfold, after a time, touched by some influence surrounding it, then another and another and another, until it is all opened out to view. Many of them, when they first come, seem entirely shut up within themselves, afraid to show what they are, or unable to see that there is anything else in the world beyond the limited horizon in which they were born and have been bred; but it is not many days before the change is begun and their improvement and development sets in. We seek every possible means to inspire their hopefulness first; to lead them to forget the things that are behind, and look forward to a better and useful life. We take care never to call them boys, and do not destroy their individuality by giving them numbers, but recognize them by their names, treat them as men and address them as such, trying to build up their manhood, and showing them what they owe to themselves and the community in which they live. Take an instance of how we teach them self-reliance and their own personal responsibility. At first, in the workshops, they are given certain tasks. If they accomplish them they are not given perfect marks, and if they fail they are denied certain privileges. We say to them: 'This is all very well here, where you have some one to overlook you and see that you do what is given you to do, but in the world, where

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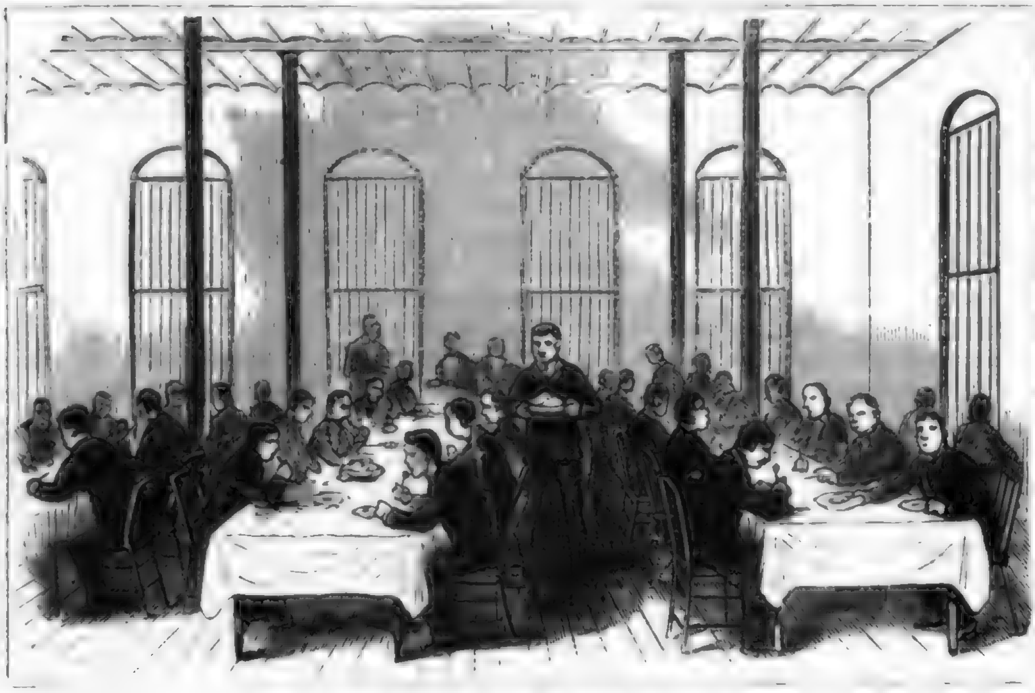
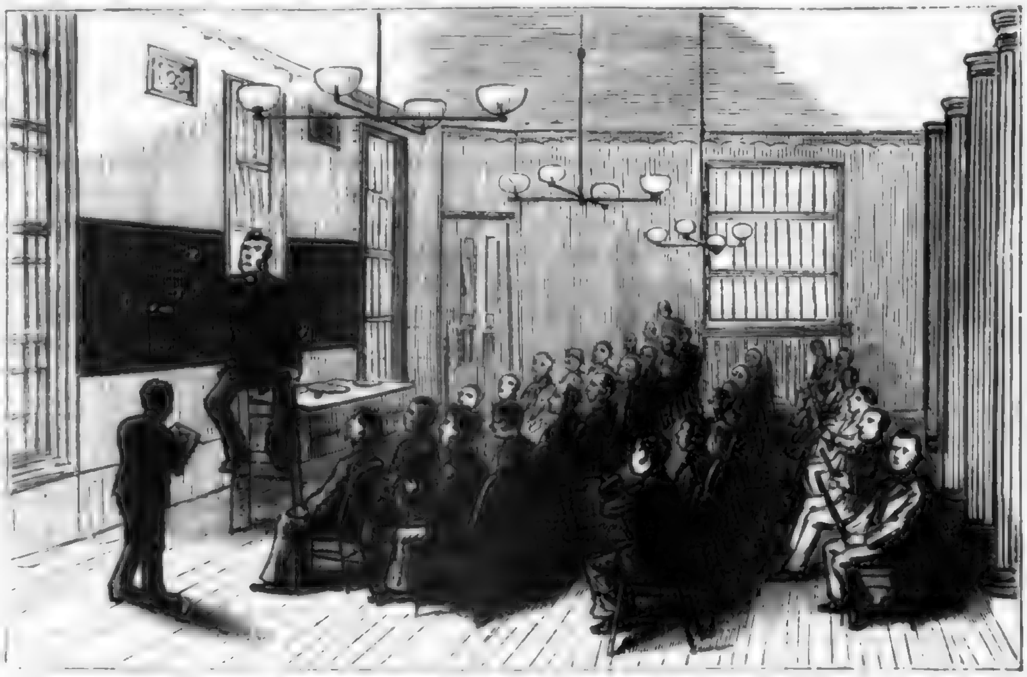


THE DINING-HALL AT THE ELMIRA REFORMATORY.

you must soon go again, you will not be thus watched, and will be obliged to rely entirely on yourselves.' It is not long before they come to me, and beg to be released from the task and to be allowed to do the best thing they can do for themselves."

A similar record for six consecutive months in the first grade, that is, nine perfect marks a month, in labor, school progress and behavior, entitles the inmates to a release from confinement, no matter what may have been the crime of which he was convicted. By statute, the commission who have charge of the affairs of the Reformatory are obliged to see those of the first grade who are entitled to be released.

This release operates in a somewhat similar manner to the English "ticket-of-leave." The inmate can go home to his friends or elsewhere in the State, but he must keep himself in constant communication with the officers of the Reformatory, making regular reports as to his occupation and whereabouts. Some of these letters—and they are all preserved—are peculiar in the expressions of undoubtedly sincere affection for the Reformatory and its system. In each county of the State there is stationed an officer of the institution, whose duty it is to keep a constant watch over these released men. If, for six months after their release, their conduct is perfect, judged by the prison standard, they are entitled to a full pardon by the Governor; but if in any manner they relapse into bad behavior, they may be arrested by the agent and returned immediately, without warrant or other process of law, to the Reformatory, where they are on the same footing as though they had just entered the first grade.



THE SCHOOLROOM AT THE ELMIRA REFORMATORY.

Degradation from the second to the third grade requires some very serious offense, showing an utterly depraved nature, or a long-continued series of offenses against discipline. Slight offenses are punished by the withdrawal of certain privileges, such as tea or coffee at meals, or attendance in the reading-room. Third-grade men are made to feel all the rigors and hardships of a penitentiary. They are dressed in clothes of a bright-red color, eat in their cells, march to and from their work with lock-step, each man with his right hand on the shoulder of the one preceding him, and are deprived of everything except the rudest and hardest prison fare. Continued ill-behavior condemns them to seclusion in a dark cell, the only real punishment of the Reformatory, and still greater deprivation of such comforts as are provided the others. Still persisting in bad conduct, the inmate may, by the commission, be transferred to a State's Prison, where he serves out the remainder of his term.

That there have been examples of this last resort may seem to argue against the system of the Reformatory, and give rise to the query whether or not reformatories do reform. When it is known that of all the inmates that have been confined so far, only about five per cent. of them fall from the second grade to the third, and that of those released eighty out of one hundred lead the lives of good citizens, and do not resume crime, something may very reasonably be claimed for the success of the institution. It was estimated before the system went into operation, that if 20 per cent. of those sent there should go downward, and 10 per cent. should advance, the result would be worth the expenditure.

The revenue for the support of the institution comes from the manufactures carried on therein. Brushes and brooms are made in large quantities, and the Reformatory enters the market with these articles the same as other manufacturers, by agents in the field. They have built up a large trade in the West with the first-named manufacture. The making of boots and shoes has also been carried on largely, the business being in the hands of a contractor. An iron foundry for the manufacture of hollow-ware is also in operation, in which a molding-room is required 75x245 feet. A steam engine, of which one of the inmates has entire charge, furnishes the motive power for all the manufactories.

In these shops the working of the system can well be observed. Except for the officer on an elevated platform, who keeps a constant watch over each room, and who is eventually to be removed, it scarcely appears like a prison workshop. Although no talking is permitted, the men can use their eyes as they choose. They look up at the entrance of a stranger, but without embarrassment and with none of that hang-dog, overtasked expression seen in those confined in other prisons; their movements are rapid, unconstrained and free, and their whole demeanor indicates rather hopefulness and courage than depression and despair.

Z. R. BROCKWAY, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ELMIRA REFORMATORY.

Besides these employments and a manufactory of harness and other leather goods, and shops where the clothing of the prisoners is made, the inmates conduct the various domestic departments, there being about one hundred in the kitchens and laundries, and a score or more on the farm and grounds. Some in the first grade who stand high, are intrusted with the duties of officers, door-keepers and book-keepers, reducing the number of paid assistants to about twenty. There is a newspaper edited and printed by the inmates, called *The Summary*, an eight-page quarto, issued every Sunday morning, which has information concerning the doings in the institution for the week, some selections and some original literary matter.

It is in contemplation to try another experiment in teaching the inmates self-reliance. They have now no thought concerning what they shall eat or wherewithal they shall be clothed. It is proposed to have the inmates earn their food and the garments they wear by their daily work, and have only what they so earn. Such an experiment in a prison will be watched with considerable interest.

The working hours of the institution are from 7:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M., with the omission of the dinner-hour at noon; the other meals being at 6:30 A.M. for breakfast and 6 P.M. for supper. Those privileged to have lights in their cells can use them until 9 P.M., but all are sent to their cells at 7 P.M.

An example of the discipline can be gathered from the manner in which the inmates march from the workshops to their meals. At the sound of the steam-whistle, those of the second grade form by twos in squads of twelve, their sergeant, a first-grade man, being in command; the first grade form in open order, facing inward, the files reaching from the door of the workshop on each side of the walk. Between these files, each squad of the second grade passes, as though they were in review, and go on to their cells. Then the first grade form gradually by fours and march to their dining-room. The inmates of the third grade, with lockstep and under the charge of an officer, bring up the rear and proceed to their cells. In much the same manner they all go from their meals to the workshop, and as marked distinctions as are observed in other matters relating to the three grades are made in the kind and quality of work given them.

There are also some minor distinctions in the grades that have their influence and effect, arising where a man has scarcely earned promotion from it, but has done well, so well that he deserves recognition. In the third grade he is allowed some slight privileges denied the rest. In the second he is made a sergeant, wearing chevrons on his right arm, or has some coveted privileges extended to him. In the first he is made a sort of a monitor over his comrades, has a shoulder-knot worked in his coat, acts as an officer, or has his privileges largely extended. Some of these latter in this grade include permission to go outside the prison-walls unattended. Both the first and second grade men, if in good standing, are permitted to see their friends who call upon them without there being an officer present.

The Superintendent of the Reformatory is Mr. Z. R. Brockway, who, acting under a commission, is intrusted with all the details of the prison. He has spent thirty years of his life in work of a similar character, beginning as a clerk in the Wethersfield (Conn.) Prison, going thence successively to Albany, N. Y., with the late General Amos Pillsbury; thence to Rochester; thence to the Detroit (Mich.) House of Correction, and at

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length to Elmira. He is an enthusiast regarding the system he has been so largely instrumental in introducing into the Reformatory, and contends that as far as it has been tried it has never yet met with a failure.

The quality or kind of an undertaking may somewhat be judged by the manner in which it is imitated.

The State of Massachusetts has recently converted the new prison at Concord into a Reformatory on the plan of the Elmira one, with some very slight differences in the system.

Pennsylvania has nearly completed a Reformatory at Huntington, to cost $1,000,000. They had proceeded last year to the extent of $800,000 in that direction.

Ohio, on the 4th of November, laid the corner-stone of a Reformatory at Mansfield, which is to be conducted on the Elmira plan, and Kansas next year will build an institution, following the same lead.

READING HIS OWN WRITING.

As an instance of Liszt's wonderful facility of execution, it is told of him that, at one of Zimmermann's musical evenings, Listz happened to be present when a composer came to grief in playing one of his own compositions. The work was fresh from his pen; it had never been printed, and the music paper was so filled with erasures and transpositions that the author could not read it, and to his great chagrin was obliged to stop playing. Liszt, pitying the composer's embarrassment, proposed to play the piece for him.

"But I cannot make it out myself," said the unfortunate man.

"Give me the paper," answered Liszt, and, seating himself at the piano, he played the concerto with extraordinary brilliancy without stopping once.

A RESTLESS VOLCANO.

The recent eruption of Mount Etna presented such a magnificent spectacle that visitors crowded into Sicily and Naples and Malta out of mere curiosity. One eyewitness, an engineer, ascended within two miles of the crater, and gives an interesting description of the scene. As the lava eruption did not proceed from the crater proper, but from an old extinct volcano at the side, he was able to reach some high ground which commanded the whole view. Flames and stones were thrown up to an immense height from the crater with continuous roar, and from another mouth below issued a sea of lava, which divided into several streams and followed the valleys. The lava mass was red hot, not liquid, but forming millions of large and small blocks of bright red, rocky-looking stuff, and was five or six miles long, three or four wide, and from thirty to forty feet deep. It traveled at the rate of a mile an hour, so that when the engineer descended the mountain he was obliged to pick out quite a different path.

THE HISTORY OF THE CAMELLIA.

Ferdinand VI. of Spain, while suffering under the hereditary melancholy from which he subsequently died, was pacing to and fro one December day in the year 1739 in his bedroom in the Royal Palace at Madrid. He was interrupted by the entrance of Maria Theresa, his Queen, who bounded gayly into the room. In her hand she held a flower of dazzling whiteness, which she presented to her husband.

"A beautiful flower, but scentless!" exclaimed the King, folding in his arms the wife whom he loved.

"It is the new flower of the Philippines," said the Queen. "I have kept the best for you."

The flower which Maria Theresa brought to her husband a century and a half ago had been presented to her the previous day by a Jesuit missionary just returned from the Indies. Craving an audience from his sovereign, he brought his offering, a small shrub with glossy green leaves, on which blossomed two magnificent white flowers, and which he had brought from the Island of Luzon, one of the Philippine group. It was about three feet in height, and grew in a vase of mother-o'-pearl. The Jesuit donor was named Camellia.

DOLLY DOBSTICK AND THE BITS OF SUNSHINE.

A Fairy Story.

Dolly Dobstick was a grumpy, stumpy, little old woman. She wore a coal-scuttle bonnet and a blue cloak; her face was all wrinkles, and her cheeks were like apples. She had a habit of asking questions, and poking one with her stick if she was not answered directly. The village folk always dodged out of her way, and crossed the road from her. Only little Maysie never dodged away from her, because Maysie had a very pretty habit of being nice to old people, whether they were grumpy or not.

So that very day, as sunburnt little Maysie was going down the cornfield path, with her pinafore full of red poppies, as soon as she saw the old woman stuck on the top of a stile, unable to get down, she said, kindly:

"Will you lean on my shoulder?" and helped her to the ground.

"Thank you, my dear. Take that!" said Dolly Dobstick, and tumbled her over with a poke of the stick; and all the poppies fell out of her pinafore.

There was a tree shading the stile. The sunshine through its branches made round, bright spots of trembling light on the ground where Maysie lay. Before she could rise, the old woman grabbed up all the flowers, and stuffed them into the pockets of her apron.

"Oh, where are my poppies?" said Maysie, leaning on one hand, as she sat on the ground.

Old Dolly Dobstick nodded her nose and chin, and patted her pockets.

"It's all right, my dear. Don't you trouble, I've got 'em."

"Then please keep them—and good-morning!" said Maysie, timidly, trying to get up.

"All right, my dear; and what will you have instead? What?—what?—what?"

"I don't want anything, thank you," said Maysie, in a great hurry, for the stick looked as if it were going to poke her.

"Oh, nonsense, my dear. You must have something for giving me all your poppies. Take that!"

And Dollie Dobstick gave Maysie another little poke, that just rolled her tidily over when she was getting up.

She was not in the least hurt. She got up, laughing, and shook the earth off her pinafore. And only then she found sticking to the palm of each hand a round bit of sunshine about the size of a penny. The bits of sunshine were loosened off her hands with a touch; they were like pieces of transparent gold, or like some kind of very thin yellow jewels. They must have stuck to her hands when the old woman tipped her over twice and said, "Take that!"

Dolly Dobstick was nowhere to be seen.

Maysie would have liked to say "Thank you"; but there was no one to say it to, so she ran straight home to Thatch-roof Farm, and showed her parents her bits of sunshine.

The farmer was grumbling at the weather, though it was sunshine and blue sky. His wife was crying because the fox had stolen the speckled hen. She said it would be better to make all the other hens into roast fowl, and to make the pigs into sausages, and to sell the house for a song, and go and live in the barn and keep nothing but the donkey—because it was a miserable world. The maids were quarreling in the kitchen because the milk was spilt, and the men were quarreling in the farmyard because they had been sitting in the shade of the haystack all the morning trying to make each other stand up and feed the animals.

The farmer hung up one bit of sunshine in the hall between the case of stuffed birds and the clock. And the farmer's wife hung the other bit of sunshine on a red ribbon round Maysie's neck.

Everything brightened up. The farmer said it was glorious weather; his wife said there were two dozen speckled hens yet in the yard; the maids said, "There's no help for spilt milk but to call the cat—puss! puss! puss!" The men found out that they were cross because they were idle; the animals were fed, the cows trooped out to the meadow, field-work began, and every one and everything were as happy as could be.

A WHOLE year went happily by; the corn was ripening yellow again. Maysie went down the path gathering red poppies, just as she had done a twelvemonth before. And there again was old Dolly Dobstick stuck on the stile, kicking with her foot and banging with her stick, unable to get up or down. The sunburnt little girl helped her down, and said:

"Thank you for the two little bits of sunshine."

"Thank *you*, my dear, for helping me off the stile. You are a good little girl. Take that!"

Maysie had begun to skip away; but there was no poke of the stick this time; instead, the old, brown, wrinkled hand was held out to her.

"Don't run away, little girl, here's a spider for you. It is my pet spider, so take care of it. And it is very kind, indeed, of me to give it to you. Say thank you, now."

"Thank you," said Maysie, meekly.

"Aren't you fond of 'em. See what nice long legs he has got." The old woman put the spider into her hand, and patted him for good-by with her finger. "If ever you let my spider go, he will find his way back to me. Now run home, and tell your father that sunshine is better than gold. Good-by, my dear."

And she gave Maysie a poke that started her at full speed toward home.

At Thatch-roof Farm there was a peddler selling all sorts of fine things at the door; he had just given fifty sovereigns for the bit of sunshine out of the hall.

"Oh, father," said Maysie, "Dame Dobstick sent you a message: that sunshine is better than gold."

"Tut, tut! nonsense!" said the father, and put the fifty sovereigns into a fat leather purse.

Then the peddler persuaded Maysie that just because she was such a nice little girl, he would give her a necklace of red jewels as a great bargain, in exchange for that bit of ribbon and that bright thing she wore round her neck. So Maysie sold her bit of sunshine, too.

Then everything was sad, and nothing was done at Thatch-roof Farm. Maysie found that her grand necklace was only red glass; so she threw it down the well, and cried. And her father found that his fifty sovereigns were all bad, so he flung the bag into the fish-pond, and sat on the edge and wept. And his wife said it was a miserable world, and it would have been better for them to have gone long ago to live in the barn and kept nothing but the donkey. And all the maids sat in the kitchen in tears, with their aprons thrown over their heads; and all the farm men sat in a row with their backs to the haystack, sobbing very loudly; and the donkey hee-hawed bitterly; and the cows bellowed sadly; and the bull went mad, and ran after a little boy who had been making fun of him; and the grunting of the pigs was doleful; and in fact, between moaning, and groaning, and cackling, and cooing, there never was heard such hullaballooing.

At last, Maysie's father said they all ought to go to Dolly Dobstick, and tell her about the loss of the sunshine, but nobody knew where Dolly Dobstick lived. Then Maysie took the spider out of the bottom of her pocket; the old woman told her he was sure to find his way home. They all set off in a long line to follow the pet spider.

The worst of it was, that the spider did not go straight along. Whenever he stopped, the whole procession stopped. They had often to sit down in a row and wait for him. He pretended he was going to weave webs; he lay still for an hour on the gravel, with all his eight legs spread flat; he went dodging round pebbles and trying to catch flies. One by one the followers gave up. Day changed to dusk, and dusk changed to night. And little Maysie, all alone, was following the spider; and it shone in the dark like a speck of light.

The spider led her to a ruined castle, beautiful in the moonlight. The spider-spark disappeared into the ivy; and then little Maysie looked in through the ruined arch of the gateway.

The fairies were dancing in the ruined castle. One could scarcely tell whether they were figures in white, or shapes made of moonlight. But there was no mistake about it—they were fairies, and they were dancing in a ring. Sparkling insects were glittering all over the ivy, and all the owls and all the cats of the neighborhood seemed to have assembled for the occasion; they were sitting in rows on the ruined walls, and their eyes were shining like pairs of little round yellow and green lamps.

Only for one happy moment could Maysie look upon the fairy revel; it vanished when she came. Flap, flap, flutter went all the owls overhead; and the cats ran home in every direction; a few of them were heard in the distance going caterwauling on their way down the fields. One fairy remained—only one—a beautiful white fairy, as pretty as a young princess of fairyland. She had little wings, shaped like the wings of a butterfly, and a wand, and her flowing, white dress was frosted all over with silver. On her hand she held a spider shining like a spark of light.

"Beautiful fairy, please do tell me the way to Dolly Dobstick's house," little Maysie implored.

"Why do you want Dolly Dobstick?" the fairy asked. "Why?—why?—why?"

And she began poking Maysie with her silver wand to hurry up her answer.

"Because she gave me sunshine, and we sold it for bad money, and glass jewels," said poor Maysie, crying as

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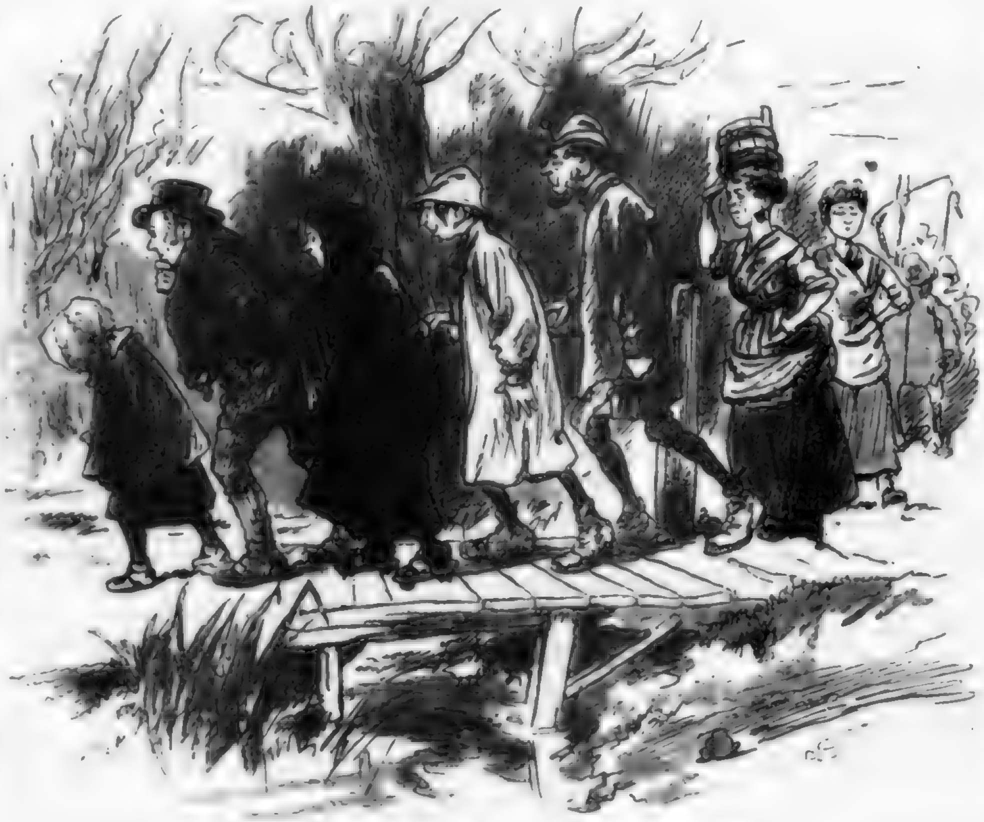


"THEY ALL SET OFF TO FOLLOW THE PET SPIDER."

if her heart would break.

"And if you got your little bits of sunshine again, would you part with them for anything in the world?"

"Oh, no, no," answered Maysie. "My Father says a little bit of sunshine is the best treasure in the world."

"You are a good little girl after all. Take that!" said the beautiful fairy, giving her a kiss. And at that moment when the fairy embraced her, Maysie found her father's piece of sunshine in her hand; but her own little bit of sunshine was squeezed through her pinafore and into her heart, so that she could never lose it again. After this fairy embrace Maysie was let go from the arms of an old woman with an apple-cheeked, wrinkled face, a coal-scuttle bonnet, and a blue cloak. It was no other than Dolly Dobstick.

She took Maysie home by a short path in one minute. Before Maysie could open the gate Dolly Dobstick tried to climb over it, and, of course, stuck on the top. So Maysie climbed over, and said:

"Let me help you down; and won't you come in?"

"No, thank you, my dear. Good-night!"

The old woman took a skip off the top of the gate. And then—you know how an india-rubber ball hops from the ground—Maysie saw her go over the hedge and up the opposite field, bounding away like a ball in the moonlight.

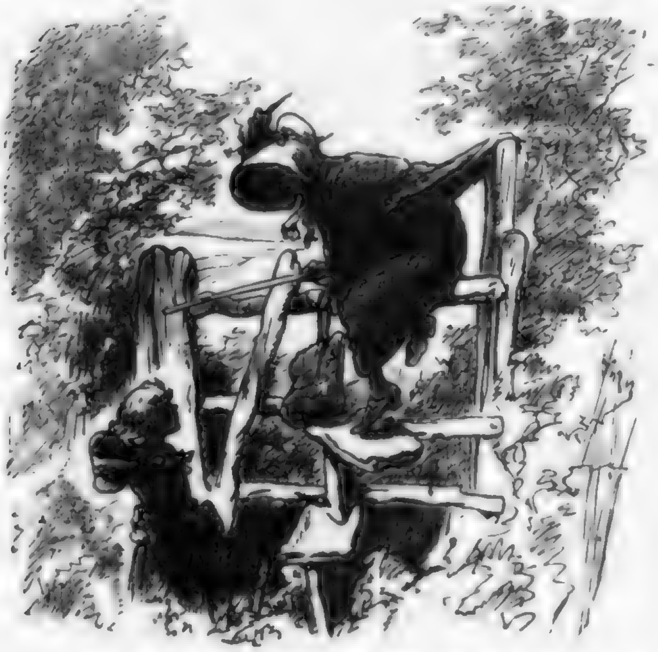
So Dolly Dobstick was a fairy in disguise, after all. Perhaps she was going about the world sticking on stiles to find out who would be kindest to a stumpy, little old woman. And how had she got the sunshine from the peddler? Well, when the fairies found the peddler with bits of sunshine, they knew he had got it dishonestly, so they took it away while he was asleep.

And so Thatch-roof Farm was happy again.

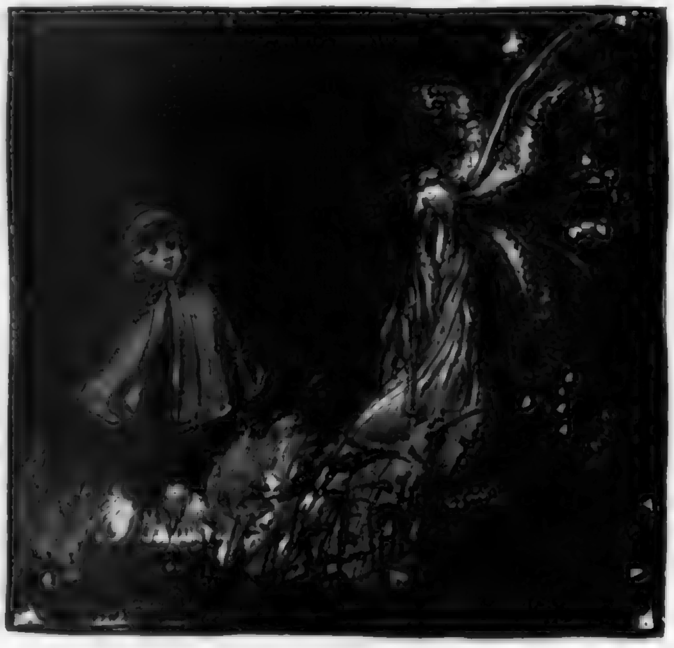
The village folk put up stiles all over the country; they hoped to find Dolly Dobstick stuck up somewhere or other; they would all run to help her down now. But she was never seen again. Somebody was once heard in the farmyard, singing:

"Sing a song of sunshine,
More than wealth untold;
Cheery hearts are brave hearts,
Full of Fairy Gold."

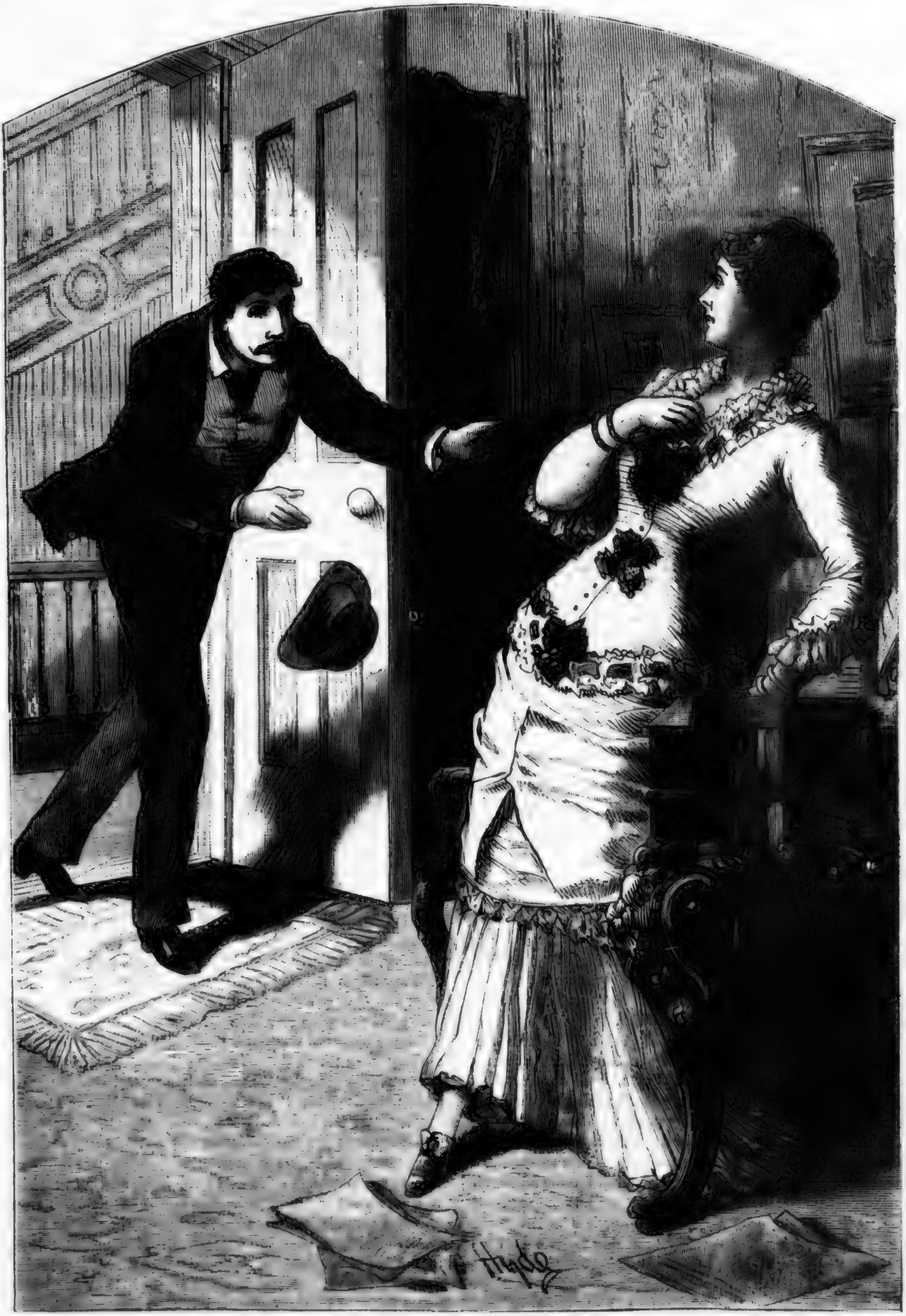
It might have been the fairy, or it might have been Maysie; for she was as merry as any fairy now. And so shall you be if you begin in good time to carry a little bit of sunshine about with you, no matter what happens.



"THE OLD WOMAN STUCK ON THE TOP OF A STILE."



"ONE FAIRY REMAINED."



LEONORA.—"HE HURRIEDLY CROSSED THE ROOM, STRETCHING FORTH HIS HANDS TO HER WITH LOVE AND LONGING. 'OH, LEONORA! MY WIFE, MY LOVE!' HE CRIED, PASSIONATELY. 'AM I AT LAST FORGIVEN?'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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ORIENT PEARLS.

I.

I LOVE the Lotus-blossom when it wreathes
Its painted petals in my sweetheart's tresses,
While she, enchanted by its odor, breathes
Soft words of love, and soothes with soft caresses.

I love the Lotus-blossom when it lies
On the white bosom of a sleeping woman,
And falls and rises as the dreamer sighs
For that love's sake she yet has told to no man.

I love the Lotus-blossom, for it grows
On a lone grave beside a silent river.
There my youth's mistress takes her last repose—
I loved, I hated, and I now forgive her.

II.

Eat your crust and drink your wine,
Deem the girl you love divine,
Make you merry for a span,
Dissipated Mussulman.
Better to be glad than sad
By the waves of Rocknabad.

If the truth must be confest,
Love's a juggle, life's a jest.
Drown reflection in the can,
Philosophic Mussulman.
Better to be glad than sad
By the waves of Rocknabad.

LEONORA.

By E. F. G.

CONSIDERABLE interest of a mild quality was excited in the neighborhood of 346 Alden Street, one drizzly April morning, when it became generally known that during the night the Ingoldsbys had hung out a bill bearing the very commonplace legend, "Furnished Rooms."

This unusual proceeding on the part of this particular family furnished matter for comment and discussion over nearly every matutinal repast in progress upon the block. Not that Alden Street was totally unacquainted with this common expedient of the impecunious, but in a quiet neighborhood every incident becomes an event; and Alden Street having heard startling rumors of late of David Ingoldsby's business troubles, and seeing the bill this morning, very naturally put two and two together, and, with judgment and astuteness, very reasonably inferred that the Ingoldsbys were sinking in the scale of social prosperity — a judgment in which, by-the-way, the Alden Street people were eminently correct.

No. 346 was one of a block of brown-stone boxes, which, with forty thousand others of their kind, represent the regulation architecture of the City of Churches. It had been the home of the Ingoldsbys for so many years, that its middle-aged proprietor was regarded as almost patriarchal by the more recent arrivals upon the block. Plain, ugly and characterless, it nevertheless embodied David Ingoldsby's ideas of home, sweet home; and when, in the uncertain fortunes of trade, he had found his modest little establishment pulled under in the wreck of greater houses, perhaps the keenest pang he suffered came from the thought that some day, in the very near future, he must gather up his household gods and go forth from the roof which had sheltered him through so many years of an uneventful, though rarely happy, life. A prosperous young merchant, he had brought his Western bride hither at the beginning of their new life; his children had grown up in these rooms; the comforts and luxuries of his home represented the triumphs and successes of his added years. It was as the tearing of the flesh from the bones to leave it; yet scarcely less agonizing was the thought of the measure which his thrifty wife proposed adopting as a means of increasing their now comparatively slender income. To let rooms! To share his home with strangers! there was something that savored of desecration in the thought. It was as if he were asked to expose the secrets of his soul to the idle gaze of passers-by; and, with almost feminine sensitiveness, he shrank from the ordeal.

He came round to it in time, however; a man rarely fails to yield when a woman is the persuader. And Mrs. Ingoldsby's arguments in favor of the measure were in themselves unanswerable. John, their eldest son, was teaching in an Illinois college, she reminded her spouse; Edward, the second son, was practicing law in Auburn; and the two youngest boys were away at school; it was positively wicked and extravagant to have a great, roomy house like theirs given up to the use of two quiet, elderly persons like themselves. So, after hopeless and over-weakening objections, Mr. Ingoldsby had yielded, and had given a reluctant consent, and so, too, in time the bill had been hung out, with the effect upon Alden Street as already noted.

In the fullness of time three waifs from the great city across the river drifted into Mrs. Ingoldsby's domestic net. The first, a bachelor professor—one of the great army of teachers—an elderly individual with pinched features, thin, gray hair, and teeth which struck the casual observer as an undeniable triumph of modern dental art.

He was followed by a natty young gentleman, a stenographer in a New York commercial agency, who, in the course of time and human events, developed a habit of regularly tumbling up the steps about the hour when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead, in addition to a peculiarity of invariably forgetting the date upon which his weekly payments were supposed to come due.

But with either of these varieties of the featherless biped, however, we have nothing in common just now; our business is with the third in the galaxy of lodgers, the individual who conferred its romance on 346.

What a never-ending source of compassionate sorrow he was to tender-hearted Mrs. Ingoldsby! He had come to Alden Street late one stormy evening, and having furnished unexceptionable references, and paid a month's rent in advance, had quietly taken possession of the south room, adjoining Mrs. Ingoldsby's own sitting-room. And his landlady's motherly heart had gone out to him at once; his eyes and smile were so mournful, and so suggestive of some secret sorrow, she said.

Not that he was not strong and manly and self-reliant in every way; but Mrs. Ingoldsby had a prejudice in favor of dark eyes and silken whiskers and shapely white hands; and when these physical characteristics were combined with a low, sad voice, and pathetic glances, the good lady lost no time in weaving a touching romance about their handsome owner.

He was a Westerner, he had explained, and was making his home in the metropolis pending the completion of some important contracts relative to certain copper-mines in which he was intensely interested. He might remain in the East three months, he might remain a year, he had added, in such a listless, indifferent way, that kind Mrs. Ingoldsby had inferred intuitively that life was a burden to him. Whereupon that good lady's compassion had increased a thousand-fold, and her convictions of his secret sorrow had waxed firmer than ever.

. She saw but little of him after that first night, however. He had a way of rising early and retiring late which caused his meetings with his landlady to be rare, indeed. Punctually upon the first of each month her rent was left upon his mantel in a carefully sealed and correctly addressed envelope ; but he quietly and sedulously avoided all personal contact with the members of the family.

So mysterious and quiet became his exits and entrances that Mr. Ingoldsby—who, by-the-way, was gradually growing reconciled to the new state of domestic affairs—commenced in the secrecy of connubial confidence to facetiously dub him "the Artful Dodger."

Unlike most men, also, he omitted scattering about his room the ordinary *bric-à-brac*, which so correctly indexes the personal history and characteristics of its owner.

True, there was a portrait, which, from the first, had never been disturbed from its place upon the bracket in one corner of his room ; but this was unlikely to afford any clew to the cause of the secret sorrow with which Mrs. Ingoldsby persisted in endowing him, since its velvet case was invariably kept locked ; a fact which had been demonstrated beyond doubt to Mrs. Ingoldsby's intense chagrin, when, upon divers occasions—as that lady was reluctantly forced to admit—she had been sufficiently curious to examine it.

So, as the weeks went by, her lodger remained as much of a mystery as ever ; and if, as the good lady surmised, some secret sorrow was gnawing at his vitals, he seemed amply competent to conquer by enduring it without seeking either consolation or aid from the residents of 346.

To tell the truth, his reticence rather piqued Mrs. Ingoldsby, who, at the end of several months, knew no more of him than could be learned from the sound of his voice, as he hummed or whispered upon the other side of the partition which separated their rooms.

He did this pretty often, she noticed, always, without variation, running into the melody of the *Miserere* from "Il Trovatore." But, with this meagre fact Mrs. Ingoldsby's knowledge of her lodger ended.

Fortunately for the romantic lady's overflowing sympathy, about this time the parlor floor was taken by a Cuban linen merchant and his wife, whose year-old infant was passing through the interesting and troublous period of teething ; and, for a while the second-floor lodger and his secret sorrow were almost forgotten.

With the advent of warmer weather, the professor packed his gripsack and sought the Summer Institute at Martha's Vineyard ; the stenographer joined a party of his friends who were journeying Canada-ward ; while the Cuban and his interesting family retreated to the verdant shades of Connecticut.

Shortly afterward the second-floor back surrendered to the great heat of the city also, and announced his determination of relinquishing the cares of business for a few weeks at Newport.

The boys had been home for a flying visit in July, they had yielded to the seductive temptations of a party of friends, and departed for a month of camping-out amid the pleasures of the lake regions.

The middle of August found Mrs. Ingoldsby and her spouse alone once more, the only tenants of 346.

Under these circumstances, it was with joy that the sympathetic little lady learned of the proposed visit of her niece from St. Louis ; and it was with effusive tenderness that she welcomed the tall, fair girl who, later on in the month, made her appearance for the first time in Alden Street.

Lea Carew was the daughter of Mrs. Ingoldsby's only brother, an orphan since childhood, and now in deep mourning for her maternal grandparents, whose death had left her without relatives, and almost alone in her native city.

Not that she need lack friends, so called ; her grandfather's wealth had insured her against that need. But too much suffering and experience had been compressed into her life ; she had confided too often and been deceived, not to have grown suspicious of the motives of her acquaintances.

Not that sorrow had made her morbid, by any means ; but admitting that, as the verses have it, one had better confide a thousand times and be deceived than once to let suspicion mar repose ; one rarely reaches the limit of confidences set by the poet without having grown a trifle wary, without having parted with a considerable portion of one's original quantum of Arcadian simplicity and trust.

Lea Carew had borne blow after blow against love and faith and confidence ; had watched her ideals cruelly vanish one by one ; and now, at the age of twenty-five, she realized that life—the life of the heart, of hope and love and trust—was over for her, and for ever.

Some one says that one dies a great many times before one is put into one's coffin ; certainly, few women attain the age of twenty-five without having endured the deathblow of hope, without having, with bruised and bleeding heart, and tearful eyes, assisted at the burial of happiness, faith and love.

Physical health and good digestion, and practical ideas of life, survive the losses, perhaps—qualities which go to make up all that the world holds necessary to moderate, rational enjoyment of existence ; and the pulse continues to throb on regularly, normally, without undue haste or excitement, perhaps in perfect unison with an organ which, seemingly an exact and methodical mechanism, is, in reality, only a heart full of graves.

Some such thoughts were running through Lea Carew's mind as, upon the second evening after her arrival, she sat by the window of Mr. Ingoldsby's sitting-room, in calm enjoyment of the animated scene below.

It had been a sultry, uncomfortable day, and with the eventide all of Alden Street people whom the cares of business, or pecuniary considerations, had kept in the hot, dusty city, came out into the street for a breath of refreshing coolness.

The air was full of the happy sounds of life. The voices of children at play, the more subdued tones of their elders, the music which invariably rings forth from city windows after sunset, the tinkle of distant car-bells, and signals of passing steamers, were borne upward, in not unpleasant mingling, upon the evening air.

It was time meet for meditation, and it was with deepest gratitude that Lea found herself alone.

Uncle David was in Philadelphia on business. Aunt Charlotte — Mrs. Ingoldsby – had just departed, with many protestations of reluctance and regret, for a committee meeting, with a view to arranging a suitable reception for her favorite minister, who was to return by Saturday's steamer from his vacation trip in Europe.

Katy, the domestic factotum, was coquettishly exchanging vows over the area-gate with her particular policeman.

The house was dark and still, in marked contrast to the noisy street, which the light of an August moon was gilding.

It was the same moon which, years ago, had shone down upon Lea Carew, in the happiness of her youth

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and love, as it was shining now upon a pair of rapturous lovers upon the porch opposite.

Lea, as she watched them with a smile, half of pity, half of envy, allowed her thoughts to wander back along the waste of years to the time when moonlight and eventide and music had brought to her also thoughts other than those of sorrow and regret.

OH! GIVE ME THE KITTEN!

A sentence from one of George Eliot's books came back to her memory with passionate keenness: "God was cruel when He made woman!"

"Oh! how cruel! how cruel! Or, having given her life, might He not have made her hard and fierce and stony-hearted," she asked herself, "instead of having created her the weak, trustful, clinging creature that she is?"

It had been a hard day for the girl—one of those lonely anniversaries which the sad soul keeps with itself; one of the many milestones along the journey of life which mark with each remove a new-made grave.

With the dispassionate retrospection of a second person, almost, she had been reviewing the past as she sat in the loneliness of the August evening, wondering for the hundredth time, with bewildering doubts, what and when the end of her sad waiting might be.

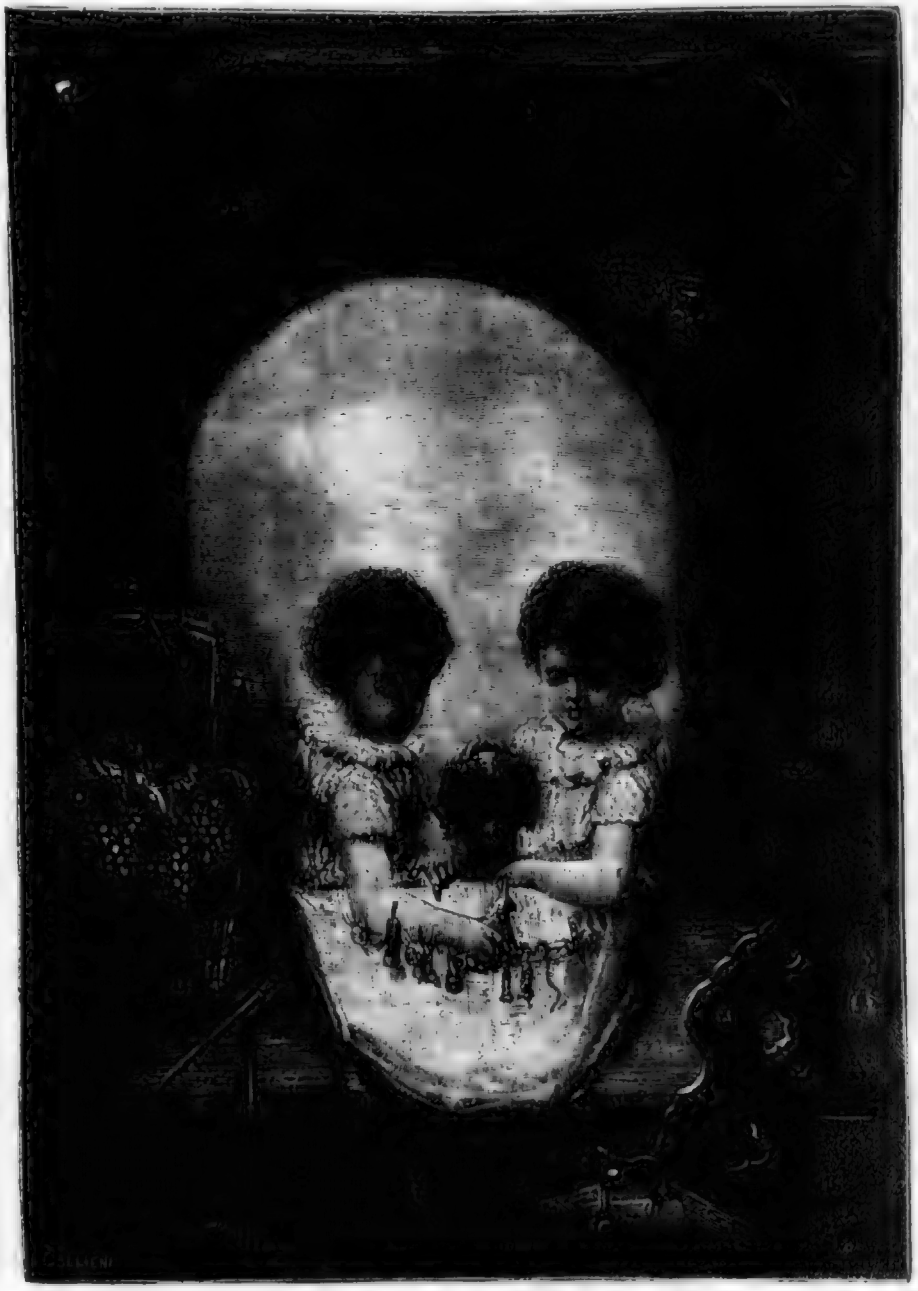
Why, in the beginning, it had been her lot to let her heart go out to one who had been for years an enemy of her family, whom her grandfather abhorred with a hatred which strengthened with age, by reason of the difference in their religious beliefs, was a problem of fate which, even now, in her mature judgment, she made no attempt to solve.

But, from the first, Frederic Maltby and herself had stood apart, separated tacitly, yet none the less surely and effectually, from the ebb and flow of commonplace, ordinary life. In time the crisis had come, soul spoke to soul, and for years her heart had been torn by struggles between the conflicting emotions of duty and love.

Then had come a mad, wild struggle with temptation; and in the end love conquered with her, as it does with most women.

For the rest, the descent to Avernus is always easy. A visit planned, upon her part, to relatives in Chicago; a meeting at Alton, a hurried marriage, followed by a week of brief, delirious happiness, which even now stood out as the one joyous time in her memories of the past, and life was over for her for ever.

After all, she thought, with kindly feeling, as the past came back to her, despite the abuse which it receives, the world is good, and charitable and unsuspicious; the elderly cousins, in whose dull and quiet home she had finished her visit, had entertained her lovingly in their prosy, humdrum fashion, without mistrust of her duplicity; and had bidden her a tearful and regretful farewell, when, later on, in obedience to a sudden summons from her grandfather, she had returned to St. Louis to watch for months beside her grandmother's bed.



LIFE AND DEATH AS SEEN FAR AND NEAR.

Remorse and compunction became her companion even then, and in her few, brief, clandestine interviews with her husband, who was impatient to acknowledge their new relation, more than once she had murmured against the fretful bond which, even then, was secretly chafing her soul. She was so harassed! She had so much at stake!

Well, life is thorny, and youth is vain, and forbearance is not always a characteristic of lovers. The crisis came one August evening, when the yellow moon was filling the quiet world with the same mellow light which just now was shining down upon the lovers in Alden Street. A trifling disagreement, a suggestion of coldness and infidelity, a few mad, hot, passionate expressions of regret, a parting in pride and anger, that was all; trivial causes to wreck two lives.

Before the closing of another day Lea Carew's grandmother lay in the sleep of death, and the pale, silent girl who stood beside her coffin, stricken and desolate, was mourning, with crushed and quivering heart, yet another and even a sadder loss.

A brief letter of farewell had come to her from her husband, echoing bitterly her words of regret at the mistake, now irreparable, which had been made, yet assuring her of a love which, despite the return that it had won, would be hers in death as in life, through time and through eternity.

And as the days went on, and, weary and hopeless, she took up the burden of life again, the world little guessed that under the calm and cheerful exterior there throbbed a heart which was worse than widowed.

Then there had come vague rumors of Maltby's departure Westward, followed by a long interval of disheartening silence, and the girl's life had settled down into a round of cheerless, irksome duties, unrelieved by a single ray of hope or consolation.

Her grandfather was failing daily; and with the weakening of his powers grew more and more irritable and exacting, in a thousand little ways trying the girl's soul almost to madness. Such was her life for a year.

At the end of that time her grandfather died, and she was left alone, with youth, health, fortune—every gift which the world deems necessary to happiness. Then a wild, new hope began to grow up in her heart. She was independent now, her own mistress, accountable to no one for her acts; might it not be possible to call her husband back to her heart, to be forgiven, to commence life over again?

She had gone down to Cape Girardeau for a few weeks of change and rest after the burial, when the plan formed

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itself in her mind. She was thinking of it as she drove home from the post-office with her maid, one morning, in happy reverie, which the ponies evidently understood and respected, as they walked leisurely along the sunny suburban streets.

And the smile of happy anticipation still lingered upon her lips as she entered the house, and leisurely opened the voluminous letter which the mail had brought her from her friend and neighbor, Mary Worthington, up in St. Louis.

There was the usual summary of local happenings, breezy chronicles of weddings and parties and personal doings. Then a concluding paragraph, which caused Lea Carew's heart to stand still with fear, which froze the smile upon her lips, and left her dizzy and faint with anguish:

> "The Maltbys have had a severe blow this week," Mary wrote, lightly, "in the report of Fred's terrible death, of which they learned through a letter to the Morrill girls from their cousin Edwin. It seems there was a skirmish out upon the plains last month, and his party, unfortunately getting separated from the main division, poor Freddy was shot—at least, he has disappeared, which is equivalent to saying that the Indians have made away with him. He was so kind and handsome, and such a lovely waltzer! I remember, too, that he was one of your many ardent admirers in the old days, so I am sure you will find time to regret his untimely end."

Well, this had happened over three years ago, yet Lea had lived through the terrible weeks that followed, had even gone back to her old home for a few days, and by chance had met Frederick Maltby's mother and sisters.

She had even expressed her sympathy, in the calm and well-bred platitudes society indorses.

If a few had wondered at the restless, nomadic life which she had led since then, by far the greater number, unsuspicious of her motives, had envied her the untrammeled freedom which made such wanderings possible. Her secret was still safe within her own heart.

Although she had suffered so keenly, the world, comparing her with the bright, cheerful, fascinating Lea Carew of five years before, would have discerned no difference, she knew; would never have guessed how completely sorrow had brought down her life unto the earth.

With a weary sigh, she left the window, turned on the light, and, seating herself at the piano, let her fingers wander softly, almost unconsciously, into the melody of the *Miserere*.

In memory, she saw herself as she heard it last, four years before, upon the evening of her last happy day in Chicago with poor, dead Frederic Maltby.

She had been dressed as she was to-night, she remembered, in the same soft, white, gauzy material, with pale roses and great clusters of heliotrope in her belt. And with some gay remark, touching the fascinations of the elderly cousin to whom she was going on the morrow, her husband had placed her where the light might fall full upon her, as with deepest emotion he had sung the tender farewell, which neither dreamed would be for all eternity: "Addio, addio, Leonora, addio!"

It was later now, and the street was more quiet, as her voice floated softly out upon the evening air, dealing a sharp stab of pain to a gentleman who was coming leisurely up the street, absorbed in deepest meditation.

To-day had been an anniversary for him also, and the moonlight and music brought back strange, sad memories as he approached 346, stopping to look twice at the number as an assurance that he was not mistaken.

He had never fancied his landlady a singer, he remembered, as he carefully fitted his latchkey, smiling cynically at the incongruities of life, while mentally picturing that plump and pleasing person singing, in full, healthy tones, that sad farewell which brought to him more pain than any requiem.

The hall was filled with the strong, sweet, penetrating odor of the heliotrope, he noticed, as he went softly up the stairs to his room, pausing as he reached the landing above to lean against the railing, stunned and bewildered.

Great heavens! What trick of fate was this! Had the heat, and memories connected with the day, completely turned his brain? Or was it true, as the poet sings, that thought, like the magnet, has power to draw to itself whatever it touches? He had carried the picture which he beheld in his heart of hearts for years; by what magic was it vivified to-night?

"Non ti scordar di me, Leonora, addio!"

The song died softly into silence, and the musician, running lightly into another key, commenced that exquisite little poem of Bulwer Lytton's, unconscious of the eyes that were resting upon her in such an intensity of loving surprise and tenderness—

"Standing by the river,
Gazing on the river,
See it paved with star-beams
Heaven is at our feet;"

she sang, mournfully.

"Now the wave is troubled,
Now the rushes quiver,
Vanished is the starlight,
It was a deceit.

"Comes a little cloudlet, 'twixt ourselves and heaven;
And from all the river fades the silver track;
Put thine arms around me, whisper low, 'Forgiven!'
See how on the river starlight settles back."

He hurriedly crossed the room, stretching forth his hands to her with love and longing.

"Oh, Leonora! My wife, my love!" he cried, passionately. "Am I at last forgiven?"

She rose slowly from her seat, dizzy and faint, steadying herself with trembling hands against the clashing keys.

"Oh, Heaven!" she sobbed. "Can the grave give up its dead!"

He drew her tenderly into his arms, taking heart from her tears and weakness.

"When I remember what my life has been for the past four years," he answered her, with deepest emotion, "I am half-inclined to believe that I have really risen from the dead. And yet, oh, my precious wife! this moment of reunion would compensate for a whole cycle of unhappiness such as I have known!"

And, looking down into the tearful eyes upraised to his with infinite tenderness, he read that in their depths which told him that for them the agonizing suspense of separation was over, and for all eternity.

* * * * * *

It was an hour later, eleven was sounding from the city clocks, as Mrs. Ingoldsby stepped briskly from the car at the corner of Park and Alden Streets and walked in happy meditation in the direction of 346.

Cæsar, entering Rome with captives at his chariot-wheels, was never half so complacent as was good Aunt Charlotte, as again and again she recalled the events of the committee meeting just finished, at which, greatly to her surprise, she had been elected to preside over the deliberations of the council. She had acquitted herself with dignity, and had her say in the matter of selecting the *menu*, and had been betrayed into making a brief address, which she felt in her secret soul had been, in the number of its telling points, nothing less than an astonishing success.

She, too, stopped to look twice in amazement at the number, when presently she reached 346; for light was blazing from the upper windows, whence there issued an uncommon sound of revelry by night in the shape of the burst of melody—this time in a man's voice, which greeted her strained and listening ear.

With a momentarily increasing astonishment, the bewildered lady let herself noiselessly in and quietly ascended the stairs to lean, in her turn, against the railing in mystified amazement.

Her niece, flushed and happy in a radiance which was almost tangible, leaned lightly against the piano, at which the mysterious lodger—he of the secret sorrow—was gayly singing his old-time favorite "Il Trovatore":

"Sconto con sangue mio, l'amor che posi in te;
Non ti scordar di me, Leonora, addio."

He finished the song in a grand burst of melody, and, swinging lightly round upon his seat, drew his unresisting companion fondly to his arms.

"Oh, fare thee well, my Leonora," he sung, tenderly, with a gayety of voice and manner which only partially concealed the undercurrent of emotion which was agitating his soul.

And then—and then—well, in her younger days, Aunt Charlotte had read Byron, and had understood what that passionate genius meant by "A long, long kiss of youth and love." But just now, to her infinite amazement and disgust, she had not only audible but ocular proof of the ecstasy of which the poet sang.

What was the meaning of it all? she asked herself, hopelessly. Had the whole world gone mad?

With a groan of betrayed confidence and mystified impatience, the bewildered lady entered the room and confronted the unabashed culprits; and then—well, there followed such an elaborate and lengthy explanation as completely satisfied Aunt Charlotte's scruples, besides furnishing the romantic side of her nature unlimited food for many a day. The years of love without hope, the tyranny of the grandfather, the wedding journey to Chicago, the rumor of Maltby's death—she heard it all, in varying moods, which ran the entire gamut between tears and laughter.

"But the portrait?" she gasped, presently, unmindful of the curiosity which she was unconsciously betraying. "Whose was it? It was always locked; I could never open it."

With a quiet smile at the wiles of landladies, as a class, even as betrayed by the admissions of his newly discovered aunt, Frederic Maltby silently produced from his room the velvet case, and, having applied a tiny gold key to its lock, dutifully passed it over for Aunt Charlotte's inspection.

With a smile of amused interest, Lea watched the worthy lady as she nervously adjusted her glasses, and turned slightly that the light might fall full upon the ivory presentment which had so often piqued her curiosity. A single glance, and then poor Aunt Charlotte's long-tried control completely gave way, and, sinking upon a sofa, she adopted that refuge of woman in joy or grief, and wept in a fit of hysterical exultation.

"But I thought you were at Newport, Mr. Maltby," she suddenly protested, pausing in the midst of a copious shower of tears, as a new idea unexpectedly took possession of her brain.

"So I was until yesterday," Fred answered, good-naturedly. "Last evening I received a telegram from my partner, telling me that we were ready to commence operations, and recalling me to Colorado immediately. That was one kiss of Fortune. I reached here and found my wife; I will not paint the lily by attempting to say what that was. The object of my return this evening, was to inform you of my intended departure for Denver on Friday. I came to No. 346 one of the saddest men on earth," he continued, with emotion; "I leave it the happiest man in America—providing, of course, that my wife goes with me," he added, with a confident smile.

She left her place by Aunt Charlotte, and, going over to her husband's side, placed both her hands in his, with an *abandon* of wifely surrender which was touching in its completeness.

"Where thou goest I will go, my husband," she said, softly; "and whithersoever thou leadest, I will follow!"

Aunt Charlotte, who had been complacently watching it all, and noting its resemblance to a chapter from one of our favorite novels, felt in her romantic soul that, although her lodger was lost to her for ever, her experiment had been an unparalleled success.

A SPECIAL EPIGRAM.

At one of the great hotels, a gentleman seeking in vain for a candle with which to light himself to his room, passed a young lady who had two candles, of which she politely offered him one. He thanked her, and the next morning acknowledged the courtesy in the following epigram. The young lady was as handsome as she was polite:

"You gave me a candle, I gave you my thanks,
And add—as a compliment justly your due—
There isn't a girl in these feminine ranks
Who could, if she tried, hold a candle to you!"

FREAKS OF COURTSHIP.

Among the exiles in the Island of Saghalien, Eastern Siberia, the following custom prevails. If a man wishes to get married he applies to the Governor, who forthwith selects one of the female prisoners, with whom the candidate for holy matrimony is expected to "keep company" for two or three days. If, at the conclusion of this term, the male party declares to the Governor that the lady selected is not to his mind, he receives twenty-five blows with a stick, and another bride is chosen for him, and so on. The same course is adopted with the female prisoners who are in search of husbands. These matches are termed "Official Marriages," or the "Governor's Marriage," and are not followed by any religious ceremony.

Courtship in Zululand has several advantages over the same sort of agreeable pastime in other countries. When a Zulu girl takes a fancy to a young warrior she leaves her father's house, and at dusk stations herself before the hut of the favored one, but remaining perfectly silent. If her attentions are favored she will be asked into the hut. This obviates the necessity of the young man walking a couple of miles, perchance along a dark and lonely road, six or seven days a week, after midnight; and the girl's father doesn't find his coal and gas bills augmented during the courtship.

Dr. Holmes has said: "The patient may almost always be saved, if the doctor is called in time; but he should be called two or three hundred years before the patient is born."

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A WINTER IN JAMAICA.

By Florine Malcolm.

We left New York on the 9th of December, or, rather, we were to have left on the 9th ; but, verily "man proposes and the fates dispose."

The usual amount of kissing, hand-shaking and tearful good-byes had been gone through (if there is anything in this world thoroughly detestable it is saying "good-bye"), the bells had rung "all hands ashore," the gangplank had been withdrawn, and everything was ready to start, when down came one of those "regular old particular" fogs occasionally seen in New York harbor, as if Uncle Sam just wanted to show his transatlantic cousins what could be done in that direction. As the captain intended to start the instant the fog lifted enough to make it at all safe, he would not allow the gangplank thrown out again, so we all had the satisfaction, for the rest of the afternoon and evening, of knowing—though we could not see them—that our friends were out there somewhere ; and they, *vice versa.* Some one started, "Thou art so near and yet——" The line was never finished. The coroner's verdict would probably have been, "Accidental death by drowning."

GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

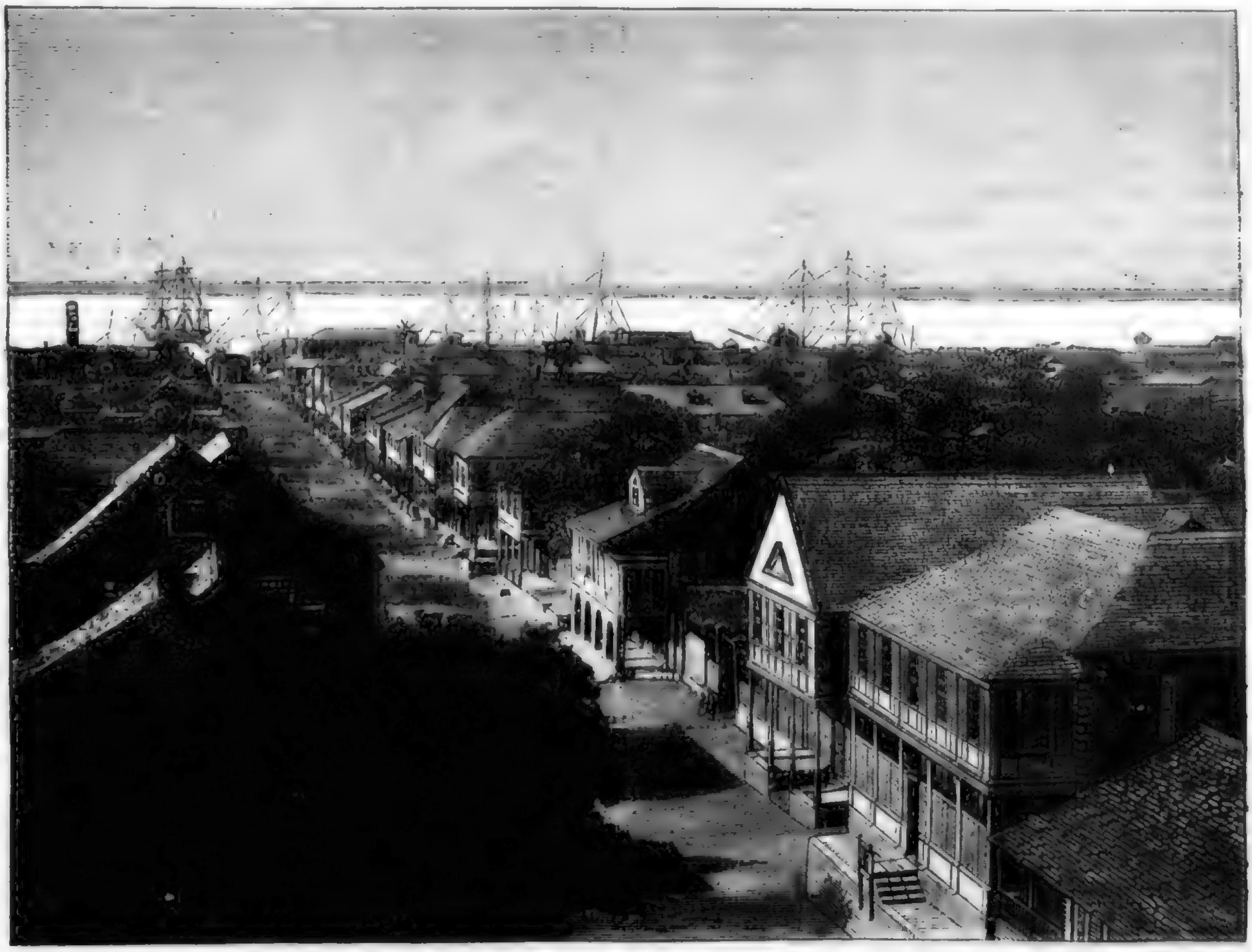
It took me about half an hour, more or less, to carry down to my stateroom the various "preventives of seasickness," gifts of sympathizing friends. Hoping that one of them might prove effective, I tried them all. Chief in quantity were lemons, at least half a dozen people vouching for their efficacy. I at once commenced a lemon diet—lemons before breakfast, lemons at breakfast, lemons after breakfast—and kept it up all this first trip with the not remarkable result that I have never been able to endure the sight of lemons since. And even they could not withstand the influence of the Gulf Stream.

We finally started, December 10th, about 7:30 A.M., for Kingston, Jamaica. We felt very well the first day, but those who had been there before, and knew whereof they spoke, said, "Wait till we strike the Gulf Stream." When the boat tries to plunge toward all four points of the compass at one and the same time, with a half-dozen extra motions of her own thrown in, you may know you are in the Stream. I have a profound respect for that Stream. I always write it with capital letters. I have even felt an inclination to put it in italics. When you reach it the decks become deserted, and those who go to table look very, very lonely. To add to our comfort, we were struck by a storm just below Cape Hatteras, when some one volunteered the cheering intelligence that our boat "had already sunk once," having been raised and repaired, which, of course, prevented our feeling at all nervous or uneasy.

Oh, how bitter cold it was after we got out where the ocean breezes had full sway !

Though muffled up to our ears, we could scarcely peep our noses out of the cabin, and it continued so for the first three days ; the fourth day was warmer; on the fifth we were glad to throw aside our wraps, while on the sixth day we had reached the tropics and wanted our thinnest clothing. Here we saw, many of us for the first time, the beautiful Southern Cross, almost perfectly formed by four very bright stars ; also the False Cross, which, though not as perfect as the other, is still so cross-like as to be frequently taken for the true by those unfamiliar with them. The Southern Cross does not appear until nearly ten o'clock, and even then does not rise very high.

The sun, moon and stars appear larger, brighter and

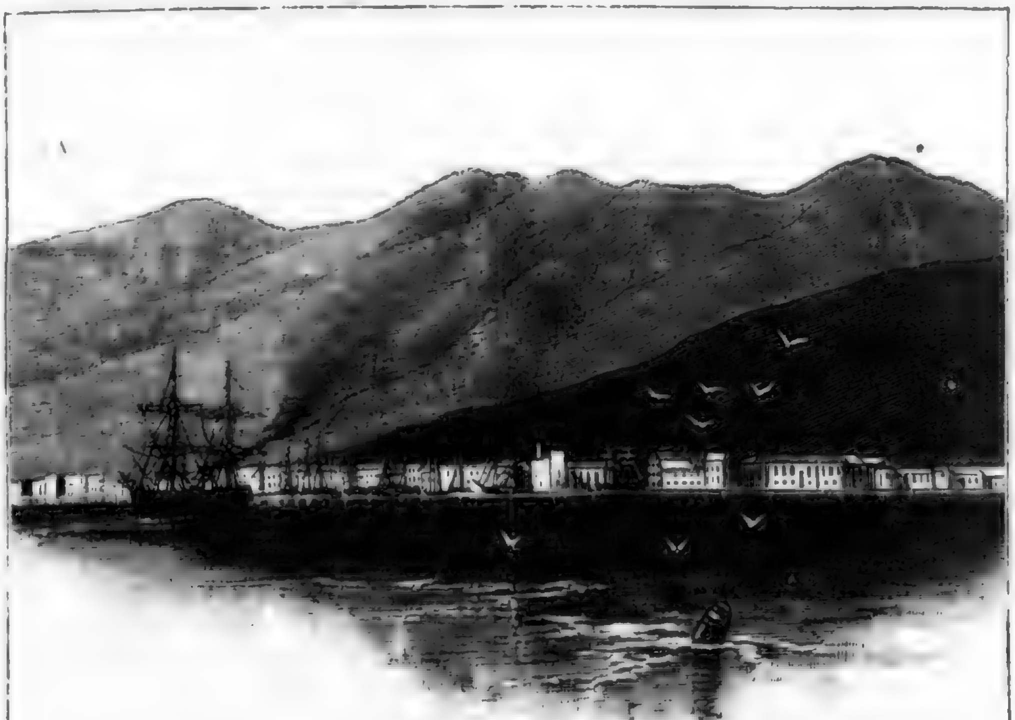


A PRINCIPAL STREET IN KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

nearer in that clear, tropical sky, and the latter more numerous than with us.

We passed San Salvador, made famous by its discovery by Columbus, and sailed close along the coast of Cuba, which interested us all, especially a Cuban general we had on board, exiled from his native land for participating in some of their political pleasantries. He made an effort to drown his emotion in a flood of champagne, offering to treat all the ladies, which offer we of course refused.

Then we sailed around the eastern part of Jamaica, where rise the Blue Mountains, whose culminating point, West Peak, measures 7,105 feet, being one of the highest in the West Indies. The sides are dotted with the white camps of Her Majesty's Own, and at their base are the sugar plantations. Thence we sailed over the sunken city of Port Royal, all but a fragment of which was engulfed in the great earthquake years ago, in which 3,000 lives were lost. The whole island was depressed several feet, and the wing on which Port Royal was situated broke off from the mainland and was buried in the sea. By going out in a rowboat on a clear day you can sometimes catch a glimpse of the tops of houses or a church spire underneath. So the inhabitants say. And as we heard that the last rowboat that went out had been upset and the contents devoured by sharks, we concluded to



KINGSTON FROM THE SEA.

take their word for it. However anxious we might be to verify the truth of statements, we were not anxious to cultivate any closer acquaintance with the sharks than could be obtained from ship or seashore; and they are so numerous and come so close to the shore as to render sea-bathing entirely out of the question in Jamaica. It is recorded that during the earthquake a man was swallowed up, and a few moments afterward the earth opened and threw him out *uninjured*, and he lived for several years. An account of this incident is engraved on his tombstone, which may be seen by all who care to visit it. An English clergyman, who was an eyewitness, writes of it in an account of the earthquake.

The remnant of Port Royal now standing merely serves for a quarantine station, being situated just at the entrance to the Harbor of Kingston, one of the most beautiful in the world.

As soon as the quarantine physician boarded the steamer, we all crowded round him, asking one question (a rumor having reached us that yellow fever was raging there): "Is there any fever here now?" He answered: "Oh, yes, a little bit; eleven deaths yesterday, but it is only Europeans and foreigners who are dying; the natives are all right." And he said it perfectly seriously. Not very encouraging to us.

The Island of Jamaica, third in extent in the West Indian Archipelago, called in the Indian tongue "Xamaica," or "the Island of Springs"—having, besides its lakes, at least two hundred streams—is the most varied in its resources of them all. It is 180 miles in length from east to west, and 60 miles in greatest breadth. It was discovered by Columbus, in 1494, and settled by the Spaniards fifteen years later.

Lead is found therein large quantities, besides copper, silver, zinc, antimony, iron and manganese. It yields also the products common to most of the West Indies—viz., allspice, vanilla, indigo, ginger, cloves, cassia, jalap, aloes, arrowroot, ipecacuanha, sarsaparilla, manioc or manihot, from whence cassava (the native bread) and tapioca are made. In addition to the fruits, too numerous to mention, cocoa, are coffee-bean and roots, such as yam and sweet-potato.

Its population is about half a million. Kingston, the largest town and present capital, has about forty thousand; Spanish Town, the former capital, less than ten thousand.

Anything more new and strange, more varied, more picturesque, more calculated to raise enthusiasm, than tropical scenery seen for the first time, I cannot imagine. We landed at Kingston the third week in December, and growing all around us were oranges, bananas, cocoanuts, pineapples, and many new and strange fruits, beautiful palms of many varieties, a wonderful number of trees variegated with foliage, and the cactus, some of which grow higher than the house, while out of another variety they make their fences.

On the dock where we landed were a number of the most wretched-looking negro women, barefooted, with their dresses up to their knees, loading the different boats with coal, which they get from coal-yards beside the dock, carry in immense baskets on their heads, and empty into the boats, for the sum of one cent a basket. Two of them began quarreling, then fighting, some of the others joining in, all yelling at the top of their voices language of which we could understand just enough to know that it was liberally interspersed with oaths and expressions anything but fit for ears polite. Hurrying past them, we entered a cab, though it seemed little less than cruelty to animals to expect what they call horses to drag anything but themselves. And they are all alike, except some few brought from England or America, and belonging to very wealthy people, who take special care of them and use them but little, and even then they are apt to show the effect of the climate. Their horses are the smallest, the raggedest. Why, Bergh would arrest a man for driving one attached to an ash-cart here.

One of the funniest sights in the islands is that of great, big, fat country negroes riding into town on little bits of donkeys, holding up their feet to keep them from dragging on the ground.

We drove through the part of Kingston destroyed by fire within the last five years. In the heart of the city are whole blocks of bare, crumbling walls; some have already fallen down, others are erect still, showing sometimes an almost perfect skeleton of what was once, perhaps, a happy home. The streets are generally very narrow, with *no* regular sidewalks, though each house has something like one built in front of itself at whatever height the owner wishes. So, if one attempts to walk (which the natives never do at all, if they can help it) anywhere but in the middle of the street, one climbs up or steps down at each house passed, as may be clearly seen in the illustration of one of their principal streets. It also shows the peculiar style of building the small houses. Many of these buildings are "shops," as they call them, and very dingy affairs they are. Jamaica in this, though the most populous, is far inferior to the other islands visited. It seems a shame that a place so beautiful, so bountifully supplied by nature, should be inhabited by a people so shiftless, everything about the place having a disordered, unkempt, out-at-ends appearance.

The larger houses are nearly all built, more or less, like that of the Governor, large, roomy, rambling, rarely more than two stories high. This Governor gets a salary of $10,000 less than our President, and just think of the difference in size and population between Jamaica and the United States! He was away spending a six months' vacation at home in England when we were there. The other officers are paid in proportion; so a Government position in the West Indies is, in a small way, something of a "plum," and many English Jack Horners are quite anxious to get their thumbs in the pie. The Government Building is, as may be supposed, a solid, imposing structure.

The days there are warm, of course—the sun decidedly so—but the evenings are delightful. The islands always have the ocean breezes, and as soon as the sun sets it becomes dark—they have no twilight—and in an hour it is quite cool, much cooler than our Summer evenings. I don't think any one need hesitate about going to the West Indies for fear of health, even if yellow fever is there, if they will only exercise a little common sense. If a man goes down there with the intention of doing just as he would here, *especially* if he is in the habit of drinking whisky, I should say he was going to certain death. But he would be perfectly safe if he would realize that people who had lived there all their lives might know a little more about it than he, and that when they said it was dangerous to walk *at all* in the sun through the middle of the day, or to overexert himself, that they knew what they were talking about; if he would realize how easy it is to take cold, and would live as they do, largely on fruits, vegetables, fish, fowl, but very little meat—except turtle-steak, which is delicious, much better than beef—and occasionally venison and oysters, which grow down there on trees. Oysters grow on trees! They certainly do, likewise cotton and cabbages. The large steamers going to England have every corner of available space covered with tanks of water containing turtles for the English markets. They do not take kindly to a sea voyage, and many of them die, but those that remain command a high price.

Then the houses are built in a peculiar style, to suit the climate and secure the best possible ventilation. The sides of most of them are built entirely of shutters, which can not only be opened and shut, but have iron rods by which they may be thrown out like awnings. The walls of the different rooms are merely partitions, extending only up to within two or three feet of the ceiling. This is objectionable in one way, as it prevents any privacy, every word said in one room being audible throughout the whole floor. But it does aid ventilation. They use no carpets, curtains or upholstered furniture, it being, they claim, impossible to do so on account of insects.

Floors are hard, bare, stained and polished. Each house contains one or more immense stone baths, with a water pipe running in, and two others running out, so it is kept just about so full of clear running water, and every one in the house has his or her "hour," and takes a plunge every day.

The houses are built without any chimneys, stoves or fireplaces, all the cooking being done on open charcoal stoves in the yard. Their ovens are built up of bricks with a place for fire underneath. This is not the case with small houses only, but the largest, even the hotels. The cooking, as may be imagined, is simply dreadful. They have no refrigerators to keep things in. Their butter comes in tins from England or America, and by the time you get it is impossible to eat it. They have very good milk, but cannot make butter, for they say their milk turns sour before the cream begins to rise. The pastrycook's is simply a lost art to them.

Hurricanes, tidal waves and earthquakes are of comparatively frequent occurrence. We experienced three of the latter during our six months' trip. The first one occurred about the holiday times, nine o'clock in the evening. An earthquake sounds very like a long peal of thunder, not overhead, but directly underneath. It begins in the distance, and as it approaches grows louder; the shaking becomes more violent, until you hear and feel it directly under your feet, and as you begin to wonder what will happen next, it gradually passes and dies away. While it lasts you are spellbound. I was one of quite a party in a large room. We were all laughing and talking; but when the earthquake began, every one stopped on the second. No one spoke, no one moved; even we, who had never felt or heard one before, seeming to know by intuition, however much it sounded like it, this was not thunder. As it approached and increased we seemed to stop breathing until it began to die away. The negroes drop on their knees when one begins, no matter where they are; but no prayers, no cries, excitable as they are; but the same terrified hush. It even seems to affect all animals the same way. They stop and stand trembling until it is over. Silence reigns supreme. But the instant it is over the dogs bark, mules bray, cocks crow, hens cackle, cows low, until one would think bedlam were let loose. The church-bells ring, and the people go to church.

In Jamaica most people, and in Trinidad almost every one, has "coffee" about 6:30 A.M. They disturbed my slumbers at that unearthly hour for just one morning. I am not lazy, but do draw the line at 6:30 A.M. "Coffee" means tea, coffee, chocolate or milk, whichever you prefer, with buttered toast, rolls or bread, and an egg if you wish it, brought to your bedside by one of the numerous servants. There are so many more negroes than white people, food is so cheap, and they require so little else, that they almost invariably outnumber the family, twenty to thirty in one house being no uncommon number. After "coffee" the men drive to business, stores opening about seven. They come back for breakfast about eleven, usually loitering over it until nearly noon, when they take a *siesta* or nap, after which they return to business, which closes about 5 P.M.

The women, accustomed to being waited on, even dressed, from babyhood, lead most indolent and purposeless lives. I have seen a lady accidentally drop her handkerchief, and call a servant from another room to pick it up for her. If they want to go two blocks they must ride. With the exception of dress, flirtation is the mania, the one object of their lives, the married women in particular being thoroughly French in the extent to which they carry it. At the same time they are more than English in their fear of outraging the proprieties, which adds a spice of danger to a flirtation, however innocent, that makes it irresistibly attractive with their very colorless lives. No young girl is permitted even to go shopping or to a friend's house alone, or with simply an escort, and if she went for a drive, to church or theatre without a chaperon she would simply be town talk.

The rigidity of their social customs is aptly exemplified in their theatre. They keep up the old country custom of going in full evening dress, and no one not in full dress is permitted to enter the floor or dress circle. They may go up to the top gallery where the negroes are, but that is the only place. Why, I heard that the manager once wanted to go in front on a matter of business in his own theatre and was not allowed to do so, but was sent back for his dress suit. But it makes the house look very pretty: all the ladies in full evening dress, with flowers, feathers or jewels in their hair. No bonnet is permitted, no matter how small or light it may be.

When the Governor signifies his intention to be present, as their theatre, though quite a good size, has no boxes, a certain part, just in the centre of the dress circle, and exactly in front of the stage, must be fitted up for use of himself and suite. The ordinary seats are taken out, something specially nice put in, to be quite separated from the rest, draped, etc. If his lordship does not arrive until 8:30 every one must wait until he does; if he comes at 7:30, the performance must begin at once. The instant he arrives, the orchestra are notified and play "God Save the Queen" until he is seated. As soon as he appears at the door, every one rises and stands applauding until he reaches his seat, when he bows his thanks, and, after he sits, the rest of the audience may do likewise. If he goes every night, the same ceremony is observed. If he desires a certain play for a certain night, no matter if every one has seen it, it must be played. After the play is over, no one moves until "God Save the Queen" is played.

The people of Jamaica are aware of the fact that there is a country up here somewhere called the United States, but just what it amounts to they don't know, while everything English is worshiped with avidity. But, despite their foibles and prejudices, they are a very sociable, generous and hospitable people, too much so for their own good.

The Creoles in Jamaica (I must explain that the word Creole means here simply, a person born in the colonies,) speak with such a marked dialect that at first it is simply impossible to understand them. Many, and sometimes amusing, were the incidents occasioned thereby. We

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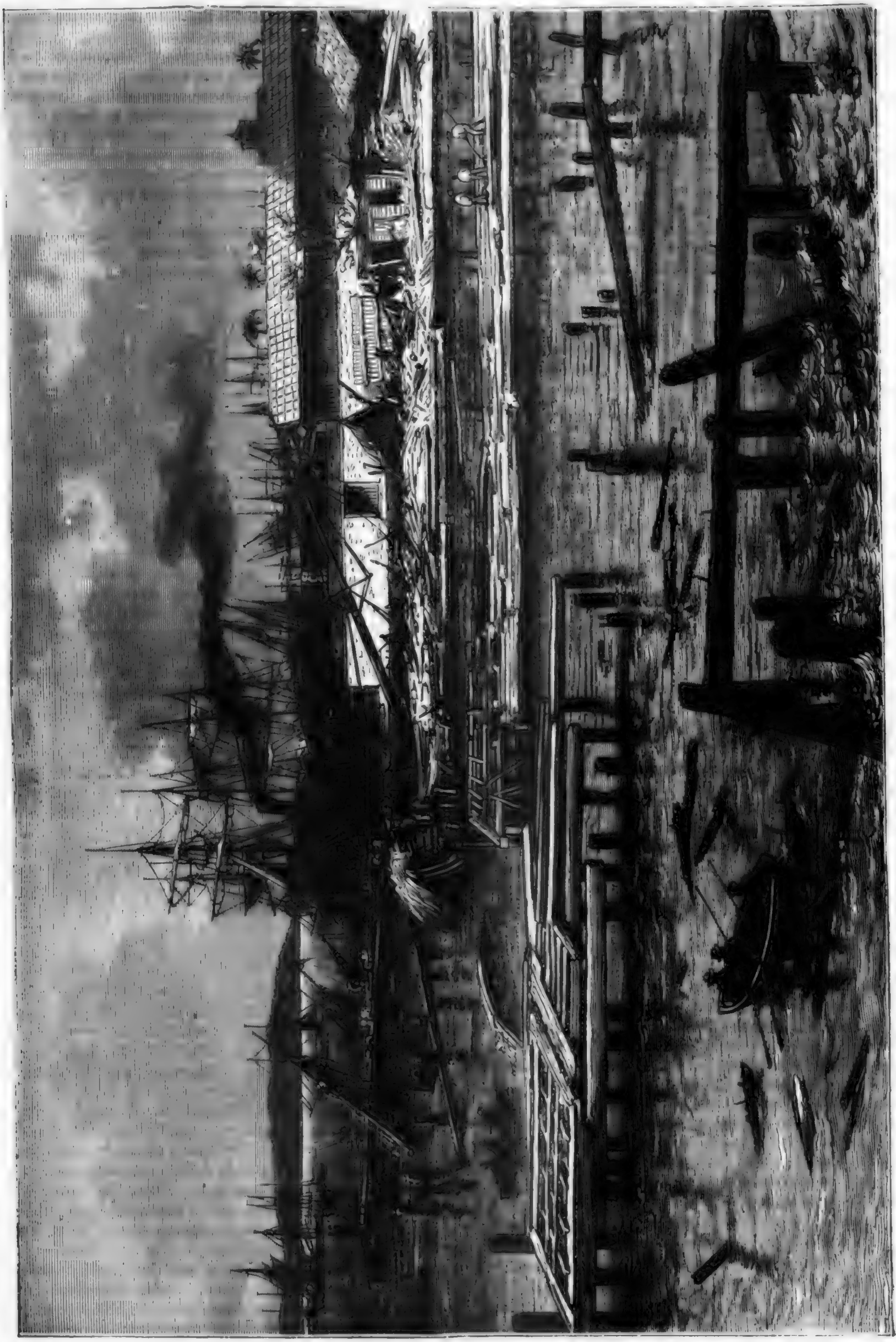
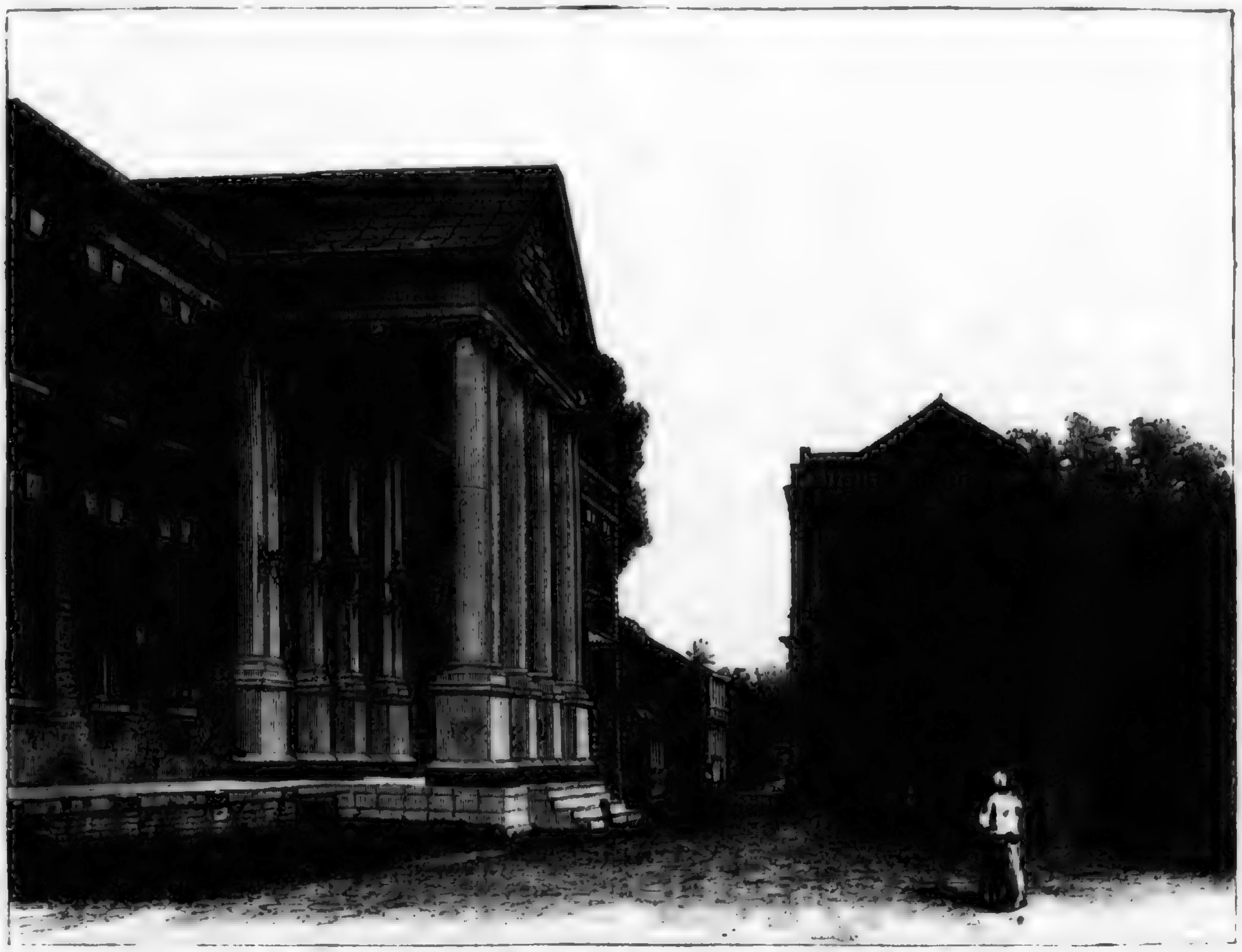


HARBOR OF KINGSTON AFTER A TERRIBLE CYCLONE.

seldom had the temerity to ask a stranger to repeat anything more than about three times, when we generally hazarded an answer. With most people, even if you do not understand all they say, you can gather enough to know whether to say "Yes" or "No." But they speak in the same monotonous, drawling tone, no matter what they are saying. So you presently find some one looking at you with wide-open eyes or, worse still, if there are several present, a hush that tells you now you have put your foot in it.

They have not the same prejudices in regard to color that we have. The Mayor of Kingston was black as could be, and it is no uncommon thing to see a family coming into church, the father white, the mother black, and half a dozen children as many different shades.



A WINTER IN JAMAICA.—GOVERNMENT BUILDING, KINGSTON.—SEE PAGE 744.

A STARTLING PICTURE.

There is a little inlet on the coast of Maine, whose abrupt and gloomy shore is here and there dotted by a fisher's hut; where steep and frowning rocks overhang a surf whose seething roll is foam-capped and billowy in the calmest weather. There is no name set down in map or chart for this turbulent indentation of the beach-line, and but for a tiny curve in the great craggy bluffs, under whose shelter the water runs inland, forming a natural fish-pond, even the few sturdy seekers of driftwood, who eke out their scant living from this source, might not have rendered inappropriate its local title of Solitude.

But the fishers were not the only dwellers in Solitude: further down the sand-stretch and somewhat in the shelter of a massive boulder that rises like a monarch from encircling crags and jutting beds of rock, stands the last thing one would expect to find in such a spot—namely, a pretty, fanciful toy of a cottage, so light and graceful in its proportions that it would seem the first tempest might have caught it up in its fierce wings and borne it away over the raging ocean.

But no such thing has befallen Major Vernon's cottage home, most probably because it was built storm-proof; and when he came to dwell there, years before, with his beautiful daughter—then a lovely, golden-haired child—and his two servants, an elderly man and his wife, he was quite sure that its foundations would withstand the heaviest gale that ever sent its spray inland over Shelter Rock, for which giant landmark it was his fancy to name his tasteful abode.

In some localities it might have been a source of wonder that a gentleman of taste and cultivation like Major Vernon should have exchanged the graces and luxury of city life for the wild desolation of his present home; but the few who broke the spell of Solitude had so much to do to maintain existence, that they were only too glad to avail themselves of the benefit they experienced from his generous patronage to speculate on the causes which brought him there.

Had the dwellers in Solitude proved the most inquisitive meddlers on record, they would have gained nothing by questioning the family servants, who were impervious to inquiry, and the closest scrutiny of the Major's habits could divulge no more than that he was a gentleman fond of nature and his own society, who, when not engaged in conducting the education of his little girl, preferred to wander among the rocks and climb the highest and most rugged cliffs rather than drive down to Stapleton, where there was plenty of the best city people in Summer, and his fine blooded horses and handsome turnout would have met with appreciative admirers. Once every year the Major left his home to go

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—whither, no one knew; but as his stay was prolonged sometimes for a month, it was only reasonable that he must have financial interests demanding his attention, and that his journeys were necessitated by business only; his pleasure, if he had any, was in roaming the beach alone, or with his little girl.

As years passed, the child grew to a beautiful womanhood. The isolation of her life had not saddened her naturally gay and happy temperament, nor had the absence of feminine influence in her education deprived her of grace or elegance of bearing. All that was refined and womanly was as natural to sweet Alice Vernon as the air she breathed; and at the age of eighteen she was that rarest gem, an unconscious beauty, and a highly cultivated girl.

She and her father had one friend in common—the grand old ocean; and they wooed it together in all its varying moods, from the sunny sleeping blue of quiet Summer to the frenzied rage and ragged spray of a midwinter storm. She would face the wildest tempest at her father's side, or with him clamber over rocks as a chamois-hunter might. She was his constant companion, and had reached her eighteenth birthday without knowing or desiring any other.

One August day, during her father's absence, a pleasing incident varied the peaceful monotony of her life. When she was walking on the beach, a light breeze blew a sheet of drawing-paper directly to her feet, and on examining it she found it contained a wonderfully true and effective sketch of "Shelter Cottage." Delighted with the picture, which her enthusiastic taste in art enabled her to appreciate fully, she was still admiring it, when she found the artist himself at her side, bowing low before her. For a single instant Alice stood surprised out of her sweet graciousness of manner. A stranger, and such a stranger, young, handsome, and evidently from his production a man of genius, was rare indeed along the coast of Solitude. Alice returned the artist's deeply respectful salutation with the innocent ease and grace that was her charm, and distinguished her from the spoilt belles of society.

Knowing her father to be a passionate lover of art, she regretted his absence and inability to see and admire the charming picture of their seaside home, and said so as she returned it. The painter, who contrived to tell her that his name was Ernest Lawrence, urged the acceptance of the trifle upon her, declaring that it was hers already, since it had escaped from his portfolio and flown to her feet. She smiled, but resolutely declined this gift from a stranger; yet she did not forbid his accompanying her homeward, and they parted at the graceful portico he had so beautifully transferred to his picture.

Next day she encountered him on the shore, and thenceforth he was always there to meet her. How could it be otherwise? Fate had decreed it, and soon they were lovers. Early in their acquaintance he told her his story. He was an orphan, with his own way to win in the world. So far he had been fortunate, but it had been at the cost of hard and all-absorbing study. He had studied abroad, and his devotion to art had not been in vain, for on his return he found himself not unknown. Several pictures of his had gained laudatory mention at the Florentine Exhibition, and the consequence was, two or three promising orders; one for a marine view, to gain an inspiring subject for which he had strayed along the northern coast, and so met his destiny.

His ardor soon disclosed his love, and his keen sense of honor made him anxious for the Major's return, that he might gain that gentleman's permission to woo his daughter. As for Alice, beloved and loving, her happiness was complete, so the days of waiting were to her days of bliss. She never for a moment doubted her father's approval; and as for liking Ernest, she smiled as she thought, "How could he help it?"

The Major's stay was unusually prolonged, but he came at last, late in the evening, after Ernest's return to Stapleton; but Alice, who had never had a secret from her father, poured out the innocent story of her love, and bespoke parental favor by painting her lover's noble character, his genius, his devotion—all that a fond heart could suggest to win his cause. Major Vernon listened not without a sigh; his face was shadowed for a while; but, as Alice knew, he loved her too deeply to permit a selfish thought to weigh against her happiness.

"I suppose that I knew it would come to this some day, my darling?" he said, half mournfully. "But I own I did not look for it so soon. There, my pet, do not be frightened! I will see this wonderful young man, this embodiment of talent and goodness," he added, smiling; "and if he bears the rigorous examination, as to character, antecedents and morals, to which any one who would win my daughter Alice must submit—why, then, we will see."

He closed this speech with a tender kiss, and Alice knew her lover was secure of her father's favor.

After she left her father that night she remembered that, by some strange chance, she had never breathed her lover's name, nor had he asked it.

It was late next morning when Alice entered the breakfast-parlor, only to find her father gone, and to learn that he went out very early and had not returned, and Mr. Lawrence had been seen passing down the beach in the direction of the Major's favorite walk.

An hour passed, an agitated, excited hour to Alice. She had no fear of her father's refusal; he must like Ernest, she argued, but the delay oppressed her; and, unable to wait longer, she strolled out, expecting at every turn of the rocky way to come upon them, deep in consultation. She stole softly along, resolved to surprise them in their prolonged interview; but no trace of either could she distinguish, look where she would.

Then a terror seized her; all the world seemed darkening before her. She called aloud, lifting her voice higher at each repetition of her father's or lover's name, but only the scream of the dipping sea-gull answered. She was all alone—alone, it seemed to her frightened mind, in the wide world.

She pursued her way, and at a turn in the sandy path she saw the great boulder, the giant rock, from which their home was named, rising before her; at its base lay something like a human form. How she reached it she never knew, for the first glance told her it was her father; but there she found herself raising the apparently lifeless head, and calling, in a voice that did not seem her own, to some passing fishers for their aid.

* * * * * *

Major Vernon did not die, but he lay ailing many a long week; and Summer was gone and the storms of Winter were upon the lonely shore ere he raised his head from his pillow, and began to move feebly about his chamber, leaning on the arm of a pallid, saddened girl, as changed as he.

The physician summoned from Stapleton, and for the first week after the accident almost resident at the cottage, pronounced the Major's trouble to be that death-warning—paralysis. Attacked by it, he had fallen from the top of Shelter Rock, and thereby sustained injuries that seriously complicated the disorder, and rendered the services of a Boston surgeon of skill and fame necessary to his recovery.

This gentleman, a great authority in such cases, assured Alice that her father, having so far recovered, might live for years, and possibly survive to a third stroke; but that certain precautions were essential to be observed, and a quiet, cheerful routine of existence to be insured.

Alice readily determined that her life should be devoted to prolonging her parent's. It had no other object now, for, since that bright Autumn morning when Ernest Lawrence had gone down the beach in search of Major Vernon, she had never seen him, nor heard one word concerning him.

To her he had entirely passed out of existence, and her springtime of love and dreams of joy were laid away in memory, like a nosegay of faded flowers. Her father had never mentioned him. Either all recollection of the subject had died away, or the subject itself was a painful one. How could Alice know which? Since the lover himself had deserted her, her lips were sealed. The sweet exuberance of youth was gone; yet, in the pale, sad-eyed woman a few months had made her, Alice had gained a higher type of chastened beauty. In it shone the unselfish devotion of her daily life. She had ceased to exist for herself, and thought, or tried to think, only of her duty and of her father.

Spring came and deepened into Summer, and Autumn dyed the woods with glory once again. Major Vernon was better—so much better, that he was able to go out in the open air for the first time since his accident, leaning on his daughter's arm. He appeared to enjoy the change greatly, and was loath to leave the glorious scene when the sunset made the sea aflame with gold and purple, and he begged his patient nurse to linger still, till she urged him to go in.

"For," she said, "remember, you are getting strong, and must not risk what you have gained."

"That's true, my darling; you know best," he said, yielding to the gentle will as he had done ever since his illness.

That night he called for her to come and sit by him; then he smoothed her golden hair, and called her his best, his dearest, and his last. At length he dropped asleep, holding her delicate hands, and she sat motionless, fearing to move, when she found from his speaking that he was awake.

"Alice!" his voice was just as it used to be; there was none of the uncertain, broken sound that had characterized it during his sickness. "My darling, do you remember that morning?"

Her heart beat so she could scarce command her voice to speak while she forced herself to say:

"Yes, papa."

"Well, dear child, I will tell you now what I should have told you long ago. Pity me, but do not blame me, love; the effort was so bitter, I could not speak his name, for all the agony of my life is touched by that one spring. Your mother, darling—Can you hear me speak?—come nearer, dear!—your mother left me, and you a baby in your cradle, and fled with that man's father. Ernest Lawrence, his father's very living image—when I saw him stand before me, all came back, and I—I could not bear it! my brain reeled, and I grew wild, and drove him from my presence in fury. Then all was blackened before me, and I knew no more."

Alice listened, and her very blood seemed icy in her veins as she learned that the mother she had worshiped in secret and believed dead—whose name she had been taught never to utter because her father's grief for his loss was so intense that he could not bear any allusion to it—had been a criminal—false to her sacred vows; and that Ernest's father—— Oh! no, no, it was too horrible—her pure young soul, unable to bear the burden of another's shame, shuddered, quailed and shrunk away. With a desolate cry Alice raised herself, staggered, and fell heavily forward on her father's breast, insensible.

When the housekeeper hurried in, startled by her mistress's scream, she was horrified to find the Major quite dead, and Alice in a faint, from which she did not recover for hours. Poor girl, she awoke to find herself entirely desolate, orphaned and friendless. What isolation could be more complete!

Her father, as the doctors told her, had died from the second stroke of paralysis; his brain would have been affected had he survived, they said, and kindly pointed out to her the merciful part of her affliction. She listened passively and seemed resigned, but she was in truth stunned. She moved about like one in a dream, meeting the demands of her position, and attending to every duty, but never fully realizing her loss or the desolation of her existence.

The funeral over, a lawyer, whom she had never seen, but whose name was familiar as her father's man of business, returned from the churchyard, and begged to see her in the parlor. It was then that she learned that she was a great heiress, possessed of immense city property, to attend to the interests of which, her father had made his yearly journeys from home.

In Major Vernon's will he stated his wish that Alice should leave Shelter Cottage at his death, and seek the society for which her wealth and position fitted her.

She was glad to have his sanction to go away, for the change that had turned her existence from light into darkness had made the roar of the sea a sound of unutterable woe to her, and the wild scene she had loved was terrible to look upon.

The lawyer, who was also her guardian, found a charming city home for her, and there she lived—although not yet twenty—the quiet life of a woman of middle age. She sought some employment for her mind, and from natural taste and aptitude chose that of painting.

In course of time she became absorbed in her art, and the intensity of her sorrow was a little lessened. She began to attend art exhibitions, and found something akin to pleasure in gazing at the creations of genius. One day she found a small group gathered about a new picture which they were discussing with great interest.

"He must be passionately fond of the sea!" said one.

"Rather passionately fond of that dreary, dismal coast, with its curling surf and scraggy background!" said another; "for it is that scene he repeats over and over again. I have seen it in London, Paris and Vienna, and now here, and always the same."

"Yes," assented a third; "one would suppose him to be haunted by the idea; and really it produces the effect on those who see it. It was present in my mind for days after I saw it last."

"Yet, it is a popular sort of thing, for all the others were sold."

"And so will this be, if the artist will part with it," interrupted the gentleman of the party. "It is weird and dismal, I admit, but true—wonderfully true to nature. He must have studied some such place."

He stepped back to obtain a different light on the

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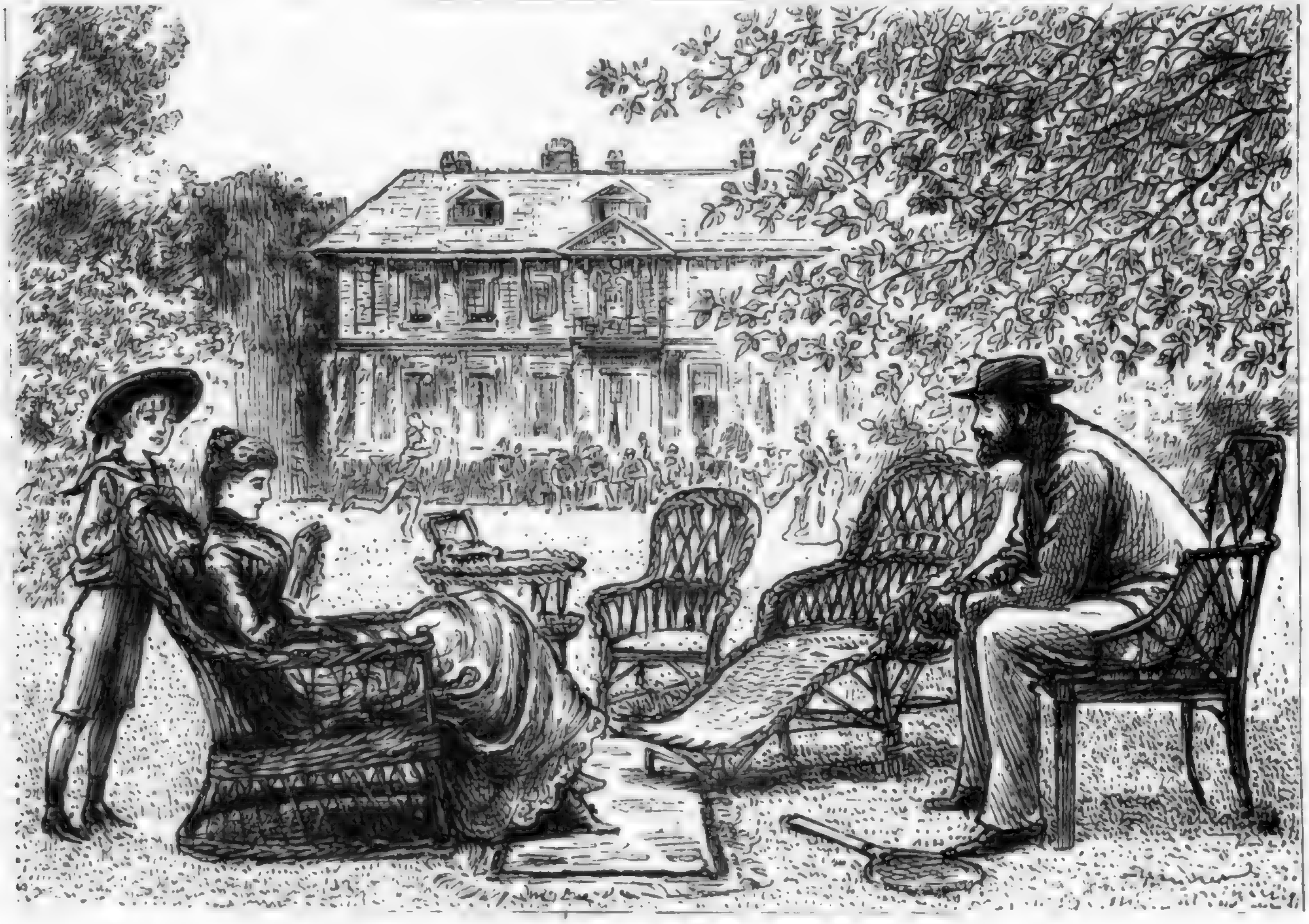
subject of his admiration. Alice looked through the opening thus made, and beheld the scene of her father's fall, *painted by her lover's hand.*

Yes, there was the unmistakable outline of Shelter Rock—the curling sea-foam winding in among the seaweed beds, and the jagged rocks, the body stretched upon them, and the sea-gulls rising in startled flight.

"He knew my father fell, but never ran to his aid, nor came to comfort me."

This was Alice's thought as she sank into a distant seat, and leaned her face upon her hand; but though she had retired from the vicinity of one group of speakers, she was fated to come close upon another.

"Yes, he's dying, they say; but I insist that there is nothing, positively nothing, the matter with him, but the sea-picture caprice, that is grown into a positive mania. Three years ago he was one of the most promising exhibitors in the Academy, and his pictures sold, too; but he never could keep money—gave it to anybody that asked for it; now he is dying and penniless."



A FILIAL REPROOF.

Mamma (to Noel, who is inclined to be talkative): "Hush, Noel! Haven't I told you often that little boys should be seen and not heard?" *Noel:* "Yes, Mamma! But you don't look at me!"

Alice sprang to her feet and looked about her; the speakers were in the street below. The one whose words she had caught was little more than a lad, evidently a student, for he carried a sketch-book under his arm, and had the air of one before whom the world lay "fair and untried."

Fearing he might be gone before she could reach him, Alice hastened through the hall into the street. The pair had parted company, but she saw the youth in advance, and flew after him. She had reached his side, her hand was on his arm, when the timid habit of her late secluded life caused her to pause. She saw his surprise followed by another feeling, admiration of her rare beauty. Yielding to it, he bowed, cap in hand. She blushed, and hurriedly said:

"I beg your pardon, but do you know Mr. Lawrence, an artist? I thought I heard you speak of him just now."

"Yes," cried the young man, unable to remove his fascinated gaze. "It was there I saw you—your picture, I mean—a curtained one; but I took a peep, and never could forget the face, though it is not quite the same—there is a difference."

Then becoming aware that he was rude, he suddenly grew silent. The poor girl could have told him it was her lost happiness he missed—but she thought of Ernest, not of herself; and being now assured it was he, she begged the young artist to direct her to his lodgings.

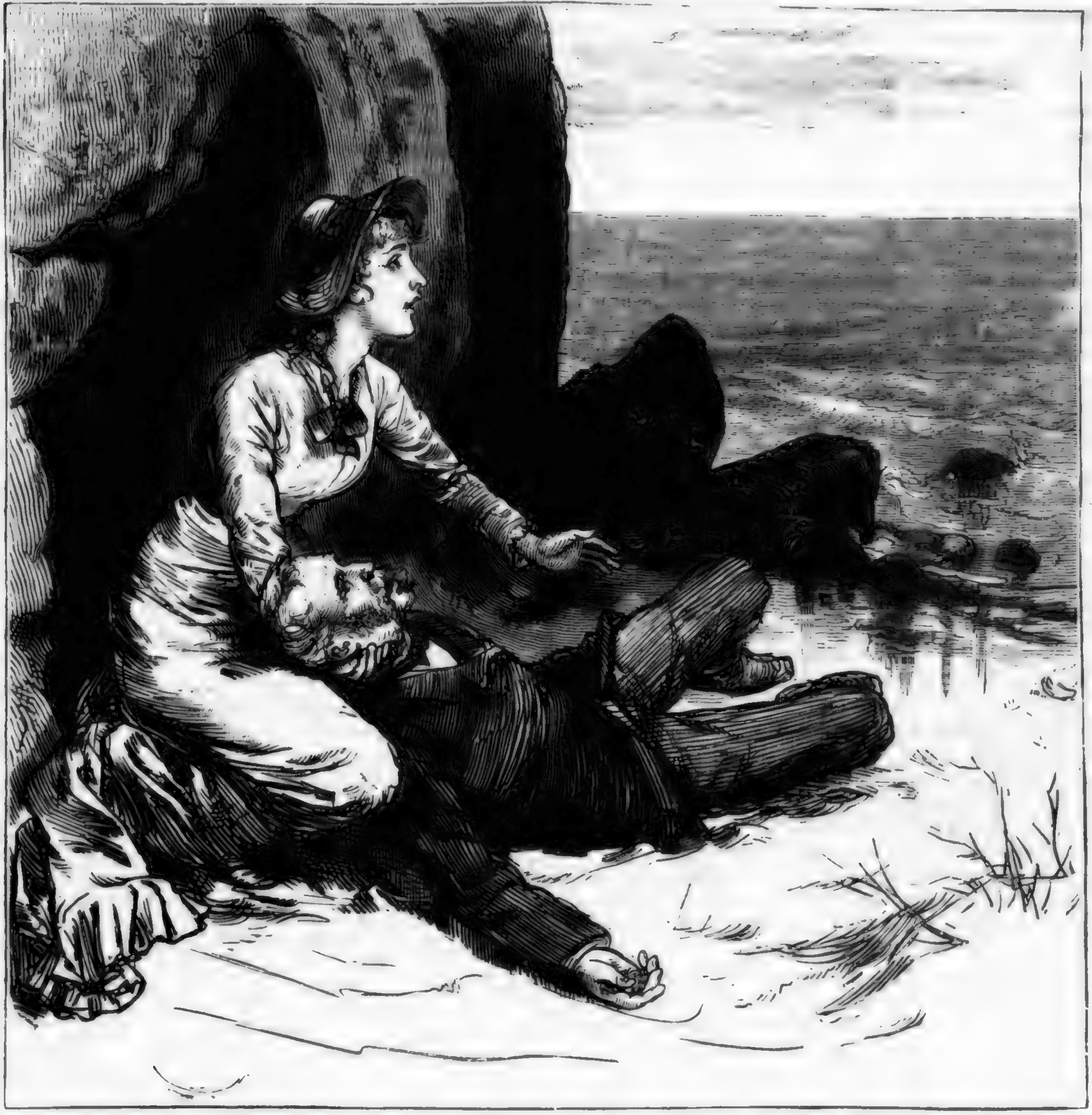
He offered to go with her if she would permit, and she asked, eagerly:

"Is Mr. Lawrence very ill?"

"Why, yes—and no!" replied her new acquaintance. "He's a little off his mental balance; but if any one could cheer him up and conquer some absurd fancies that seem to have got possession of his brain," the student continued, "he could be brought round all right, you know."

By this time they had arrived at the sick artist's abode—a large, dingy lodging-house—and entered the cheerless vestibule.

Yielding to Alice's suggestion that he should go before and prepare Ernest for her visit, her conductor sprang fleetly up the bare and dusty stairs, leaving her to



A STARTLING PICTURE.—"SHE FOUND HERSELF RAISING THE APPARENTLY LIFELESS HEAD, AND CALLING, IN A VOICE THAT DID NOT SEEM HER OWN, TO SOME PASSING FISHERS FOR AID."—SEE PAGE 749.

follow. She mounted slowly, weighed down by vague and dreadful fears as to the coming interview. Had he fled on discovering himself to be the son of the man who had so frightfully wronged her poor dear father? Had he known the story, and, regardless of its import, sought her side, merely to while away a Summer, then to leave her when most she needed his love? The student, beckoning from an upper landing, cut short her painful reverie. She hastened to join him.

"He is sleeping; and he sleeps so little, the old woman who is nursing him says that it seems a pity to wake him, doesn't it? Perhaps you will wait?"

They stood outside the door, while a common-looking woman, with a kindly pair of eyes, held it ajar and watched their movements.

"I will wait, if you will permit me," said Alice, turning appealingly to the woman, who immediately opened the door, and the former passed into the sick-room, which was clean and fresh, but oh, so wretchedly bare! Besides the narrow bed on which the artist lay, and a small stand and chair, there was not a single article of furniture in the room. But Alice had no thought for aught save the pale sufferer on the meagre couch. And, merciful Father in heaven! could that pallid, wasted creature, with the scarlet fever-spot high on his cheek, his sunken eyes darkly rimmed, and his ruddy lips burnt with consuming heat—could that be the handsome, graceful hero of her girl life—the man of genius, under whose spell her own spirit had risen to higher flights of thought and new realms of delight.

"Hush!" said the nurse, with a troubled look. "I'm afraid he's going to rave again. Poor gentleman, the least sound sets him off; that's why I'm so particular about people coming in to disturb him."

"There! there!" cried Ernest, suddenly breaking forth—"there, don't you see, one step backward, and you are in eternity! For God's sake, heed your position! This is a perilous place to stand. Come down upon the sands, I entreat you, Major Vernon."

Alice dropped into a seat beside the delirious artist. Every word he uttered rang through her heart as she listened—as one must listen when Fate seems to guide the speech. Moaning and tossing, he uttered only incoherent sounds for a time, then again suddenly he cried out:

"Give me some reason—some reason, I implore you. Do not condemn a man to mad despair for a chance whim. I love your daughter as I do my own soul. My life is open to your scrutiny. If I am unworthy, I pray you tell me so, and I will bear my doom; but do not scorn my suit. Oh, God!—take care, Major Vernon! Great Heavens! he's over, and I—I am his murderer. I might have reached him and dragged him back. Oh, Powers of Darkness! was I tempted to let my enemy—he who swore my father's son should never wed his child—go to destruction, to death!"

Following this terrible outbreak came a fit of shuddering that shook the slender frame like a reed in a whirlwind; but Alice, calm and beautiful as some sweet angel of consolation, arose and put aside the mourning hat and vail she still wore for her father. Then approaching his bed, in her softest, tenderest voice, she spoke the words:

"Ernest, dear Ernest, do you not know me?" Was it a miracle? At the first loving tone, those wandering eyes lost their wildness, and fixed themselves eagerly on the beautiful face. Should she tell him all? Should she trust his poor weak mind with such a burden of relief, and risk its breaking for ever beneath the weight? She had no surgeon to consult—she only asked her own overflowing heart, and followed its dictates. "My father had a stroke of paralysis at Shelter Rock," she said, holding his eyes by hers, and his hand in her own. "He did not die, dear—he did not die then; he lived until the second stroke came, and then expired in his bed." She leant over still more closely, her soft, sweet mouth close to his ear. "I have learnt one thing since his death, Ernest. Your father never wronged mine; but it was your uncle, whose name you bear, who deceived my unhappy parent—and the stroke of paralysis rendered unintelligible the words with which he would have told you his reasons for hating that man."

Her experiment—if an effort of a loving heart to save and restore the object of its fondest affection can be called by so cold a name—was successful. Ernest Lawrence's maddening illusion was over. Mania yielded to the tender spell of Love; and Reason resumed her sway, bringing peace and happiness.

As may be supposed, Ernest had fled from what he supposed to be the scene of a tragedy. All he could recall was the inexplicable attack of Alice's father;, his fierce, unfounded denunciations; the curses he hurled at the memory of Ernest's dead parent; and the oath he swore, that the son of such a man should never wed his child.

The painter would have been more than human had he not recoiled from such a terrible invective, and seeing his contemner stagger and fall, even with curses on his lips, his limbs refused to move to the rescue of the enemy, and he believed himself in this way to have been guilty of murdering the father of the one he adored.

He could not meet her after such a deed; his brain reeled, he was no longer capable of reasoning, and he fled. Up and down the world he went, like an innocent Cain, his disordered mind only swaying his movements, and ever producing upon the canvas the fatal scene, until by that very means the evil spell was broken.

When, in the bare and desolate room, and beside the bed from which he thought no more to rise, Alice became the wife of Ernest Lawrence, it was only with the hope that she might thus claim the privilege of removing him to a home of luxury, to watch over and bless his remaining life. She did not dream that happiness was so great a magician, and that she should in a short time find her husband restored to what her lover was; but thus it befell, and he and she are blest so supremely as to forget that they were ever severed by the story of Shelter Rock.

NORTH AMERICAN EARTHQUAKES.

By Arthur Dudley Vinton.

Some years ago the writer found, most unexpectedly, that he had much spare time upon his hands, and rather than be idle during those periods, he frequented the libraries and became a student of American history. The libraries to which he had access were rich in books relating to colonial affairs; and in the progress of a very desultory course of reading he was astonished at the frequency with which Mother Earth had been quaking and quivering; for he had hitherto entertained the patriotic but mistaken notion that the United States was more favored than other lands in the stability of her territory, and that New England, in particular, was too firmly founded ever to be visited by an earthquake that amounted to anything serious. Finally, when his reading had taught him the fact that scarcely a week passes without some portion of the United States territory being subject to seismic disturbance, he began to speak about his researches to his friends; and, finding many of them almost as ignorant as he had been, he put down on paper the facts which he gleaned from the books he consulted. There was no lack of authorities. Each natural phenomenon of colonial days impressed itself strongly upon the early settlers, for they looked upon comets and earthquakes, tempests and droughts, Indian wars and pestilences, as direct manifestations of the Almighty or the devil. Pious divines kept alive the memory of these disturbances by giving them, in carefully written, ponderous sermons, a spiritual significance which they lack in more skeptical modern times. And the philosophers and *literati* who lived in the latter half of the last century, and loved to bother their brains about ununderstandable subjects, kept bulky journals, memoirs and minutes, in which they set down such data as they could gather about earthquake shocks. One of these ancient worthies—an LL.D., by name Samuel Williams, and by occupation a professor at Harvard—made an elaborate list of all the New England earthquakes prior to the year 1783. That list, with its accompanying comments, was read before (and printed about 1783 in the *Transactions*) the American Academy of Arts and Sciences at Boston. It is the source from which most subsequent magazine writers have drawn their knowledge of American earthquakes. Adopting it as our guide, the following years are those in which noteworthy earthquakes occurred:

1638—June 1st.
1642—March 5th.
1653—October 29th.
1658— ———
1663—Jan. 26th, 27th, 28th.
1720—January 8th.
1727—October 29th.
1744—June 3d.
1755—November 18th.
1761—March 12th.
1783—November 29th.
1791—May 16th.

The wise men of Dr. Williams's day invented several hypotheses by which natural causes could be made responsible for the tremendous phenomenon of an earthquake, and they gathered from all sources such details of the circumstances attendant upon each seismic disturbance as would support an argument in favor of their own peculiar theories. Thus, the adherent of the mechanical

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idea of "slipping rock strata" and "geological faults" was eager to know that the earth rose in some places, fell in others, and was cracked and agitated everywhere. The expositor of the chemical idea, who had a high opinion of the powers of fermenting or decomposing pyrites, was on the lookout for sulphuric vapors, queer smells, boiling waters, volcanic sand and subterranean fires; and the electrical philosopher wished to obtain data relating to the wind and the atmosphere, the movements of the heavenly bodies, comets, aerolites, meteors, and every influence from which he could deduce conclusions favorable to the origin of earthquakes from "that subtle and universal agent, *electron.*"

If these researches gave little valuable to science, they certainly contributed information to history.

Dr. Williams was succeeded, as the historian of earthquakes, by the Hon. Samuel L. Mitchill, M.C., and the Boston Society gave place to the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York. These latter in turn were succeeded by the magazines and the magazine contributors, and notably by Professor Rockwood and *Silliman's Journal of Science.* These latter authorities have for the last five years collected full data of all the earth-tremors of North America, and the following table shows the number of shocks in each year:

	1881.	1882.	1883.	1884.	1885.
Canada - - - -	5	6	8	5	8
New England - - -	14	5	3	9	5
Atlantic States - - -	3	6	2	5	0
Mississippi Valley - - -	5	11	11	7	3

Of all these earthquakes, there were but four that were destructive. These were in 1663, 1727, 1755 and 1811. The first three were apparently confined to New England and Canada, but the last was felt over nearly all the country, and was especially violent in the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys.

On January 26th, 1663, O. S., "at the shutting in of the evening," an earthquake that was much written about shook up the Pilgrim Fathers, Quakers, Anabaptists and Indians, without distinction of creeds or persons. The shocks occurred at intervals during three days, January 26th, 27th, and 28th, and caused general consternation. The earthquake was preceded by a great roaring noise, and the first shock came about seven o'clock in the evening. The houses rocked violently, dishes were thrown from the shelves, walls were cracked and the tops of chimneys were broken off. Men, women and children ran affrighted out into the streets and open places, and passengers staggered to and fro like men on the deck of a tossing vessel. In Canada the effect of this earthquake was severe indeed. An old narrative thus tells of its occurrence: "About half an hour after five in the evening, a most terrible earthquake began. The heavens being serene, there was suddenly heard a roar like the noise of a great fire. Immediately the buildings were shaken with amazing violence. Doors opened and shut of themselves with a fearful clattering. The bells rang without their ropes being touched. Cracks appeared in the walls of buildings and floors separated and in some cases fell down. Chasms appeared in the fields, and the hills seemed to be in motion. The fright of the inhabitants was shared by the beasts and birds, who sent forth fearful cries, howlings and bellowings.

"The duration of this earthquake was very uncommon. The first shock continued half an hour before it was over, but it began to abate about a quarter of an hour after it began. The same day, about eight o'clock in the evening, there came a second shock, equally violent as the first, and in the space of half an hour there were two others. The next day, about three hours from the morning, there was a violent shock, which lasted a long time, and the next night some counted thirty-two shocks, of which many were violent. Nor did the trembling of the earth cease until the July following.

"The earthquake was attended with some remarkable results. Many trees were torn up, and the outlines of the mountains appeared to be much changed. Many springs and small streams were dried up; in others the waters became sulphurous, and the channels in which some had run were so altered as to be unrecognizable. Half way between Tadousac and Quebec, two hills were thrown down, and formed a point of land which extended half a quarter of a league into the St. Lawrence River. The Island Aux Coudres became larger than before, and the channel of the St. Lawrence was greatly changed."

This earthquake was less violent in New York and Pennsylvania. Williams remarks, "Its course must have been between north and south, probably much the same as in 1638."

Sixty-four years after there came another memorable shock. On the 29th of October, 1727, O. S., at 10:40 P.M., the air being clear and the sky serene, and everything seeming to be in a most perfect calm and tranquillity, a heavy, rumbling noise was heard in the north or northwest. At first it seemed to be at a distance, but it increased until it was thought to be the roar of a blazing chimney near at hand, and at last was likened to the rattling of carriages driven fiercely over pavements. In about half a minute from the time the noise was first heard the earthquake was felt. It was observed by those who were abroad that as the shake passed under them the surface of the earth perceptibly rose up and then sank down again; but as it was somewhat late on Sunday night there were probably not many travelers out of doors.

The violence of the shock, like that of the other great earthquakes, was such as to cause the houses to tremble and rock as if about to fall to pieces. Doors, windows and movable furniture made a fearful clatter. Loose articles, china and pewter were pitched from the shelves; stone walls and the tops of several chimneys were thrown down.

There were various opinions as to the duration of this earthquake. The most probable is that the shake began about half a minute after the roar was first heard, and rose to the greatest violence in about a minute more. Its course, like that of the previous ones, seems to have been from northwest to southeast. It extended from the River Delaware, in Pennsylvania, to the Kennebec, in Maine, being perceptibly felt in both places, though the shock there was slight. It was also felt by vessels at sea.

The greatest violence seems to have been at Newbury, on the Merrimac. There the earth opened and cast up a quantity of sand and ashes mixed with sulphur.

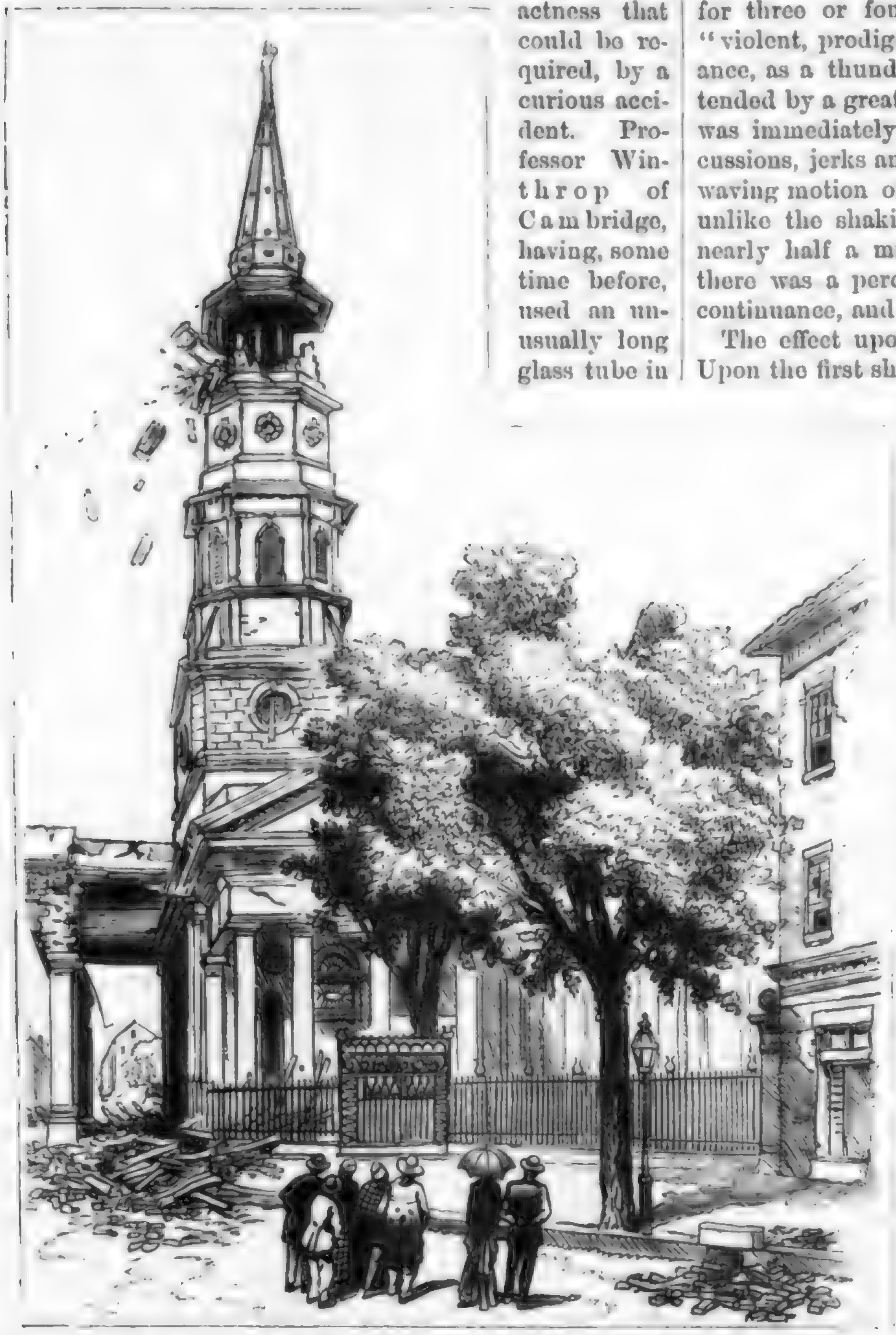
A correspondent of the Royal Society says: "A clergyman in a town about twenty miles from Boston assured me that immediately after the earthquake there was such a stench that the family could scarce bear to be in the house for a considerable time that night."

Rev. Mr. Lowell writes: "About the middle of April (1728) the fine sand that was thrown up in several places in this parish at the first great shock, October 29th, had a very offensive stench—nay, was more nauseous than a putrefying corpse; yet, in a very little while after, it had no smell at all."

"Rev. Mr. Allin, then minister of Brookline, Mass., took notice of an uncommon change in the water of some wells. "About three days before the earthquake," he says, "there was perceived an ill-stinking smell in the water of several wells. Some searched their wells, but found nothing that might thus affect them. The scent was so strong and offensive, that for eight or ten days they entirely omitted using it. In the deepest of these wells, which was about thirty-six feet, the water was turned to a brimstone color, but had nothing of the smell, and was thick like puddle water." Some wells also dried up just before the earthquake, but filled after the shock had passed. Several shocks were felt in the northern part of New England for some months after October 29th, but they were generally inconsiderable.

The most violent earthquake ever known in New England was in the year 1755. It came November 18th, at eleven minutes and thirty-five seconds after four o'clock in the morning of a calm, clear night.

The beginning of this earthquake was determined, with all the exactness that could be required, by a curious accident. Professor Winthrop of Cambridge, having, some time before, used an unusually long glass tube in a particular experiment, shut it up in the case of his tall clock for greater security against breakage. This tube, standing nearly perpendicular, was upset by the first motion of the shock, and falling against the pendulum, instantly stopped the clock at the time mentioned. The clock was a good one, and had been adjusted by a meridian line the preceding noon. Professor Winthrop was awakened by the earthquake, but his bed was tossing and the floor was shaking so violently that he did not deem it prudent to walk to the fireplace until the shock was abating. Having then struck a light and lit his candle, he looked at his watch, which had agreed with the clock when he had retired, and found it to be fifteen minutes after four. The jarring was perceptible for about a minute after this, so that the total duration of the earthquake was nearly four and a half minutes.

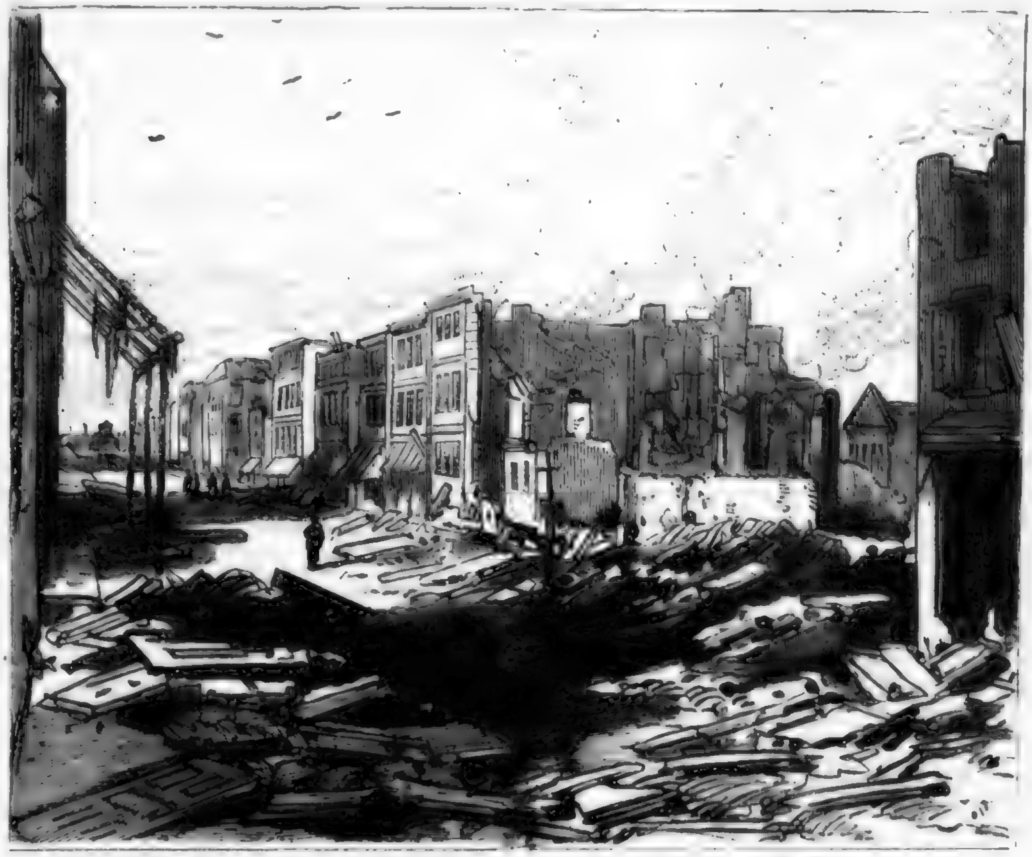


ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH, CHARLESTON, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

The shock was preceded by that peculiar rumbling noise or roar frequently the precursor of an earthquake. In about half a minute afterward the surface of the earth seemed to be suddenly raised up, and in subsiding was thrown into a very rapid, jarring, vibratory motion, which acted in a horizontal direction. This motion continued for about a quarter of a minute, and then abated for three or four seconds. Then, all at once, came a "violent, prodigious shock, as suddenly, to all appearance, as a thunderclap breaking upon a house, and attended by a great noise." This severe and sudden shock was immediately succeeded by quick and violent concussions, jerks and wrenches, attended by an undulatory, waving motion of the whole surface of the ground, not unlike the shaking and quaking of a large bog. For nearly half a minute it gradually declined, and then there was a perceptible revival of it, though of short continuance, and so, by degrees, all became quiet again.

The effect upon the people of Boston is vividly told. Upon the first shock many jumped out of their beds and ran into the streets; some lay between the sheets quaking with fear, and afraid to rise; others sprang to the windows, trembling with fright, and seeing, in the dim light that was almost darkness, their friends and neighbors naked, shrieked aloud with the apprehension that the day of judgment had arrived. Others yet thought they heard, among the varied noises, the trumpet of Gabriel sounding, and fell upon their knees and cried out for mercy; some fainted away from fright, and those of the most composed temper expected to be buried beneath the ruins of their houses. Children waked from their sleep, ran crying to their frightened parents; the dogs howled dismally; birds flew into the air with frightened cries, and cattle that were in the fields fled bellowing to the barns and sheds.

In Boston, besides throwing down glass, pewter and other loose articles, about one hundred chimneys were leveled to the roofs of the houses, in some cases breaking through the roof-beams in their fall. About one thousand five hundred were shattered and thrown down in part. Some were broken off several feet below the top, and some, by the suddenness and violence of the shock, were canted an inch or more from the perpendicular. Others, yet, were twisted awry, as if by a circular motion. Many clocks were stopped. The vane on the public market-house was thrown down—the wooden spindle which supported it being broken off at a place where it was 5 inches in diameter and 10 feet in height—yet it had withstood the most violent gusts of wind. A new vane upon one of the churches of the town was bent at the spindle, and a distiller's cistern, made of plank, almost new and very strongly put together, was burst in pieces by the agitation of the liquor in it.



KING STREET, CHARLESTON, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE.

Much the same results were observable in the country. At Springfield a metal spindle on one of the churches was bent to a right angle. Through the whole Province of Massachusetts, stone fences, cellar-walls, chimneys and the like were cracked and thrown down. Great alterations were observed in the springs and ponds. In some the quality of the water was changed; in others, the quantity. New springs were opened and old ones dried up.

At Pembroke, Scituate and Lancaster there were chasms in the earth, from which water issued and fine white sand or powdered ashes. Almost immediately after the earthquake numbers of fish came to the surface of the ocean, dead or dying.

On the southwest, this earthquake reached as far as Chesapeake Bay, being, however, felt on the easterly, and not on the westerly, side. At the northeast it was felt as far as Halifax. It was perceived at Lake George, but not at Oswego. Mariners on board of a vessel seventy leagues from Cape Ann thought they had run aground or struck a rock, until, on sounding, they found they were more than fifty fathoms of water.

Nine hours after the great shock was felt in New England an extraordinary motion of the sea happened in the Harbor of St. Martin's, in the West Indies. The sea withdrew, leaving places where there was commonly at least 5 feet of water dry; and then, returning, it rose 6 feet above the ordinary level. On November 22d, at 7:27 at night, and on December 19th at 10 o'clock P.M., in the same year (1755), there were two light shocks, which did no damage.

There were no stone houses and few stone chimneys in the very sparsely settled country that was the centre of the disturbance of 1811.

The following extract summarizes a curious pamphlet printed in Newburyport in 1812. A Mr. Pierce was proceeding on a tour from Pittsburg to New Orleans, and reached the mouth of the Ohio on Friday, December 13th, 1811, and on the evening of the 15th landed on the left bank of the Mississippi, about 116 miles from the mouth of the Ohio. What followed is best told in his own words: "The night was extremely dark and cloudy. Not a star appeared in the heavens, and there was every indication of a severe rain. For the last three days, indeed, the sky had been continually overcast, and the weather unusually thick and hazy.

"It would not be improper to observe that these waters are descended in a variety of small craft, but most generally in flat-bottomed boats, built to serve a temporary purpose, and intended to float with the current, being supplied with oars, not so much to accelerate progress as to assist in navigating the boat and avoiding the numerous bars, trees and timber which greatly impede the navigation of this river. In one of these boats I had embarked, and, the more effectually to guard against anticipated attacks from the savages, who are said to be at present much exasperated against the whites, several boats had proceeded in company.

"Precisely at two o'clock on Monday morning, the 16th instant, we were all alarmed by the violent and convulsive agitation of the boats, accompanied by a noise similar to that which would have been produced by running over a sandbar. Every man was immediately roused and rushed upon deck. We were first of opinion that the Indians, studious of some mischief, had loosed our cables, and thus situated, we were foundering. Upon examination, however, we discovered that we were yet safely and securely moored. The idea of an earthquake then suggested itself to my mind, and this idea was confirmed by a second shock, and two others in immediate succession. These continued for the space of eight minutes.

"So complete and general had been the awful convulsion that a tremulous motion was communicated to the very leaves on the surface of the earth. A few yards from the spot where we lay the body of a large oak was snapped in two, and the falling part precipitated to the margin of the river. The trees of the forest shook like rushes. The alarming clattering of their branches may be compared to the effect produced by a severe wind passing through a large canebrake.

"Exposed to the most unpleasant alternative of remaining where we were for the night or subjecting ourselves to imminent hazard in navigating through the innumerable obstructions in the river, we concluded to remain. At the dawn of day I went on shore to examine the effects of the shocks. The earth about twenty feet from the water's edge was deeply cracked, but no visible injury of moment had been sustained. Fearing, however, to remain longer where we were, it was thought most advisable to leave our landing as expeditiously as possible. This was immediately done. At a few rods' distance from the shore we experienced a fifth shock, more severe than either of the preceding. I had expected this from the lowering appearance of the weather. And it was, indeed, most providential that we had started, for such was the strength of this last shock that the bank to which we were (but a few moments since) attached was rent, and fell into the river, whilst the trees rushed from the forests, precipitating themselves into the water with force sufficient to have dashed us into a thousand atoms.

"It was now light, and we had an opportunity of beholding in full extent all the horror of our situation. During the first four shocks, tremendous and uninterrupted explosions, resembling a discharge of artillery, were heard from the opposite shore. At that time, I imputed them to the falling of the river-banks. This fifth shock explained the cause. Wherever the veins of the earthquake ran there was a volcanic discharge of combustible matter to great heights, an incessant rumbling was heard below, and the bed of the river was excessively agitated, whilst the water assumed a turbid and boiling appearance. Near our boat, a spout of confined air, breaking its way through the waters, burst forth, and, with a loud report, discharged mud, sticks, etc., from the river's bed, at least thirty feet above the surface. These spoutings were frequent, and in many places appeared to rise to the very heavens. Large trees, which had lain for ages at the bottom of the river, were shot up in thousands of instances; some with their roots uppermost and their tops planted; others were hurled into the air; many, again, were only loosened and floated upon the surface. Never was a scene more replete with threatenings of death. With the most lively sense of this awful crisis, we contemplated in mute astonishment a scene which completely beggars description, and of which the most glowing imagination is inadequate to form a picture. Here, the earth, river, etc., torn with furious convulsions, opened in huge trenches, whose deep jaws were instantaneously closed; there, through a thousand vents, sulphurous streams gushed from its very bowels, leaving vast and almost unfathomable caverns. Everywhere nature itself seemed tottering on the verge of dissolution. Encompassed with the most alarming dangers, the manly presence of mind and heroic fortitude of the boatmen were all that saved them. It was a struggle for existence itself, and the meed to be purchased was our lives.

"During the day there was, with very little intermission, a continued series of shocks, attended with innumerable explosions like the rolling of thunder; the bed of the river was incessantly disturbed and the water boiled severely in every part. I consider ourselves as having been in the greatest danger from the numerous instances of boiling directly under our boat; fortunately for us, however, they were not attended with eruptions. One of the spouts which we had seen rising directly under the boat would inevitably have sunk it, and probably have blown it into a thousand fragments. Our ears were constantly assailed with the crashing of timber; the banks were instantaneously crushed down and fell with all their growth into the water. It was no less astonishing than alarming to behold the oldest trees of the forest, whose firm roots had withstood a thousand storms and weathered the sternest tempests, quivering and shaking with the violence of the shocks, whilst their heads were whipped together with a quick and rapid motion. Many were torn from their native soil and hurled with tremendous force into the river; one of these, whose huge trunk was at least three feet in diameter, was thrown better than a hundred yards from the bank, where it was planted in the bed of the river, there to stand a terror to future navigators.

"Several small islands have been already annihilated, and, from appearances, many others must suffer the same fate. To one of these I ventured in a skiff, but it was impossible to examine it, for the ground sunk from my tread and the least force applied to any part of it seemed to shake the whole.

"Anxious to obtain a landing and dreading the high banks, we made for an island which evidenced sensible marks of the earthquake; here we fastened to some willows at the extremity of a sunken piece of land and continued two days, hoping that this scene of horrors was now over; still, however, the shocks continued, though not with the like frequency as before.

"On Wednesday, in the afternoon, I visited every part of the island where we lay. It was extensive and partially covered with willow. The earthquake had rent the ground in large and numerous gaps. Vast quantities of burnt wood in every stage of alteration, from its primitive nature to stove coal, had been spread over the ground to very considerable distances. Frightful and hideous caverns yawned on every side, and the earth's bowels appeared to have felt the tremendous force of the shocks which had thus riven the surface. I was gratified with seeing several places where these spouts, which had so much attracted our wonder and admiration, had arisen. They were generally on the beach, and had left large circular holes in the sand, formed much like a funnel. For a great distance round the orifice vast quantities of coal have been scattered; many pieces weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds were discharged 160 measured paces. These holes were of various dimensions. One of them, which I observed most particularly, was 16 feet in perpendicular depth and 63 feet in diameter at the mouth.

"On Thursday morning, the 19th, we loosed our cables, with hearts filled with fervent gratitude to Providence, whose protection had supported us through the perils to which we had been exposed.

"As we descended the river everything was a scene of ruin and devastation. Where, a short time since, the Mississippi rolled its waters in a calm and placid current, now subterranean forests have been ushered into existence, and raise their heads, hard and black as ebony, above the surface of the water, whose power has been so wonderfully increased that strength and skill are equally baffled. Our boat was borne down by an irresistible impulse, and fortunately escaped uninjured. We passed thousands of acres of land which had been cleft from the main shore and tumbled into the water, leaving their growth waving above the surface. In many places single trees and whole brakes of cane had slipped into the river. A singular instance of this kind peculiarly attracted my observation. A large sycamore had slipped from its station on the bank, and had so admirably preserved its equilibrium that it has been left standing erect

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in the water, immersed about ten feet, and has every appearance of having grown there.

"The shocks, I conceive, were most sensibly experienced upon the islands, and numbers of them have been much shattered, for I observed, where the strata of earth were fairest, it did not crack, but undulated excessively. At Fort Pickering, on the extremity of the Fourth Chickasaw Bluff, and 242 miles from the mouth of the Ohio, the land is strong and high. Here, however, the earth was extremely agitated, and the blockhouse, which is almost a solid mass of hewn timber, trembled like the aspen leaf.

"The obstructions in this river, which already have been quite numerous, are now so considerably increased as to demand the utmost prudence and caution from subsequent navigators. Indeed, I am very apprehensive that it will be almost impassable in flood water, for until such time it will be impossible to say where the currents will hereafter run, what portion (if any) of the present embarrassments will be destroyed, and what new sandbars, etc., may yet be caused by this portentous phenomenon. *Many poor fellows are undoubtedly wrecked or buried under the ruin of the banks. Of the loss of four boats I am certain.*

"It is almost impossible to trace at present the exact course of this earthquake, or where the greatest injuries have happened. From numerous inquiries, however, which I have made of persons above and below us at the time of the first shock, I am induced to believe that we were very nearly in the height of it. The ruin immediately in the vicinity of the river is most extensive on the right side in descending.

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"Nothing could have exceeded the alarm of the aquatic fowls. They were extremely noisy and confused, flying in every direction without pursuing any determined course. The few Indians who were on the banks of the river have been excessively alarmed and terrified. All nature, indeed, seemed to sympathize in the commotion which agitated the earth. The sun rarely shot a ray through the heavens. The sky was clouded, and a dreary darkness brooded over the whole face of creation. The stars were encircled with a pale light, and the comet appeared hazy and dim. The weather was incessantly varying from oppressive heat to extreme cold, and during many of the shocks some rain fell."

The continuance of this earthquake must render it one of the most conspicuous in seismic history. From the first shock on the 16th, to the last on the 23d of December, or 168 hours, there were eighty-nine shocks, and shocks were also numerous throughout the year 1812.

The recent terrible earthquake in Charleston will, from the damage wrought, become historical. It was the more terrible because the region affected by it had been but little subject to seismic disturbance. Three recorded earthquakes visited that city: on May 19th, 1754, April 4th, 1799, December 16th, 1811. The two earlier ones were so slight as to occasion only the merest reference, but Mr. Mitchill gives the following account of the 1811 earthquake: "In South Carolina the manifestations were more alarming. In Georgetown, the parade-ground of the fort is said to have settled one or two inches. A tub of water standing on a table was upset by the rocking of the building. At Columbia, S. C., the houses appeared to rock as if rocked by the waves of the sea. The South Carolina College appeared to rock to its very foundation, and part of its plaster fell." The students fled from their chambers in their nightshirts. Dogs barked, fowls and animals made a racket. During the first agitation it was observed that the air felt as if impregnated with a vapor, which lasted for some time.

"At Charleston, S. C., the shock was felt a little before three o'clock. Its duration was conjectured to have been between two and three minutes. For an hour previous, though the air was perfectly calm and several stars were visible, there was at intervals of about five minutes a rumbling noise, like that of distant thunder, which increased in violence of sound just before the shock was felt, The vibration of St. Philip's steeple caused the clock-bell to ring about ten seconds. Two other shocks were felt afterward; one a little before eight, and the other about a quarter of an hour after. Both these were shorter and slighter than the first. Many of the family clocks were stopped by the concussions. In many wells the water was considerably agitated. . . The houses were so much moved that many persons were induced to rise from their beds. . . In many persons the motion produced nausea."

In *Silliman's American Journal of Science* (vol. 39, p. 336,) is a reference to an earthquake, simultaneous with the explosion of a meteor on February 2d, 1766; but there is no mention of it in any other book to which the writer has had access. It is, however, worthy of note that in a volume published by the South Carolina State Board of Agriculture (1883), it is stated, "Along a line running northeast, near Allston, on the Greenville Railroad, during the months of drought, tremors were observed and ascribed to slight shocks of earthquake."

As has been previously stated, there are four theories upon which earthquakes have been accounted for: The *theological*, ascribing them to supernatural causes; the *mechanical*, ascribing them to the slipping of rock-strata; the *chemical*, which relies upon chemical changes in the minerals that the earth's surface contains; and, finally, the *electric* theory. Each has its followers and expositors; but seismology is yet in its infancy, and the causes producing these terrible illnesses of Mother Earth cannot yet be stated with any certainty. We must learn more of the effects produced and of attendant phenomena before we can lay down the natural laws governing seismic disturbances.

In conclusion, the writer would call attention to the descriptive scale used by the scientists of to-day in describing and recording seismic shocks:

I. *Very light*—Noticed by a few persons, but not generally felt.
II. *Light*—Felt by a majority of persons; rattling windows, crockery, etc.
III. *Moderate*—Sufficient to set suspended objects, as chandeliers, etc., swinging, and to overthrow light objects favorably placed.
IV. *Strong*—Sufficient to crack the plaster in houses, or to throw down bricks from chimneys.
V. *Severe*—Overthrowing chimneys or walls, and injuring some buildings.
VI. *Destructive*—Causing general destruction of buildings, etc.

Sufficient time has not yet elapsed to receive full information of the earthquake shock that was so destructive in Charleston. There can be, however, little question that the general interest which has been excited thereby will promote the gathering of facts concerning earthquake phenomena and promote the study of seismology.

HAPPINESS cannot rest till it has created for itself a claim to happiness; therefore it is a truth that whosoever esteems himself is esteemed by others.

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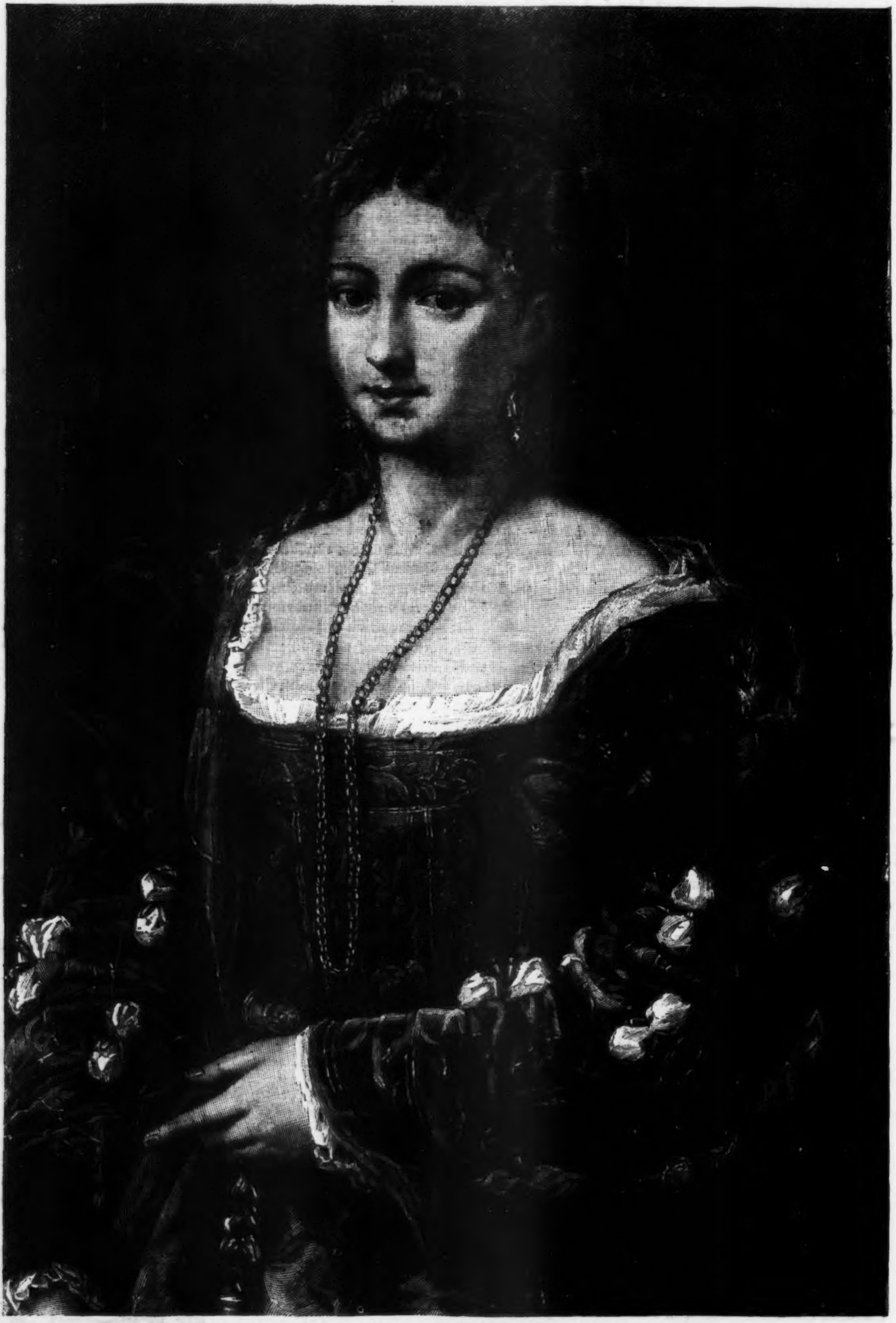

TITIAN'S "BELLA," IN THE PITTI GALLERY AT FLORENCE.

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